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THE NEW YORKER

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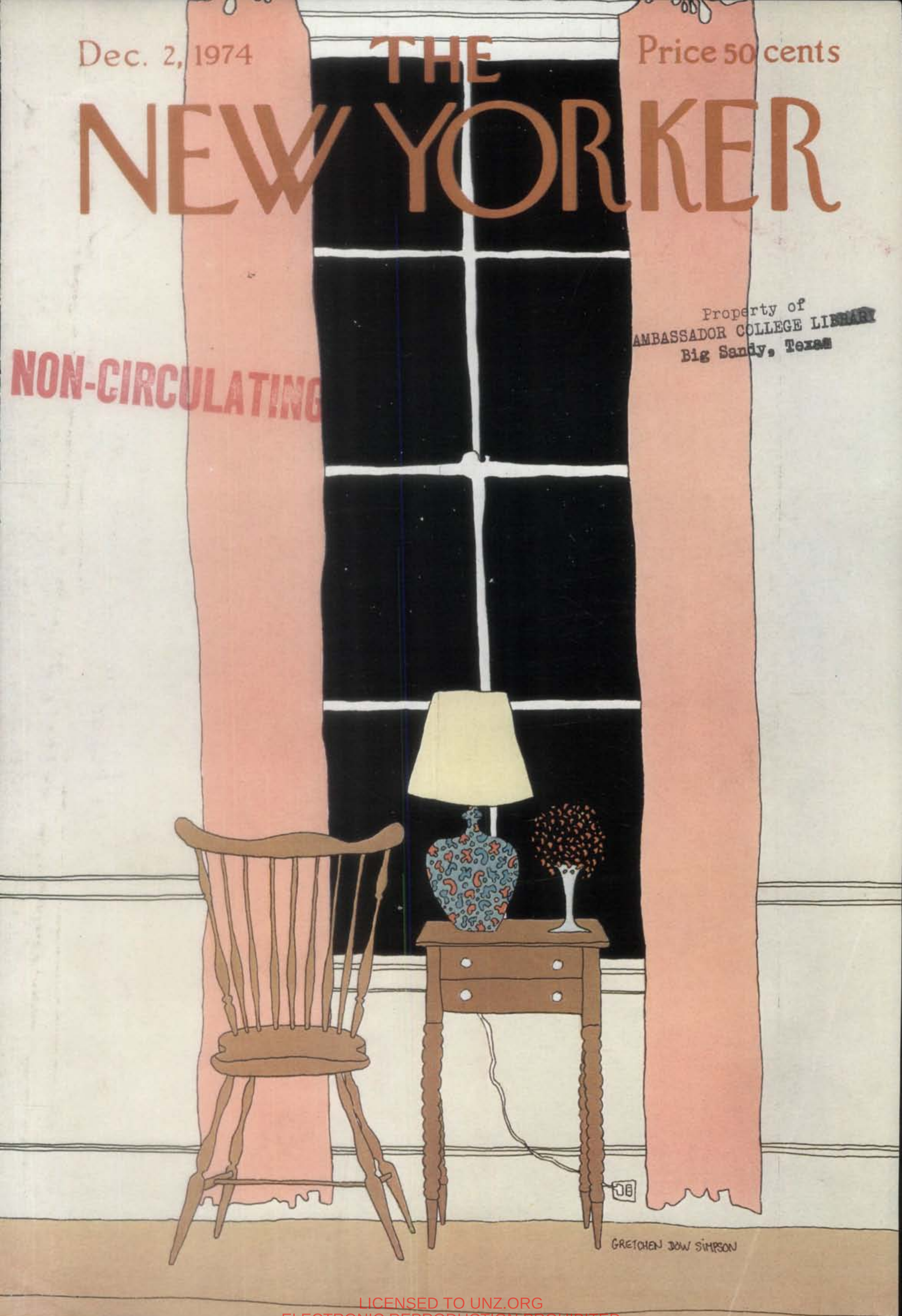
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, Larry Blyden, Geraldine Page, Tony Roberts, and Carole Shelley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

As You Like It—The National Theatre of Great Britain's all-male production of Shakespeare's comedy. Directed by Clifford Williams. Opens Tuesday, Dec. 3, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 12. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Battle of Angels—Tennessee Williams' first produced play, which subsequently became "Orpheus Descending" and the film "The Fugitive Kind." (Circle Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 874-1080. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 6 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

The Big Winner—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Black Theatre Alliance—Final performances in a four-week showcase (plays, musicals, vaudeville, and poetry readings) by twenty-nine groups. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 7:30: Demi-Gods. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 7: A gala performance of "Truckin'," an anthology of American black theatre. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 7:30: Voices, Inc. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3:30: First Tabernacle of Deliverance. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 1, at 8: D. C. Repertory. (Harlem Cultural Center, Seventh Ave. between 137th and 138th Sts. For tickets, call 245-8125.)

Brief Lives—Roy Dotrice brings to joyous, cranky life that incomparably unreliable seventeenth-century antiquary, John Aubrey, and the set designer, Julia Trevelyan Oman, gives Mr. Dotrice chambers in Dirty Lane gloriously unfit for human habitation. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Candide—Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 29, at 2.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—A splendid revival of the Tennessee Williams Deep South melodrama about sex, money, and family life. With Elizabeth Ashley and Fred Gwynne. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Drums at Yale—A play by Walter A. Fairservis, Jr., directed by Isaiah Sheffer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-3930. Monday, Dec. 2, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 2.)

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Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Gypsy—Angela Lansbury does her best to humanize the bitchiest stage mother that ever lived, or perhaps never lived. The musical is fifteen years old but is still worth going to. Music by Jule Styne, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by Arthur Laurents. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Dec. 1, at 7.)

London Assurance—An adaptation, by Ronald Eyre, of Dion Boucicault's 1841 comedy, imported from London. Donald Sinden and Elizabeth Spriggs head a cast under the direction of Mr. Eyre. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 3-4. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 5, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 12. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Love for Love—Written by Congreve, in 1695, this comedy of true love rudely battered is given a hard-breathing performance under the direction of Harold Prince. With John McMartin and Glenn Close. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 30.)

Mack & Mabel—A musical that purports to tell about the blighted romance between Mack Sennett and his great star, Mabel Normand. Robert Preston and Bernadette Peters play the principal roles in this cheery, rather simpleminded show. Music by Jerry Herman, direction by Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 37
"MANTRAS FOR EVERYONE" . . . . *F. P. Tullius* 43
"IRINA" . . . . *Mavis Gallant* 44
"CITY AFTERNOON" (POEM) . . . . *John Ashbery* 46
A REPORTER AT LARGE (MULTINATIONAL CORPORATIONS—I) . . . . . . *Richard Barnet and Ronald Müller* 53
"THE MAN ON THE BED" (POEM) . . . . . . *Debora Greger* 54
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 129
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 132
U.S. JOURNAL: WHEELER LAKE, ALABAMA . . . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 134
LETTER FROM LONDON . . . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 142
DANCING . . . . *Arlene Croce* 146
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 152
REFLECTIONS (THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY) . . . . . . *Richard N. Goodwin* 157
FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 167
BOOKS . . . . *Jean Stafford* 170

COVER: *Gretchen Dow Simpson*

DRAWINGS: *Eldon Dedini, Warren Miller, George Booth, Joseph Farris, Al Ross, Mischa Richter, Charles Saxon, Charles Barsotti, William Hamilton, Everett Opie, James Mulligan, Saul Steinberg, Charles Addams, James Stevenson, John Corcoran, Robert Weber, Dean Vietor, Stan Hunt, Jack Ziegler, Barney Tobey*

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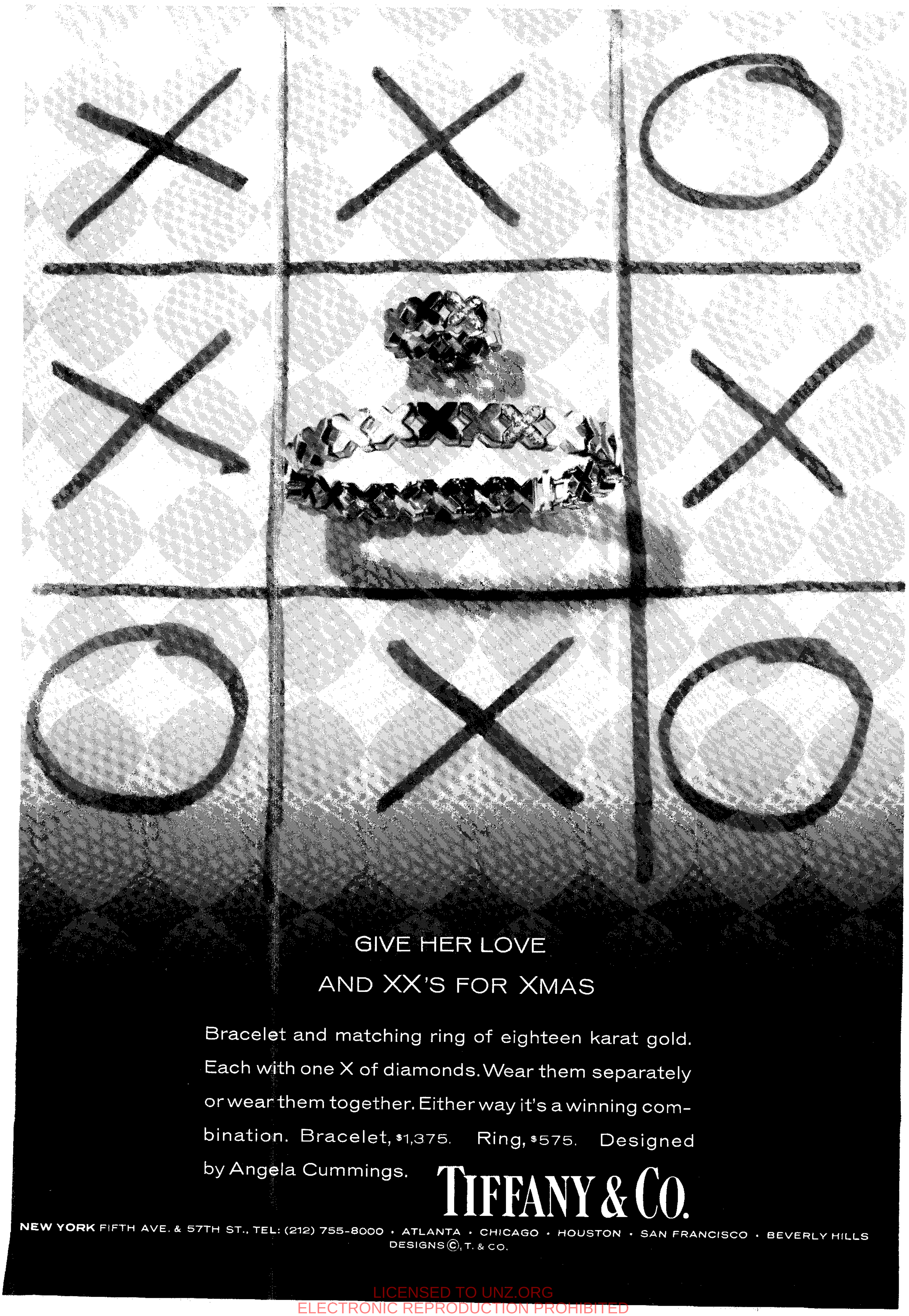

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W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

La Mama Experimental Theatre Club—Final performances of a trilogy of plays conceived and directed by Andrei Serban, based on the originals of Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca, in ancient Greek, Latin, and other languages. With music by Elizabeth Swados. THE TROJAN WOMEN and ELECTRA: Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 28-30, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7. . . . THE TROJAN WOMEN and MEDEA: Sunday, Dec. 1, and Thursday, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 8: To be announced. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Evenings at 8.)

The Measures Taken—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Eric Bentley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mert & Phil—Estelle Parsons and Michael Lombard work hard to make us like a thoroughly unlikable play, written by Anne Burr. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

My Fat Friend—A relentless sequence of jokes, which Lynn Redgrave and George Rose happily mistake for a play and throw their gifted selves into with surprisingly good results. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 7.)

Over Here!—A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

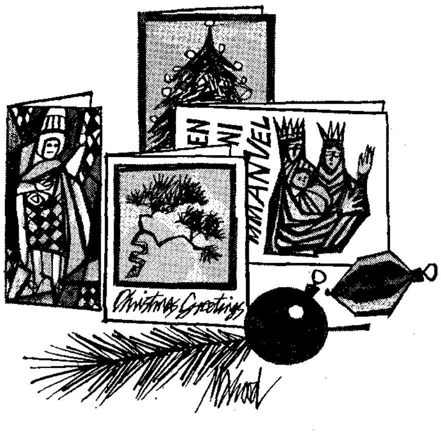
The Prodigal Sister—A musical with a book by J. E. Franklin, music by Micki Grant, and lyrics by both of them. Directed by Shauneille Perry. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Richard III—Michael Moriarty's cool, dead-eyed, delinquent Richard may not be entirely successful, theatrically speaking, but it is a fascinating characterization all the same. In spite of the presence of a number of good actors, the production could be a lot better. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 22.)

San Francisco Mime Troupe—A five-week engagement of two plays. A science-fiction thriller, THE GREAT AIR ROBBERY: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Brecht's THE MOTHER, based on a Gorky novel: Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Closes Monday, Dec. 23.)

Saturday Sunday Monday—An altogether too cozy comedy about three generations of a loving but disputatious Neapolitan family. Written by Eduardo de Filippo and directed by Franco Zeffirelli, it stars Sada Thompson, Walter Abel, and Eli Wallach. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by Jim Dale, of the Young Vic company, and a number of others. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Sherlock Holmes—The great detective is played with incomparable finesse by John Wood, and Philip Locke is superb as his implacable adversary, Professor Moriarty. Frank Dunlop directed this amusing revival of the William Gillette classic. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and The Island—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa: Tuesdays, Thursdays—except Thanksgiving—and Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3. . . . THE ISLAND: Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

Thieves—Marlo Thomas gives a very attractive performance as a muddled young wife in this gag-ridden trifle of a comedy by Herb Gardner. The valiant direction is by Charles Grodin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Ups and Downs of Theophilus Maitland—A musical with a book by Vinnette Carroll (who also directed) and music and lyrics by Micki Grant. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Wager—Mark Medoff's sentimental farce, about a pair of graduate students and a professor and his pretty wife, is only rarely as funny or shrewd as it is meant to be, but it is well acted, under Anthony Perkins' direction. Kristoffer Tabori is good, in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Kenneth Gilman and John Heard. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—THE FANTASTICKS: 6,073 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . GOOD EVENING: Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly at 8. Matinées Thanksgiving Day and Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 30.). . . EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA: A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and, except Dec. 4, at 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 2:30.). . . GREASE: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.). . . THE HOT L BALTIMORE: Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . PIPPIN: A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.). . . RAISIN: A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, David McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving and Friday, Nov. 29, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Mummenschanz—A Swiss masque-and-mime troupe of three. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, Nov. 29, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Scènes de Ballet," "Dybbuk Variations," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Tarantella," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Raymonda Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Harlequinade," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 1, at 1: "Scènes de Ballet," "Scherzo Fantastique," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Raymonda Variations.". . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 1, at 7: "Donizetti Variations," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . THE NUTCRACKER: Thursday, Dec. 5, at 4 and 8; Friday, Dec. 6, at 6; and Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2 and 8. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Opening performances of a five-and-a-half-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 5—Friday, Nov. 29 (preview): "Sephardic Song," "At Midnight," "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30 (preview): "Sephardic Song," "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 1 (opening): "Sephardic Song," "At Midnight," "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 3: "Sephardic Song," "At Midnight," "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 4: "Sephardic Song," "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain" (company première), and "At Midnight.". . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 5: "Sephardic Song," "The Gods Amused," "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 6: "Sephardic Song,"

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"The Gods Amused," "The Real McCoy" (preview), and "At Midnight."...¶ Saturday, Dec. 7: "Sephardic Song," "The Gods Amused," "The Real McCoy" (première), and "At Midnight." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 22—Tuesday evening, Dec. 3: "Fanga," "Blues Suite," "Portrait of Billie" (company première), and "The Wedding."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 4: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... Thursday evening, Dec. 5: "Choros," "Portrait of Billie," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The Wedding." ...¶ Friday evening, Dec. 6: "Streams," "Journey," and "Carmina Burana."...¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 7: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."...¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 7: "Streams," "Cry," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The Wedding." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

Soviet Georgian Dancers—A troupe of eighty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a quartet, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Barbara Carroll—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, leading a trio, at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Sonny Fortune—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Alto saxophone and flute, leading a quartet. From nine-forty-five to three, through Saturday, Nov. 30.

Sonny Greer/Russell Procope/Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet. Wednesday, Nov. 27, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, from ten to three.

Roy Haynes—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Drums, leading his Hip Ensemble, a quintet. From nine-forty-five to three, beginning Wednesday, Dec. 4.

Jimmy Heath—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Tenor saxophone, leading a quartet, from ten. Beginning Tuesday, Dec. 3.

Jonah Jones—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Trumpet, leading a quartet that includes drummer Cozy Cole, at dinner and supper. Beginning Monday, Dec. 2.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three. ...¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). With Wilbur Little. Wednesday, Nov. 27, and Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 4-5, from nine-thirty until two.

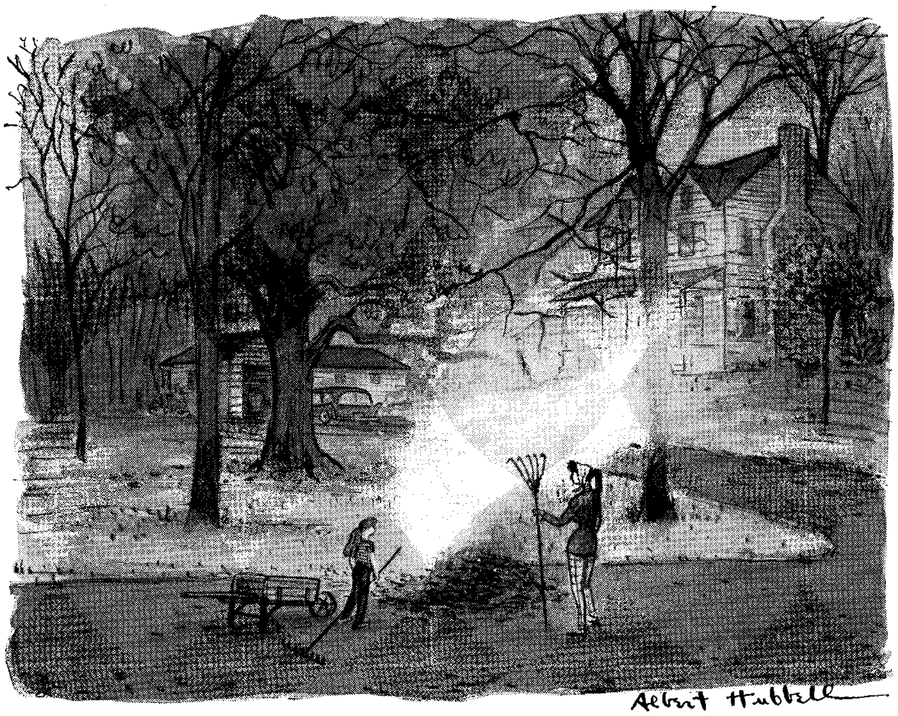
Cleo Laine and John Dankworth—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Vocals and saxophone, respectively. At dinner and supper through Saturday, Nov. 30.

Junior Mance—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Piano, with a trio, Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 28-Dec. 1, at ten.... ¶ Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). From ten to three, beginning Wednesday, Dec. 4.

Marian McPartland—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, leading a trio, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Charles Mingus—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Bass, leading a quintet. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, from ten.



Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with a quartet. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine to one.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Country-blues harmonica and guitar, respectively, beginning Thursday, Dec. 5, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Mary Lou Williams—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4550). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

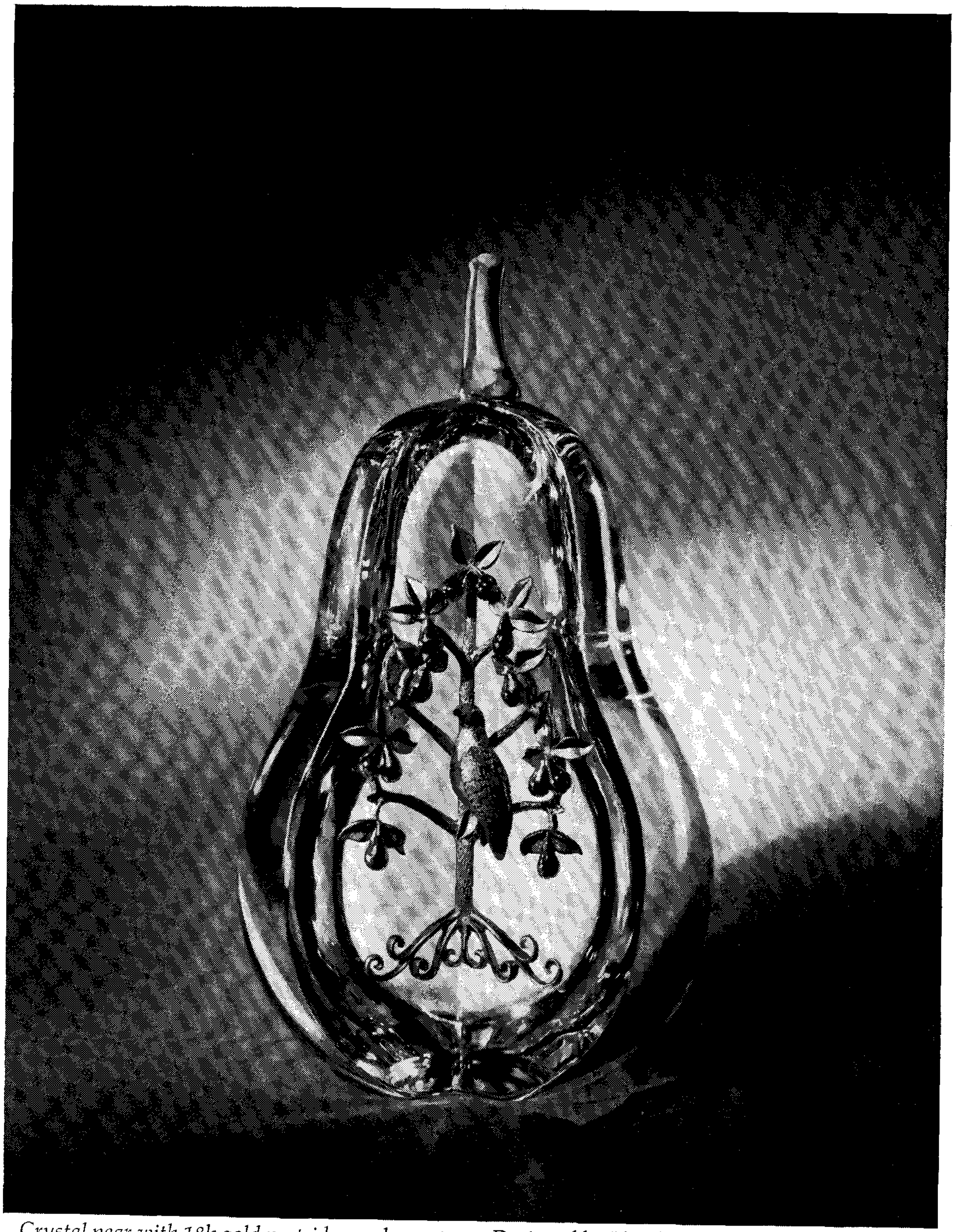
Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Long and narrow, like the vessel it is intended to suggest, this seaworthy establishment has moved its bandstand from the bow to midship. The décor remains comfortably cluttered with fishing nets, hanging barrels, even a few fake fish dangling from the rafters, and portraits of sailing ships. The musical crew consists of the John Lewis Sound, a trio headed by drummer and pianist Lewis. Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features reliable, straight-ahead jazz. The very fine Sonny Fortune, on alto saxophone and flute, heads up a quartet through Saturday, Nov. 30. On Wednesday, Dec. 4, drummer Roy Haynes and his quintet, the Hip Ensemble, take over the bandstand. The action commences at nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A goodly portion of the seating here—sometimes as much as fifty per cent and more—is reserved for and filled by record-company executives and staffers and other members of the music industry—an arrangement that helps fill up the house or sell out the shows and guarantees, at times, an ostentatiously and unspontaneously enthusiastic audience. Pop-and-reggae singer Johnny Nash appears opposite guitarist Cornell Dupree, an exemplary session-man-turned-leader, through Thursday, Nov. 28. His band for this occasion consists of fellow-sidemen, including the legendary soul drummer Bernard Purdie. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1, Leonard Cohen, a poet and singer, and an instigator of pop counterculture, performs his latest revelatory tunes. The Dillards, a country-and-bluegrass quintet, alternates with folk-rock singer Jonathan Edwards Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 2-4. On Thursday, Dec. 5, Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee start singing and playing the kind of earthy blues they have been doing together for over thirty years. The Mighty Clouds of Joy, a Los Angeles-based gospel septet, and their backup combo will open things up for Sonny and Brownie. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and the musical collaborations of pianist Jimmy Rowles, who plays with a singular harmonic sense and a near-Tatum-light touch, and bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who plays with a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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bassist Major Holley, who sometimes sings along in a voice as deep as his instrument.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—An informal, agreeable second-story room that seats two hundred patrons and is decorated with photographs of Buddy Rich, the proprietor, on the walls. The music is furnished by Red Balaban & Cats, a Dixieland sextet, at ten and midnight. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—What might easily pass for a peaceable room of aging dignity, were it not for its spirited musical offerings. There are upholstered side chairs, love seats at tables, and a line of banquettes flanking pastel muralled walls. Singer and pianist Bobby Short and his loyal sidemen, drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer, are here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools ornament this often highly animated establishment. Pianist Mary Lou Williams, widely admired and invariably swinging, is still going strong (she first performed professionally nearly fifty years ago). Bassist Milton Suggs tries to keep up with her Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. On Sundays, Dick Hyman admirably presides over the keyboard. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with bamboo shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. A lively swing threesome now dominates here: drummer Sonny Greer, Russell Procope on alto saxophone and clarinet, and stride pianist Brooks Kerr. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three. Alto-sax master Lee Konitz trades ideas with pianist Dick Katz and bassist Wilbur Little. Lynn Crane sings with the trio, which plays Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty on. Wednesdays through Saturdays from six to nine, singer and pianist Onzy Matthews presides over a quartet. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, with black-tied waiters, this club offers a somewhat formal setting for jazz. Percussionist Mongo Santamaria and his septet pound out Latin-flavored jazz through Saturday, Nov. 30. On Monday, Dec. 2, pianist Monty Alexander brings in a trio. Music from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Thursdays, and nine-thirty to three-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward, whose fastidious piano musings pour out into the street through an open doorway (weather permitting), is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. Bassist Lisle Atkinson participates on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, and singer Jane Valentine contributes vocals every Sunday. The hours run from nine-thirty to three. Closed Thanksgiving.

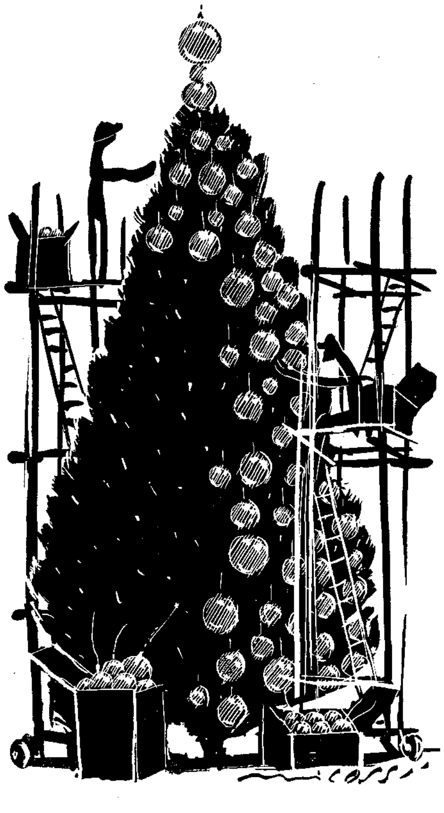
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Joe Muranyi cut loose. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Gene Roland's five-part combo takes over from eight until two.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—That these cramped, humid, second-story quarters can be considered a night club must stand as a tribute to the imagination of the management and to the sundry rock, folk, and, sometimes, jazz players who squeeze onto the stage night after night. Larry Young, who plays electric jazz piano, leads his sextet through Saturday, Nov. 30. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 4-7, the Deadly Nightshade, which comprises three talented and pioneer-tough female folksingers and musicians, sings and picks its way through some electrified Berkshire mountain music. Two shows nightly, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Tuesdays are set aside for newer talent. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks, lobsters, and lasagne downstairs.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century with music that comes from much later eras. Keyboard sorceress Marian McPartland—she can take off on a Beatles' tune, and, before you know it, she's charging through a Two-Part Invention—is here with bassist Jay Leonhart and drummer Joe Cocuzzo. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen until one. A Monday-night Dixieland band breaks loose from nine to twelve. In the front, glassed-in Bird Cage Room, consummate accompanist Ellis Larkins supports singer Anita Ellis, beginning Tuesday, Dec. 3. Miss Ellis, who was, in the forties and fifties, a major dubber for movies, sang, among many other numbers, "Put the Blame on Mame" for Rita Hayworth in the 1946 film "Gilda." At ten-thirty and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side restaurant that is positively prospering and that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and an enclosed sidewalk gallery. The atmosphere is generally relaxed, except for the supersonic-paced waitresses, who stampede past the bandstand into the kitchen. Wily drummer Chico Hamilton and his latest young, talented quintet work out through Saturday, Nov. 30, except on Thanksgiving. Sundays through Tuesdays, guitarist Cornell Dupree, pianist Richard Tee, and Gordon Edwards on bass make themselves comfortable. On Wednesday, Dec. 4, Junior Mance, a vigorous and good-natured bluesy pianist, begins performing with his trio. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Two talented performers—singer and composer Peter Allen and singer Lynn Kellogg—make up an unusually cheering double bill through Saturday, Nov. 30. On Tuesday, Dec. 3, Dana Gillespie, a flashy English singer, arrives. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays, at nine and eleven, singer Tally Brown has the stage to herself. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Thanksgiving.



St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, whose ways with popular songs have been admired and studied by practically every important singer from Frank Sinatra to Roberta Flack, delivers her recitatives from an armchair. Jimmy Lyon accompanies her at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper-West Side room of simple design. Trumpeter Chet Baker works with and inspires a relaxed, neo-fifties smooth-sounding quartet on Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, Lee Konitz and Wilbur Little, on alto sax and bass, take out after such upbeat, large-ensemble numbers as "The Mooch" and "Cherokee." Their simple, basic interplay—they don't even use a microphone—is something of a relief from over-amplification, synthesizers, wawa-pedalled saxophones and trumpets, and other currently fashionable approaches to jazz. Singer Chriss Mann and his backing quartet are here Friday, Nov. 29. On Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, blues singer Bobby Hill and his quartet take over the musical chores. Pianist Larry Willis and his trio play on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7. Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three; and Sundays from nine to two. Snacks. Closed Thanksgiving.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Heavyweight, free-form music in a modest, spartan ground-floor SoHo loft. Flags and posters adorn the walls, and a quantity of orange-and-white parachute nylon billows from the ceiling. The musicians—drummer Rashied Ali, James Vass on alto and soprano saxophone and flute, Sonelius Smith on piano, and bassist Benny Wilson—play intense sets, each soloing for fifteen minutes and longer. Thursdays through Sundays from nine to three. Soul food and soft drinks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Jazz has lately been revived at this downtown landmark. Harpist Daphne Hellman is joined by guitarist Mike Gari and bassist Lyn Christie on Thursdays. The Junior Mance trio is on hand Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 28-Dec. 1. Isis, an eight-person swing-and Dixie-rock band, trades sets with the Mance trio Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, bassist Charles Mingus returns with his quintet. The Hellman group plays from nine to midnight; everyone else begins at ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. The Joe Farrell-Joe Beck quartet, led by a vigorous, capable reedman and a deft, rock-inspired guitarist, respectively, features Herb Bushler on bass and drummer Jim Madison. Their distinctive sounds last until Sunday, Dec. 1. On Tuesday, Dec. 3, saxophonist Jimmy Heath brings in a quartet that includes his brother Percy on bass. Mondays are, as always, given over to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band with Juanita Fleming supplying the vocals. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: pianist Nat Jones works with a bassist Thursdays through Sundays; Kenny Brawner and his bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Franc Williams, and Robin Clark on piano get together for swing sessions. Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist, frolics with bassist Ted Cromwell and drummer Ronnie Cole on Sonny Rollins' "St. Thomas," "Every Day (I

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The 1974 Michelsen Christmas Spoon from Royal Copenhagen:

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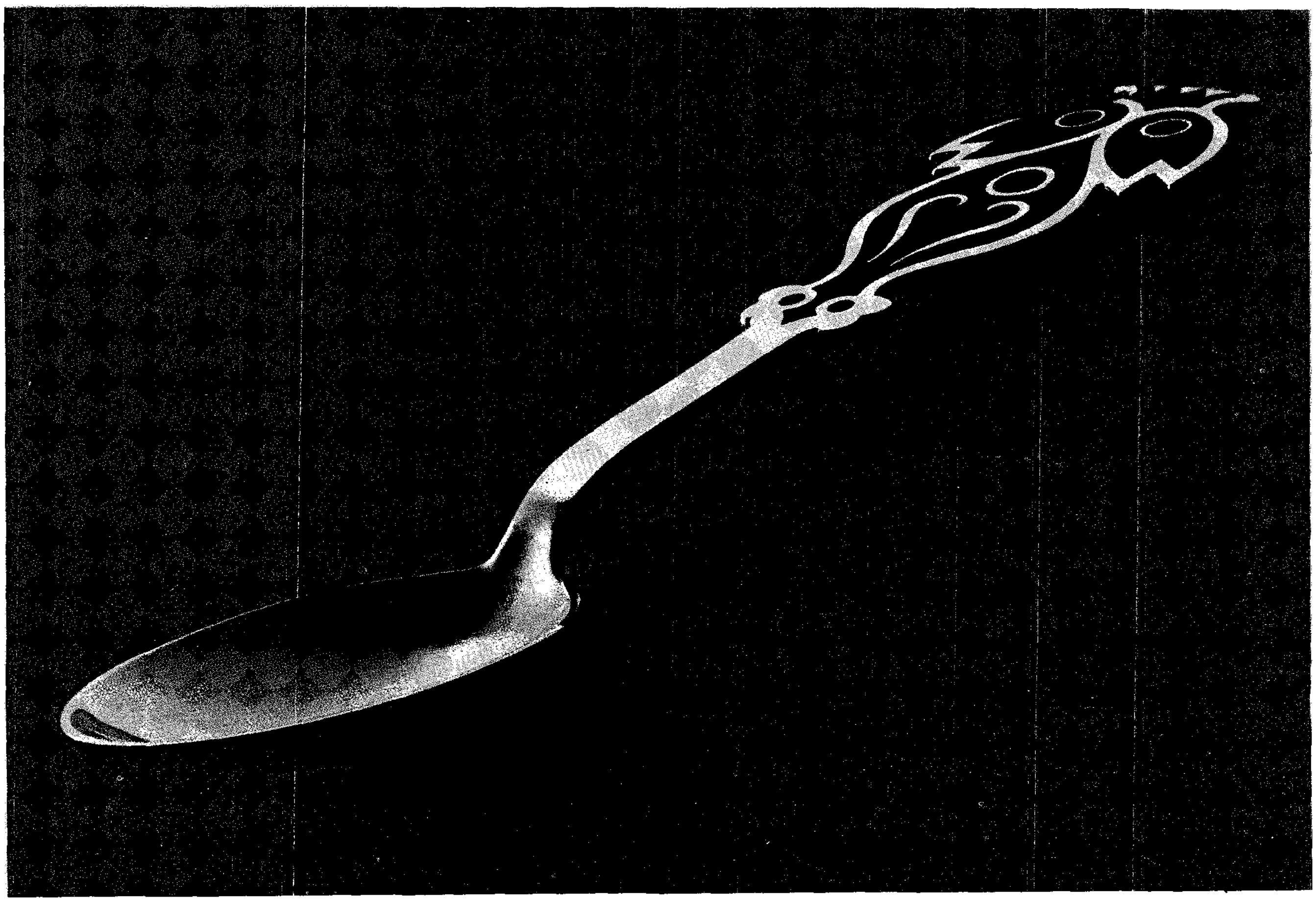

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Have the Blues)," right out of the Basie book, and "Tiny's Exercise," a tune that Grimes recorded in 1944, and which he lately had to relearn for a recording session and for these sets. Wednesdays and Thursdays. Sammy Price, king of the Charleston in the Southwest in the twenties, and claimant to the boogie-woogie-piano kingship here and now, works with a quartet on Fridays and Saturdays. On Sundays, the Mabel Godwin trio holds forth. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner's dance threesome spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **café**, from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Steven Weltner prevails Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Ednita Nazario is dispensing songs in the **persian room** Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. The rest of the time, the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel provide dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **plaza restaurant,** violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **palm court** Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does a reprise Sunday nights from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Two jazz groups—Charlie Byrd's quartet and Barbara Carroll's trio—are onstage at dinner and supper. Dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—In this spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan, harpist Eleanor Fell plays Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to eleven.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **maisonette** is currently presenting jazz-and-pop singer Cleo Laine and saxophonist John Dankworth, in company with an orchestra. On Monday, Dec. 2, trumpeter Jonah Jones will bring in his quartet, which features Cozy Cole on drums. Dinner and supper are the hours. The dance music issues from the Anthony Terini quartet. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The O'Jays are doing two turns an evening in the **empire room.** Dance tunes by Bob Rosengarden's orchestra. After Saturday, Nov. 30, the room will be closed until the middle of February.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Virginia Bailey—Modern Persian newspapers and calligraphy are used in painted collages of animals whose forms are derived from ancient Persian art. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Walter Darby Bannard—Recent works by this color-field painter. Through Dec. 11. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Julius Bissier (1893-1965)—Abstract brush drawings as well as oil-tempera and watercolor miniatures. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Frank Bowling—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Carmen Cicero—Abstract acrylics. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

Dado—Nightmarish images of a violent inner world done in incongruously gentle pastel tones. Through Dec. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Philip Evergood (1901-73)—A softer, less polemical side of the artist is revealed in this collection of paintings, drawings (including sketches of his parents), and prints, some of them on loan from museums. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors, most of them in his familiar taut, jackstraw line but a few in a looser vein, done in charcoal. Through Dec. 14. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Antonio Frasconi—Color woodcuts, primarily portraits. Through Dec. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Roland Gebhardt—Small abstract gray-and-white-marble sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Leonel Góngora—Works in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Douglas Gorsline—Recent paintings, including some landscapes of China. Through Dec. 12. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Philip Grausman—Sculptures (portraits in pewter, for example) and drawings. Through Dec. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Chaim Gross—Handwoven Aubusson tapestries of his designs. Through Dec. 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Philip Guston—"Painting, Smoking, Eating," the title of one of the paintings on display, suggests the concerns of this appealing series of large canvases, simultaneously cartoonlike and epic, and done mostly in reds and pale pink. Through Dec. 18. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Nigel Hall—Aluminum wall pieces. Through Thursday, Dec. 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Whitney Brooks Hansen—Woodcuts, mostly of children, and still-lifes. Through Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Bartholet, 55 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Newton Harrison—Proposals for ecological systems executed in mixed mediums; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 28. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Heizer—Seven paintings, all on shaped canvases. Through Dec. 21. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

Paul Jenkins—New paintings in this artist's free-flowing, rich colors. Through Dec. 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Asger Jorn (1914-73)—Abstract paintings by one of the founders of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Paintings done between 1959 and 1971. Through Friday, Dec. 6. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

John Koch—Realistic paintings of figures in elegant interiors. Through Dec. 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Bruce Kurland—Small still-lifes of fish and fowl, vegetables and flowers. Through Dec. 21. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—"The Artist's Studio," a series of four large paintings, all heavily reliant on the benday process. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

René Magritte (1898-1967)—Oils by the Belgian Surrealist, the earliest one done in 1923 and the latest in 1966. Through Jan. 10. (Davlyn, 975 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays.)

Marcia Marcus—Oil paintings, some of them self-portraits and others based on Greek themes. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Alden Mason / Michael Beresford—Abstract Expressionist paintings. / Sculptures of bicycles and tricycles, which the viewers are requested not to ride. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Frank Metz—Semi-abstract landscapes, mostly island scenes in Maine, England, Scotland, and Ireland. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Donn Moulton—Enormous lacquered fibreglass wall reliefs of apples. Through Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Maria Luisa Pacheco—Andean-inspired acrylics on canvas by a Bolivian-born artist who lives in New York. Through Dec. 21. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

George Parrino—Abstractions based on the female figure. Through Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Hector Poleo—A retrospective of paintings by a Venezuelan artist. Through Dec. 29. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Kenneth Price—These bright-colored ceramic cups aren't meant for drinking but are the basis of some cheerful small sculptures. Through Dec. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919)—A benefit showing of about sixty paintings on loan from museums and private collections. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Nicholas Roerich (1874-1947)—Stage and costume designs for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes and for Russian operas. Through Dec. 14. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jochen Seidel (1924-71)—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Dec. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Sarai Sherman—Figurative paintings with literary and social themes. Through Friday, Dec. 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Albert Stadler—New abstract works by a color-field painter. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Sahl Swarz—Sculptures produced over the past twenty years in a variety of mediums and techniques. Through Wednesday, Dec. 4. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Yves Tanguy (1900-55)—A benefit loan show of more than fifty paintings by the French-American Surrealist. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Elihu Vedder (1836-1923)—Paintings and drawings, mostly of Italy, by an artist who was a well-known muralist and illustrator. Through Dec. 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Howard Warshaw—Metaphysical paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Group Shows—At the **artweave,** 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: An exhibit of quilts, including Amish specimens from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; a log-cabin quilt from Kentucky; and a quilt from Massachusetts in which each large square and rectangle contains either a house or a barn, the over-all effect being that of a New England village. Through Dec. 14. . . . **elliott,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Poster art done between 1890 and 1930. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Open Mondays.). . . **far gallery,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics of animals and birds by such contemporary artists as John Groth and Jane Canfield, as well as by Audubon, Bierstadt, Bonheur, and others. Through Friday, Nov. 29. . . . **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century American and European paintings by Ralph Earl, Pierre Bonnard, George Bellows, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . **krasner,** 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Archipenko, Dubuffet, Miró, and Nevelson, among others. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . **raydon,** 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from the Renaissance to the present, by such artists as Burchfield, Dubuffet, Clodion, and Chagall. Through Jan. 14. . . . **weintraub,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Braque, Degas, Moore, and Manzú. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . **doris wiener,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: More than eighty miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles and dating from the sixteenth century through the mid-nineteenth. Through Dec. 28.... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Drawings by such Americans as Gorky, Pollock, Avery, and Pearlstein. Through Saturday, Nov. 30.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Arman / Charles Seliger—Fragmented musical instruments embedded in concrete. Through Dec. 28. / Small abstract oil paintings. Through Dec. 14. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jack Bush / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—New paintings by a Canadian color-field painter. Through Wednesday, Dec. 4. / Gouaches and collages done as studies for architectural projects. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jackie Ferrara—Surreal wood constructions. Through Dec. 12. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ken Greenleaf—Two large welded-steel sculptures, and several small ones. Through Thursday, Dec. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Minoru Kawabata—Abstract paintings based on the envelope, by a Japanese-born artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Norman Laliberté—Appliqué banners, plus drawings. Through Dec. 28. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gregory Masurovsky—Works in ink on paper in which the subject matter—a book of matches, a flower, a page of want ads—is not so much drawn as adumbrated against a background of hair-thin horizontal lines. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Roger Nellens—Oil paintings of machinery and drawings that are studies for the paintings; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

William Palmer—Landscapes of Portugal, Ireland, and upper New York State. Through Dec. 21. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Michelangelo Pistoletto—Photographic images (a nude model, a man, a leopard, two boys) silk-screened onto large polished-steel mirrors in such a way that the viewer becomes, willy-nilly, a startled part of the composition. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—Very small (six to eight inches) collages made from fabric and paper. Through Wednesday, Dec. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jesús Rafael Soto—Recent wood and metal sculptures in a show of the artist's work running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Kurt Trampedach—Paintings and shockingly realistic sculptures—a young man sprawled asleep in a chair, a couple making love, a man in a darkened room transfixed before a television set—by a Danish artist; first one-man show in New York. Through Friday, Nov. 29. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

David von Schlegell—Three new sculptures in steel and granite. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Landscapes of Maine by a painterly realist. Through Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

H. C. Westermann—New constructions and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays at noon.)

William Zorach (1889-1966)—Watercolors and animal sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Among those contributing paintings and drawings are Oldenburg, de Kooning, and Motherwell. Through Dec. 28. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Myril Adler / Ruth Talman Kazez—Embossed prints. / Paintings, collages, and drawings. Through Dec. 12. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Dotty Attie—Small, delicate pencil drawings, done in series that follow a mysterious story line. Through Wednesday, Dec. 4. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Janet Braun-Reinitz—Large acrylics of female figures, including three five-panel screens. Through Friday, Nov. 29. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

Martin Bressler / Ivan Biro—Line drawings cut into plastic foam with an X-Acto knife. / Sculptures done in fibre glass, latex, and wood. Through Dec. 11. (55 Mercer Street.)

Muriel Castanis—This artist places fabric over an object (a box, a table, a motorcycle), pours resin over the material, and then removes the object, leaving the shape. Through Dec. 12. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Barbara Coleman / Kate Resek—Six paintings, all of them in white acrylic impasto. / Chalk and acrylic on canvas. Through Dec. 11. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Hanne Darboven—"Twenty-Four Songs," two large works in ink on vellum. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Castelli and Sonnabend, both at 420 West Broadway.)

Harriet FeBland—Vertical painted-wood constructions called "totems," and other pieces. Through Friday, Dec. 6. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St.)

Paul Georges—Paintings, including a number of self-portraits of the artist in his studio. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St.)

Theophil Groell—Paintings and drawings of female nudes, many in abandoned poses. Through Thursday, Dec. 5. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Kunio Izuka—Aluminum sculptures that move and make sounds. Through Dec. 11. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Richard Joseph—Realist paintings, one a large depiction of a sort of King of the Hill struggle, the others focussed on a family engaged in some kind of household ceremony; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Andrea Klein—Hard-edge abstract paintings. Through Dec. 14. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Kwong Lam—Recent paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 4. (South Houston Gallery, 98 Prince St.)

Robert Mangold / Lucio Pozzi—Paintings. Through Dec. 18. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Paul Mogensen / David Novros—Paintings on multi-shaped canvases. Through Wednesday, Dec. 4. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Robert Murray—Five painted aluminum sculptures. Through Wednesday, Dec. 4. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Guy Peellaert—Lurid illustrations, in mixed mediums, used in the artist's book, "Rock Dreams." Through Dec. 22. (Star, a new gallery, at 469 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Art Rosenbaum / Vernita Nemec—Large figurative watercolors. / Sculptured-cloth landscapes. Through Thursday, Dec. 5. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

Helene Valentin—Voluptuous abstractions. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

Chris Zeller / Norman Colp—Sculptural floor pieces made up mostly of tubes. / Hoping frankly that some of their glory would shine down on him, this young man wrote a number of artists asking for a talisman from each, and their sixty-three responses, ranging from worn-out brushes and a pair of sneakers to curt letters of rejection, make up this strange exhibit. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: Jason Seley's sculptures made from automobile bumpers; drawings of figures by Mal Luber; and sculptures by Steven Linn. Through Saturday, Dec. 7.... **O.K. HARRIS**, in a new location, at 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Richard Smith, Richard Pettibone, and Porfirio DiDonna, plus some American stoneware from the last century. Through Saturday, Nov. 30.

OTHER GALLERIES

Marvin Goldstein—Collages made from billboards. Through Dec. 13. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Otello Guarducci—Sculptures in bronze and aluminum with nylon string, mounted on Lucite or marble bases. Through Dec. 28. (Touchstone, 37 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Al Hirschfeld—A retrospective of more than seven hundred and fifty drawings by the *Times'* theatrical caricaturist. Through Dec. 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

William Pachner—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Camp, 51 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

George Sugarman—Polychromed metal sculptures. Through Dec. 14. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Traditional African art—masks, figures, and so forth—from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Feb. 1. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Harry Callahan / Carl Toth—Pictures of Peru. / Hand-painted photo-collages. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Doisneau—Photographs of Paris and Parisians. Through Dec. 14. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Walker Evans—Work from all periods, including some vintage prints, by this well-known photographer. Through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Annie Leibovitz—Studies of rock stars and other notables. Through Dec. 22. (Star, 469 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Minor White—Two shows of photographs done during the past thirty-five years. (SoHo Photo, 30 W. 13th St. Through Tuesday, Dec. 3. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.... ¶ Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Through Dec. 14.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A hundred black-and-white prints taken in Russia by Henri Cartier-Bresson.... ¶ Works by Werner Bischof, Robert Capa, David Seymour, Lewis W. Hine, Roman Vishniac, and Dan Weiner.... ¶ A group show of color photography. All through Feb. 15. (Open Sundays.)... **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: Marion Faller, Richard Levy, and Harvey Stein. Through Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibition of photographs in which billboards and signs figure, by (among others) Atget, Evans, Lange, Cartier-Bresson, Brassaï, Abbott, Siskind, Frank, and Friedlander. Through Sunday, Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Antonio Leale showing views of bicycle racers, plus eighteen other Italian photographers. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: New work by George Alpert, in addition to prints by other photographers. Through Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)... **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A historical survey of American photography from 1841 to the present, made up of over two hundred and fifty pictures by eighty-five ranking photographers. Through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Lithographs, etchings, and silk screens donated by such artists as Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Robert Motherwell, and Saul Steinberg to endow a professorship at Columbia University in honor of art historian Meyer Schapiro. Through Sunday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Italian Renaissance drawings from the Louvre by Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and others. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Works lent by art dealers from twelve countries, in addition to pieces owned by the museum and purchased from the art dealers Joseph and Ernest Brummer, in an exhibit aiming to point up the importance of dealers in the formation of museums and private collections. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Eight young artists, including Jan Dibbets and Dorothea Rockburne, from Europe, America, and Australia. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A series of twenty-six oil paintings, each with an accompanying text, by a California artist called Jess. Through Dec. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Venezuelan artist Jesús Rafael Soto, including a new walk-through construction made of plastic filaments. Through Jan. 26. A complementary show is at the Galerie Denise René, 6 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Modern sculptures by, among others, Brancusi, Arp, and Boccioni, from both the Lydia and Harry Lewis Winston collection and the museum's collection. Through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Works in many mediums by kids who participated in the museum's arts program for inner-city children. Through Dec. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of Al Held's work, from early pigment paintings of the fifties to more recent geometric black-and-white canvases. Through Sunday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings done during the last ten years by the first-generation Abstract Expressionist Richard Pousette-Dart. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—This exhibition of contemporary portraiture includes paintings, sculptures, and silk screens by Alice Neel, Chuck Close, Marisol, Andy Warhol, and others. Through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures and other Asian puppets arranged so that they seem to be enacting a drama. Through April 20. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings chosen by a committee for possible purchase under a Childe Hassam bequest for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada. Among the artists this time are Nell Blaine, Grace Hartigan, Ben Kamihira, and Larry Rivers. Through Dec. 29. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans, done in Suchow, China, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the John M. Crawford, Jr., collection. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 29, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Bergasse 19: The Office and Antiquities of Dr. Sigmund Freud," a showing of photographs taken in 1938—a few weeks before Dr. Freud fled from Austria—together with thirteen of his Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities (frescoes, gods, tomb objects) on loan from Anna Freud. Through Jan. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of drawings—from the sixteenth century to the present—of stage designs from the collection of Donald Oenslager. . . . ¶ Medieval manuscripts from the William S. Glazier collection. . . . ¶ Books by the sixteenth-century poet Lodovico Ariosto. All through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Creation in Clay," a show of pottery figure-sculptures from pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru, plus Africa and New Guinea. Through Feb. 15. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Fifteen bronze studies for Rodin's monument to Balzac. Through Dec. 15. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Various papers and books arranged in honor of the hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Astor Library—part of *this* library since 1895. Through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 9.). . . ¶ An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young includes some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Architect W. Joseph Black's survey of Harlem architecture—including landmarks and new buildings—made up of photographs, some in color. Through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Acrylic paintings and color etchings by two African artists who are now living and working in the United States. Through Dec. 8. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6. Closed Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 29.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 27: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rita Hunter, Mildred Miller, Harry Theyard, and Morley Meredith, and "Pagliacci," with Atsuko Azuma, Richard Tucker, Norman Mittelmann, Thomas Palmer, and Robert Schmorr; conducted by John Nelson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 28: "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, Robert Goodloe, and James Morris; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 29: "Roméo et Juliette," with Adriana Maliponte, Cynthia Munzer, Franco Corelli, Lenus Carlson, Richard T. Gill, and Maurizio Mazzieri; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 30: "Jenůfa," with Teresa Kubiak, Astrid Varnay, Jon Vickers, William Lewis, and John Reardon; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 30: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Giorgio Casellato-Lamberti, Robert Merrill, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 2: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Lucia Valentini, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 3: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rita Hunter, Mildred Miller, Franco Corelli, and Morley Meredith, and "Pagliacci," with Anna Moffo, Richard Tucker, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 4: "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Andrea Velis; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 5: "Jenůfa," with Margaret Tynes, Astrid Varnay, Jon Vickers, Sándor Kónya, and John Reardon; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 6: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Giorgio Casellato-Lamberti, Robert Merrill, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 7: "Roméo et Juliette," with Judith Blegen, Cynthia Munzer, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, Richard T. Gill, and Maurizio Mazzieri; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 7: "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Adriana Maliponte, James McCracken, Robert Goodloe, and Raymond Michalski; Alberto Erede. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 29, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 7:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30 (with Agustin Anievas, piano). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Friday, Dec. 6, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Dec. 10, at 7:30 (all with Charles Wuorinen as soloist in the first performances of his Second Piano Concerto).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with William Stokking, cello, and Myung-Whun Chung, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Dec. 2, at 8:15.)

National Arts Centre Orchestra of Canada—At Carnegie Hall, Mario Bernardi conducting—Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8: With Barry Tuckwell, French horn. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 6, at 8: A performance of Berlioz' oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ," with Gabrielle Lavigne, mezzo-soprano; Paul Trépanier, tenor; Gaston Germain, baritone; Claude Corbein, bass; and the Rutgers University Choir.

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Columbia University Concert Band—Roger Nierenberg conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the first in a series of five performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Sandra Darling, soprano, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 7:30.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a program of Italian music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

RECITALS

Michael Lorimer—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music, with George Crumb, speaker; Gordon Gottlieb, percussion; and Harvey Sollberger, conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Yo-yo Ma—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:15.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The first in this season's series of five programs, this one with the New York Chamber Soloists and the Queens College Trio. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Paul Doktor—Viola. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Fernando Germani—Organ. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Purcell String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Marilyn Dubow—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Barry Tuckwell, horn, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord, in the first in a

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

series of three all-Scarlatti recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Anne Perret and Rodrigo de Zayas—Mezzo-soprano and lute/theorbo/vihuela. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Phyllis Curtin—Soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Janos Starker and Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Cello and piano, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Shirley Verrett—Mezzo-soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Charles Wadsworth, piano and harpsichord; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 5.)

José Luis Lopátegui—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Clavier, with the Musica Aeterna Orchestra conducted by Frederic Waldman, in an all-Bach program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Janos Starker—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Note—Murray Perahia will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Dec. 2, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

Rajko Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra, Dancers, and Singers—Gyula Farkas conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Eddy Arnold—With George Gobel. (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 27-30, at 8. Matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3 and Saturday at 2.)

Gilbert Bécaud—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8.

The 5th Dimension—With Jo Jo's Dance Factory. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday, Nov. 27, through Sunday, Dec. 8. Nightly, except Monday and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Kinks—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 27-28, at 8.

New Riders of the Purple Sage and Waylon Jennings—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band on the Road—A rock musical, with music and lyrics by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

Donovan—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8.

Elton John—With the Kiki Dee band and others. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 28-29, at 8.)

Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen and the Ozark Mountain Daredevils—Academy of Music. Thursday, Nov. 28, at 11:30.

Roy Buchanan and the Eleventh House (with Larry Coryell)—Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8 and at midnight.

Ella Fitzgerald—With the Tommy Flanagan quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Al Haig Quartet with Jim Raney—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Graham Central Station—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8.

Marshall Tucker Band, James Cotton Band, and Charlie Daniels Band—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8.

Harry Chapin—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3 and 8.

Bill Watrous Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Return to Forever (with Chick Corea)—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 8.

Lionel Hampton and His Orchestra—Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. Monday, Dec. 2, at 8. For information about tickets, call 866-6316.

Interludes—The seventh in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall will be by the **Lar Lubovitch Dance Company** on Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 5:45.

Gregg Allman—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8.

Genesis—Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, at 8.

Gordon Lightfoot—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8 and 11, and Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3 and 8.

Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds—Brooklyn Academy of Music. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8.

Count Basie and His Bands—An exhibit of photographs, posters, art work, sheet music, audiotapes, and memorabilia. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 7. Optional contribution for admission.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden**: Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8.... ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8.... **Nassau Coliseum**: Nets vs. Virginia, Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:05.... ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, Nov. 29, at 2:35.... ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:05.

College Football—Saturday, Nov. 30: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:20.... ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Dec. 1: Jets vs. San Diego Chargers, at Shea Stadium, at 1.... ¶ Giants vs. Chicago Bears, at Chicago.

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden**: Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 7:35.... ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Sunday, Dec. 1, at 7:05.... ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 7:35.... **Nassau Coliseum**: Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:05.... ¶ Islanders vs. Kansas City Scouts, Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:05.

Racing—At **Aqueduct**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 28; the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 30; and the Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 7.... **Garden State Park**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at noon; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.... **Laurel**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **Poko Puppets**: A program demonstrating the history of jazz, done in conjunction with the New York Jazz Museum. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 765-2150.)... **Light Opera of Manhattan**: "Iolanthe," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 4.... ¶ "Princess Ida," Saturday, Dec. 7, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **B. Gay Puppets**: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)... **Bil Baird Marionettes**: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 12:30 and 3:30.)... **Meri Mini Players**: "Alliwishes I. Tickle," Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30.... ¶ "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz," Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2:30. (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "A Midnight Clear." (Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 29, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted. The Planetarium will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Richard Wilbur reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

American Art Deco Architecture—An exhibition of black-and-white photographs depicting examples of designs from the nineteen-thirties. Included are views of Hoover Dam, the Golden Gate Bridge, Detroit's Fisher Building, and Oakland's Paramount Theatre. Through Jan. 5. (Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St. Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry, from many owners.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 2: Nineteenth-century Chinese and Japanese works of art, from various collectors.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 10:15: Nineteenth-century bronzes, from several owners.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century works of art, furniture, and decorations; from a number of sources.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 2: Old Master paintings, from several owners.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Dec. 5, at 2: *Objets de vertu*, chess sets, silver, and paperweights; from many sources.

Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its ten thousand red, green, blue, crystal, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at 4:55 on Thursday, Dec. 5.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **Madison Square Garden**: Dec. 10 (Kansas City-Omaha), Dec. 14 (Buffalo), Dec. 17 (Golden State), Dec. 21 (Boston), Dec. 25 (Philadelphia), Dec. 28 (New Orleans), Jan. 2 (Phoenix), and Jan. 4 (Cleveland).... ¶ The Nets at the **Nassau Coliseum**: Dec. 11 (St. Louis), Dec. 13 (Utah), Dec. 20 (St. Louis), Dec. 22 (Utah), Dec. 27 (San Antonio), Dec. 30 (Memphis), Jan. 3 (St. Louis), Jan. 5 (Virginia), Jan. 8 (Indiana), and Jan. 10 (San Diego).

Professional Football—**Sunday, Dec. 8**: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven.... **Sunday, Dec. 15**: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore, and Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis.

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden**: Ranger games on Dec. 8, 15, 18, 22, 27, and 29, and Jan. 1 and 5.... **Nassau Coliseum**: Islander games on Dec. 10, 14, and 21, and Jan. 2, 4, and 7.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Jan. 2-March 15.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championships. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 21-22.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Dec. 16-March 1.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (799-4420): The season continues through April 19. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL**, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 15 and 22. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ National Chorale, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Vienna Choir Boys, Dec. 28-31. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): McHenry Boatwright, bass-baritone, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 17-18 and Dec. 20-21. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 29. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra of New York, Dec. 27 and 30. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 28. . . . ¶ Prague Chamber Orchestra, Jan. 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Joseph Fuchs, violin, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Eugene List, piano, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 15 and 17. . . . ¶ Orpheus Chamber Ensemble, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Garrick Ohlsson, piano, Jan. 5. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (535-5350): James Buswell, violin, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Michael Ponti, piano, Dec. 14. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Peter Pears, tenor, and Murray Perahia, piano, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Mr. Perahia, solo, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Ani Kavafian, violin, Dec. 16. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Peter Serkin, piano, and others, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Paul Kuentz Chamber Orchestra of Paris, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Jan. 8.

DANCE—American Ballet Theatre, at the City Center, Dec. 23-Feb. 2.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A revival of the 1927 musical "Good News" (book by Laurence Schwab, B. G. DeSylva, and Frank Mandel; words and music by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson). Alice Faye, John Payne, and Stubby Kaye head the cast. . . . ¶ Peter Ustinov's comedy "Who's Who in Hell," in which he stars along with Beau Bridges and George S. Irving. . . . ¶ Rex Harrison and Julie Harris in Terence Rattigan's play "In Praise of Love." . . . ¶ A new Neil Simon comedy, "God's Favorite," with Vincent Gardenia, Charles Nelson Reilly, and Maria Karnilova. . . . ¶ Luigi Pirandello's "The Rules of the Game" and Carson McCullers' "The Member of the Wedding" will be the final offerings of the season by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. . . . ¶ "The Wiz," a musical version of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," with a book by William F. Brown, music and lyrics by Charlie Smalls, and an all-black cast headed by Stephanie Mills, Stu Gilliam, Tiger Haynes, and Ted Ross. . . . ¶ A revival of Steinbeck's 1937 play "Of Mice and Men," based on his novel. James Earl Jones has the leading role. . . . ¶ A revival of the musical "Where's Charley?," with a book by George Abbott, based on the Brandon Thomas play "Charley's Aunt." Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and Raul Julia will play the part originated by Ray Bolger in 1948. . . . ¶ A comedy by Murray Schisgal, "All Over Town;" Cleavon Little and Barnard Hughes lead the cast. . . . ¶ A presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center—Bill Gunn's play "Black Picture Show." The cast includes Dick Anthony Williams, Albert Hall, and Carol Cole. . . . ¶ John Cullum in "Shenandoah," a musical taken from a 1965 film of the same title, that has music by Gary Geld, lyrics by Peter Udell, and a book by James Lee Barrett, Philip Rose, and Mr. Udell.

OTHER DATES—Christmas Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., Dec. 11. . . . ¶ The first day of winter is Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Wednesdays. . . . ¶ Ice Capades, at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 7-19. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Wednesday, Jan. 15.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Death Wish."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 30: "Drums Along the Mohawk" and "Maid of Salem."
Dec. 1: "Back Street" and "Magnificent Obsession."
Dec. 2: "The Good Fairy" and "The Great McGinty."
Dec. 3: "Trouble in Paradise" and "Design for Living."
From Dec. 4: "Ladies of the Chorus" and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Dec. 3: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and another feature, to be announced.
From Dec. 4: "The Last Detail" and "The Lords of Flatbush."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 3: "The Sting."
From Dec. 4: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Airport 1975."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death Wish."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Savage Is Loose."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Three Stooges Follies."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Harry & Tonto."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Law and Disorder."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Night Porter."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Trial of Billy Jack."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Trial of Billy Jack."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Lenny."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Odessa File."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
"The Lenny Bruce Performance Film."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Gambler."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Dec. 3: "The Sting."
From Dec. 4: Theatre temporarily closed.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Death Wish."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Savage Is Loose."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Odessa File."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Airport 1975."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Trial of Billy Jack."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Dec. 3: "Amazing Grace."
From Dec. 4: "Macon County Line."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Nov. 28: "Bed and Board" and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me."
Nov. 29-30: "Day for Night" and "Contempt."
Dec. 1: "Ludwig" and "The Stranger."
Dec. 2-3: "The Confession" and "The Battle of Algiers."
Dec. 4-5: "Without Apparent Motive" and "This Man Must Die."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Law and Disorder."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 3: "Shoe-Shine."
From Dec. 4: "The Seduction of Mimi."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 3 at one or another of the theatres: "Chinatown" and "Don't Look Now"/"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" and "The Three Musketeers"/"Harry & Tonto."...¶ Through Nov. 28: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "Hour of the Wolf."...¶ Nov. 29: "Persona" and "Juliet of the Spirits."...¶ Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "I Vitelloni" and "Persona."...¶ Dec. 2-3: "Shame" and "8½."
From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Nov. 27: "Borsalino" and "Benjamin."
Nov. 28-30: "A Clockwork Orange" and "If . . ."
Dec. 1-2: "Mean Streets" and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle."
Dec. 3-4: "Belle de Jour" and "The Diary of a Chambermaid."
From Dec. 5: "Klute" and "Steelyard Blues."
Note: Sunday, Dec. 1, one performance, at noon: "A Man for All Seasons."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Klansman."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Harry & Tonto."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Little Prince."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Earthquake."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"That's Entertainment!"

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music." (No 6 P.M. performance on Monday, Dec. 2.)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Le Trio Infernal."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 27: "Glen and Randa" and two hours of short films by students currently at N.Y.U.
Nov. 28: "Pygmalion" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."
Nov. 29: "The Seventh Seal" and "The Virgin Spring."
Nov. 30: "The Ruling Class" and "Kind Hearts and Coronets."
Dec. 1: "The Royal Ballet" and "The Lovers of Teruel."
Dec. 2: Theatre closed.
Dec. 3: "Fires on the Plain" and "The Burmese Harp."
Dec. 4: "Our Daily Bread" and "The Fountainhead."
Dec. 5: "Rules of the Game" and "Eléna et les Hommes."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Le Fantôme de la Liberté."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" and "I. F. Stone's Weekly."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Harry & Tonto."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Law and Disorder."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 28: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" and "The Bicycle Thief."
From Nov. 29: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Death Wish."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Dec. 3: "Women in Love" and "The Bride Wore Black."
From Dec. 4: "The Abdication" and another feature, to be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 3: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "If . . ."
From Dec. 4: "The Groove Tube" and "Heat."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 27 at noon: "The Wolf Men" (1972), directed by Irwin Rosten and Nicholas Noxon. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 5:30: "Key Witness" (1960), directed by Phil Karlson, with Jeffrey Hunter, Pat Crowley, and Dennis Hopper. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2: "Ryan's Daughter" (1970), directed by David Lean, with Robert Mitchum, Trevor Howard, and Sarah Miles. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2: "Jailhouse Rock" (1957), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Elvis Presley and Judy Tyler. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 5:30: "Viva Las Vegas" (1964), directed by George Sidney, with Elvis Presley and Ann-Margret. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at noon: "The Last Laugh" (1924), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings; some English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 3: "Shaft" (1971), directed by Gordon Parks, with Richard Roundtree. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 5:30: "The Carey Treatment" (1972), directed by Blake Edwards, with James Coburn and Jennifer O'Neill. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2: "Anchors Aweigh" (1945), directed by George Sidney, with Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, and Gene Kelly. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 5:30: "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Leslie Caron and Maurice Chevalier. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2: "All Fall Down" (1962), directed by John Frankenheimer, with Eva Marie Saint and Warren Beatty. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 5:30: "Point Blank" (1967), directed by John Boorman, with Lee Marvin and Angie Dickinson. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2: "Zabriskie Point" (1970), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Mark Frechette and Daria Halprin. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 5:30: "That's Entertainment!" (1974), excerpts from M-G-M musicals, 1929-58. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at noon: "Hollywood: The Dream Factory" (1972), directed by Irwin Rosten and Nicholas Noxon. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 5:30: "All Fall Down.". . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2: "The Wolf Men" and "Hollywood: The Dream Factory.". . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 5:30: "Through and Through" (1973), in Polish, directed by Grzegorz Krolikiewicz; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 8: "Hearts and Minds" (1974), directed by Peter Davis. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a

Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Nov. 27: "Operation Mad Ball" (1957), directed by Richard Quine, with Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs.... ¶ Nov. 28: "Bell, Book and Candle" (1958), directed by Richard Quine, with James Stewart and Kim Novak.... ¶ Nov. 29: "Fever Mounts" (1959), directed by Luis Buñuel, with Gérard Philipe and Maria Félix.... ¶ Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Kovacs!" (1971), directed by B. Ziggy Stone, a compendium of comedy skits, selected from half-hour television broadcasts starring Ernie Kovacs.... ¶ Dec. 4: "Skidoo" (1969), directed by Otto Preminger, with Jackie Gleason and Carol Channing.... ¶ Dec. 5: "The Bed Sitting Room" (1969), directed by Richard Lester, with Rita Tushingham and Ralph Richardson. (*Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.*)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 3: "Animation," a program of short films by Russett, Engel, Bubar, Slasor, Schwartz, Knowlton, Beckett, and Segal. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evening).... ¶ Starting Dec. 4: "Death and Devil," directed by Stephen Dwoskin. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4. *Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.*

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Films by Straub, Schneider, Anger, Brakhage, and Gerson. Showings Nov. 27-28 at 5, 7, and 9; Nov. 29 at 6, 8, and 10; Nov. 30 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 1 at 8; Dec. 3-4 at 5, 7, and 9; and Dec. 5 at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Abdication—This picture about Queen Christina's stepping down from the Swedish throne, in 1654, is embalmed in such reverence for its own cultural elevation that it loses all contact with the audience. Liv Ullmann is the virgin queen who becomes a Catholic hoping to find ecstasy in God, and Peter Finch is the cardinal who examines her motives. For those besotted with love of royalty. Anthony Harvey directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/7/74.) (Thalia; starting Dec. 4.)

Airport 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (10/28/74) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities, such as a colossal tobacconist who screams with erotic joy when the adolescent struggles to lift her, but graciously raises the roll-up door of her shop, saying that it's too heavy for him. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The film holds the most affectionate portrait of an asparagus-wristed madman called Uncle Teo, who climbs to the top of a tree out of reach of his family party and yells again and again, "I want a woman!" A midget asylum nun briskly tells him to come down and stop all this madness. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

Amazing Grace—With Moms Mabley and Slappy White, directed by Stan Lathan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Dec. 3.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor who would like to conduct five times a month, though she can only get engagements five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. We see her at her most bashful when she—who has taken on difficult classics without thought of herself—wants to crawl under the piano when she is asked to play pop music. Gamely, she goes into "After You've Gone" and "Whispering." (9/16/74) (Regency.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Dec. 3.... ¶ Gramercy; starting Dec. 4.)

Back Street (1932)—Irene Dunne does the suffering in this version of the Fannie Hurst classic weeper about a woman who loves a selfish, married man (John Boles) and spends her whole life in the shadows of his. Fannie Hurst had a shameful genius for this sort of muck. John M. Stahl directed, and the great Karl Freund did the cinematography. With ZaSu Pitts, William Bakewell, Jane Darwell, Walter Catlett, Robert McWade. It was remade in 1941 and 1961; the 1941 version, with Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer, is delicately acted and considerably easier on the stomach than this one. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 1.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 2-3.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 28.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 3-4.)

Benjamin (1968)—Pierre Clémenti and Catherine Deneuve are the virgins who eventually get deflowered, while Michel Piccoli and Michèle Morgan have their mature love problems. Fine for people who like Gallic romps and aphorisms about the relations of the sexes. Directed by Michel Deville. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 27.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—Vittorio De Sica's story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness: humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and the richnesses and the enigmas sneak up on the audience. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This Neo-Realist classic is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. Cesare Zavattini wrote the script. In Italian. (New Yorker; through Nov. 28.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseilles of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 27.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Thalia; through Dec. 3.)

The Burmese Harp (1956)—A Japanese likeness of "Antigone," directed by Kon Ichikawa, about a Japanese private in Burma near the end of the Second World War who has a driving need to bury the dead in expiation for the crimes of war. A strange, gentle film; the poetry is uneven but unmistakably authentic. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 3.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 3.)

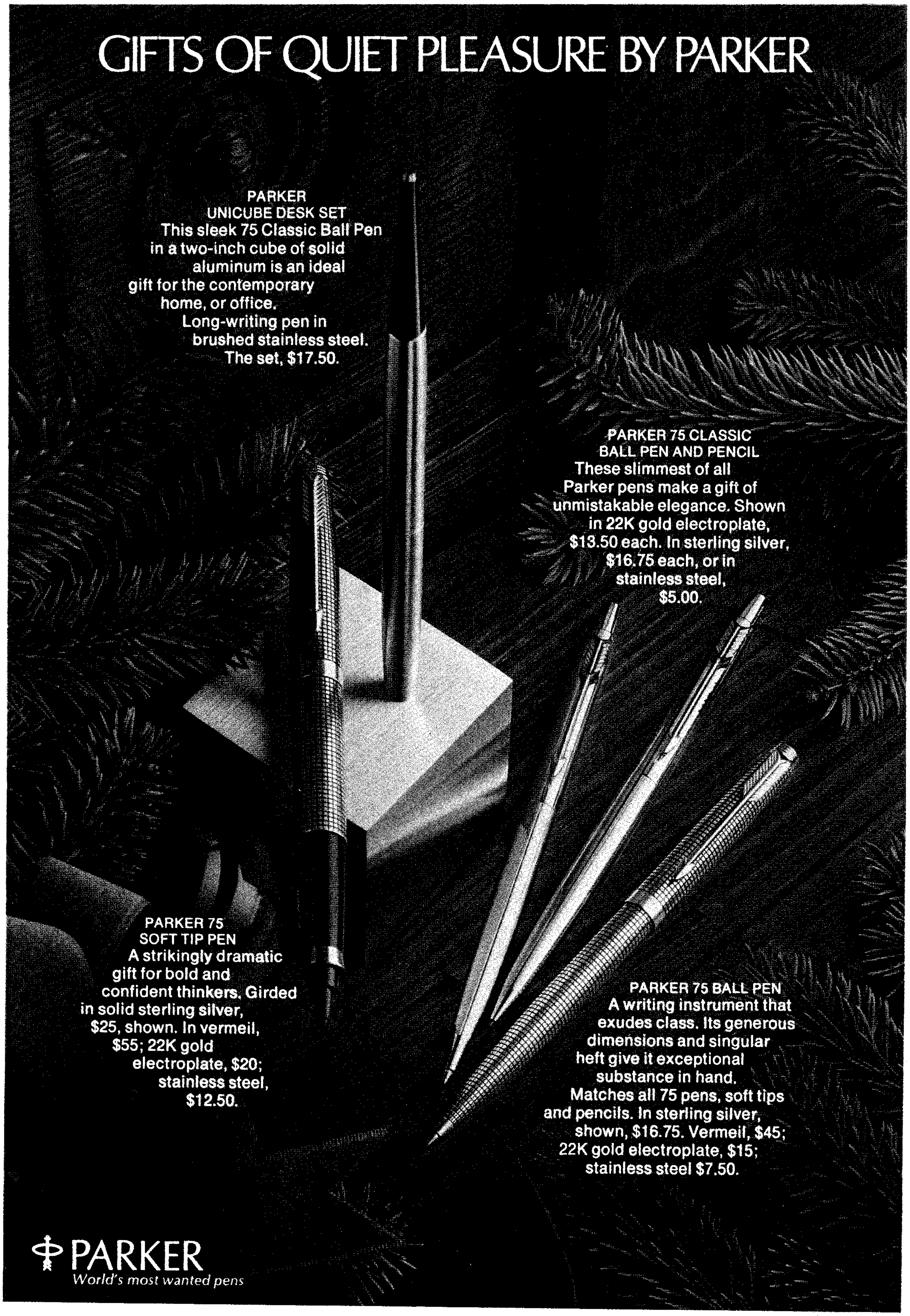
A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Elgin; Nov. 28-30.)

The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 2-3.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 29-30.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 29-30.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one in this film, which has a head full of shrapnel and wood shavings) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill muggers every time because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. Wrongly named, though probably not at the



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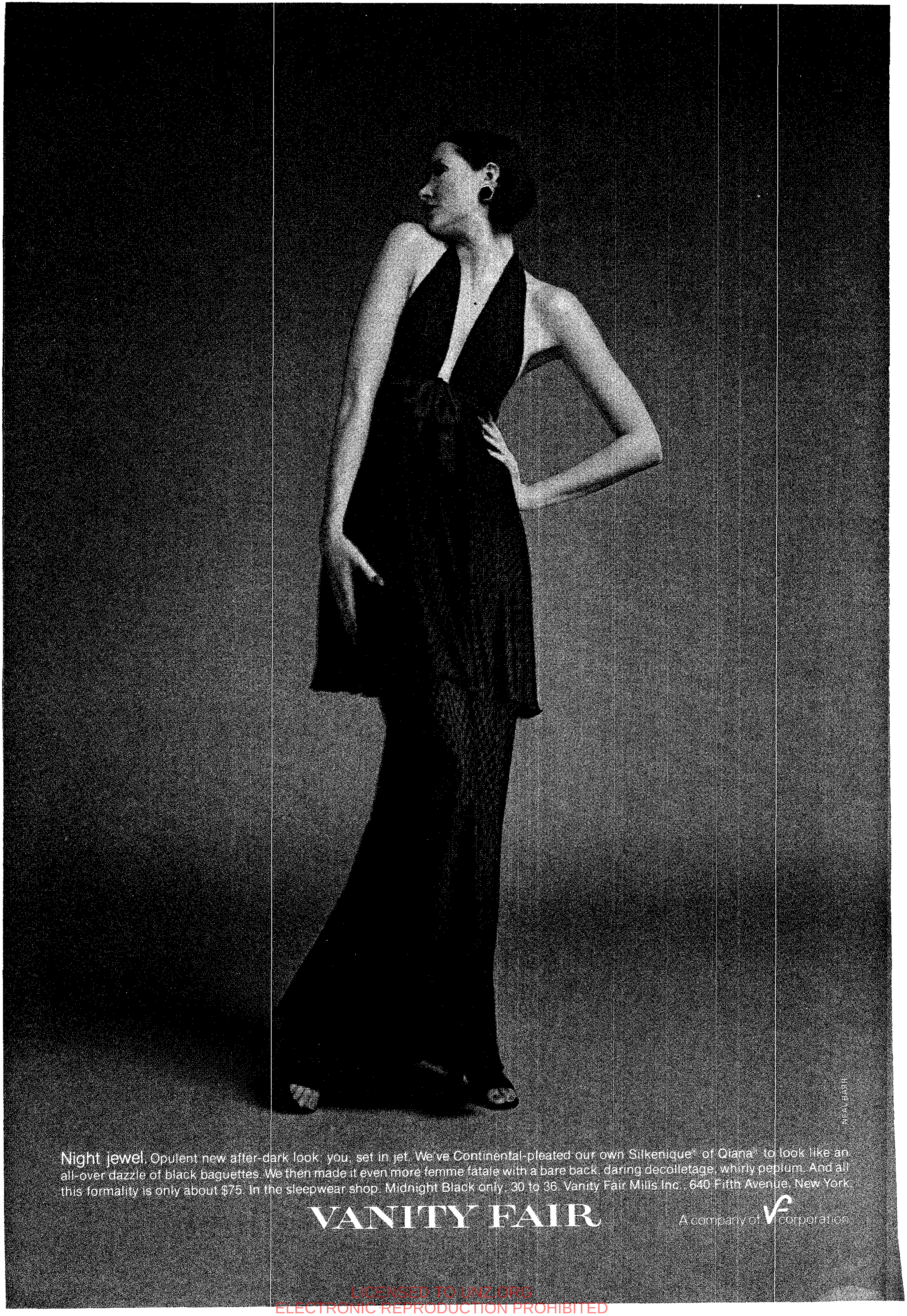

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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box office. (8/26/74) (Art, 34th St. East, Juliet 2, and Symphony.)

Design for Living (1933)—Noël Coward's famous play, filmed by Ernst Lubitsch, with a screenplay by Ben Hecht, who swore that he deleted all of Coward's actual lines but one, though the Coward temperament is intact. Gary Cooper is miscast in Coward's part, but Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins muster some of the freebooting stylishness that comes more easily to English actors accustomed to playing Restoration comedy. There is a nice meal when the classy three of them, all on their beam-ends, are reduced to politesse about sharing a single frankfurter. "Pass the mustard," Hopkins says graciously to March. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 3.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, pernickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 3-4.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 3.)

Drums Along the Mohawk (1939)—One of John Ford's uninspired epics, this lavish color version of the Walter D. Edmonds novel never seems to get going. No one appears to know why the picture is being made, or what its point is, exactly. Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are the young couple who go to the Mohawk Valley of upstate New York and are caught up in the Revolutionary War; there are scraps with Indians and various upheavals, but one gets more involved in Colbert's spotless gowns—a tribute to pioneer laundering—and the fussy, dainty interiors, full of Early American decorator touches. The enormous cast includes Edna May Oliver, John Carradine, Ward Bond, Dorris Bowden, Jessie Ralph, and Mae Marsh. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 30.)

Earthquake—With Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner, and George Kennedy, directed by Mark Robson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; Dec. 2-3.)

Eléna et les Hommes (1956)—Jean Renoir made this love-carnival film, set in France in the eighteen-eighties, in color and with an expensive international cast—Ingrid Bergman, Mel Ferrer, and Jean Marais. American audiences never got a chance to judge it properly, because it was released here in a botched, dubbed version called "Paris Does Strange Things;" Marais spoke in a gravelly baritone so far from his own voice that audiences laughed. Ferrer seemed weak even for Ferrer, and the picture had little besides Bergman's astonishing, ripe beauty to recommend it. The French version has considerably more, although it is far from a success. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 5.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Paris.)

Fires on the Plain (1959)—A very beautiful, furious picture by the great Japanese director Kon Ichikawa—perhaps too beautiful in the context of the story, which is a brutal meditation on the brutalizing effects of war. Set in the Philippines in 1945. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 3.)

The Fountainhead (1949)—So outrageously, preposterously, extravagantly awful that it's a classic among bad movies. With Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4.)

The Friends of Eddie Coyle (1973)—Ineffective movie based on the George V. Higgins book—which should have been first-rate movie material. Robert Mitchum, looking appropriately square-headed, tries hard, but nothing really meshes in this movie. The actor who comes across best is Richard Jordan, as the smart, treacherous cop. The director, Peter Yates, doesn't seem to know how to tell a story, and he certainly doesn't know the Boston Irish locale. With Peter Boyle. (Elgin; Dec. 1-2.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing-off. (10/14/74) (Loews Tower East.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (New Yorker; through Nov. 28.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos' famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 4.)

Glen and Randa (1971)—Steven Curry and Shelley Plimpton, directed by Jim McBride. Skip it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 27.)

The Good Fairy (1935)—Hired to sanitize one of Ferenc Molnár's lesser plays, Preston Sturges embroidered the whimsical comedy until it was almost worthy of the talents of Margaret Sullavan. (He also managed to work in one of the movie-within-a-movie scenes that later became one of his trademarks.) Sullavan plays a naïve, unworldly orphan who becomes an usher in a movie theatre; she's so helplessly innocent that various men (Herbert Marshall, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen) come to her aid, and their lives get turned upside down. William Wyler, who directed, has told the story of how he quarrelled with Margaret Sullavan at first, and the tension between them made her look nervous and strained in the rushes. In order to improve her appearance, he took her out to dinner to make peace, and was so successful that they were married two weeks before the picture was finished. With Cesar Romero, Alan Hale, Beulah Bondi, Eric Blore, and Hugh O'Connell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 2.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—The first film that Preston Sturges both wrote and directed (after he wrote a series of first-rate scripts) is a satire on American politics. The hero (Brian Donlevy) gets in solid with the local political boss by voting thirty-seven times in one day, but he falls in love, tries to go straight, and his career is wrecked. Not up to the classic Sturges comedies that followed, but fairly funny, with the frantic, slapstick reversals on Horatio Alger success themes that became the Sturges specialty. With Akim Tamiroff and Muriel Angelus. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 2.)

The Groove Tube—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Olympia; starting Dec. 4.)

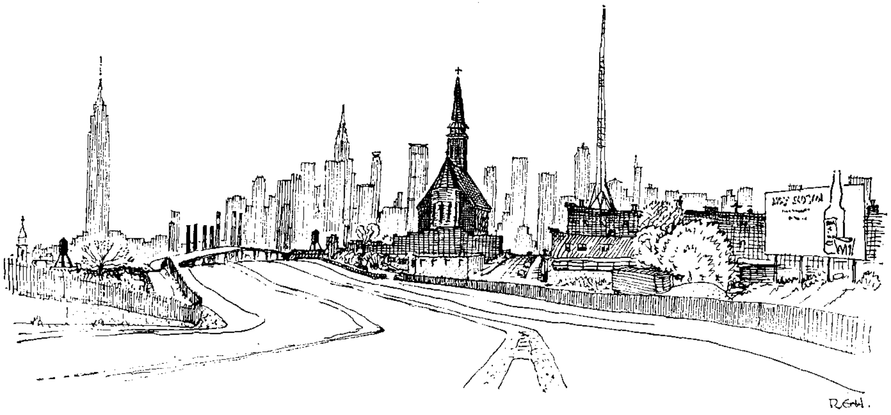
Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Trans-Lux East, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 3.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Olympia; starting Dec. 4.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other, like "Persona" and "The Silence." Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his infected, deeply troubled wife. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 28.)

If . . . (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. With Malcolm McDowell. (Olympia; through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Elgin; Nov. 28-30.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly (1973)—A wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. The film is a tribute, a patiently accumulated portrait, and a record of a clear-minded man who consistently



makes order from the sort of chaos that benefits the powerful, and who never fails to name rascals or traitors to the truth. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Regency.)

The Importance of Being Earnest (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English production, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagey but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 28.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 29.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the poky side. Robert Hamer directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 30.)

The Klansman—With Lee Marvin and Richard Burton, directed by Terence Young. (Loews Astor Plaza.)

Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Elgin; starting Dec. 5.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, sets up his wartime situations and casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as the Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Ladies of the Chorus (1949)—Minor musical from Columbia, with Adele Jergens and Marilyn Monroe. Directed by Phil Karlson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Dec. 4.)

The Last Detail—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 4.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (Fine Arts, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

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Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Cinema I.)

The Lenny Bruce Performance Film—An actual Lenny Bruce performance, recorded, however, at the end of his career (in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco). (First Avenue Screening Room.)

The Little Prince—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, with Richard Kiley and Bob Fosse. Directed by Stanley Donen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Hall.)

The Lords of Flatbush—The leather-jacket high-school set in 1957 Brooklyn. Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 4.)

The Lovers of Teruel (1962)—An elaborate ballet-drama of romantic tragedy. Ludmilla Tcherina dances the role of a doomed, demented girl, and then finds that life has cast her in the same role. More than a bit much, with dialogue such as "What good is my body if you cannot have my soul?" (Especially silly, because Miss Tcherina isn't much of a dancer but has a sensational body.) The director, Raymond Rouleau, is in love with colored lights. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 1.)

Ludwig (1973)—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (3/24/73) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 1.)

Macon County Line—With Alan Vint and Cheryl Waters, directed by Richard Compton. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Dec. 4.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 3.)

Magnificent Obsession (1936)—This first version of the inspirational Lloyd C. Douglas novel—starring Irene Dunne as the virtuous widow and Robert Taylor as the drunk driver who was responsible for her husband's death—should certainly have been the last, but the woebegone trickeries of the material made the movie a four-handkerchief hit, and damned if Ross Hunter didn't produce another version in 1954 (with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson), and the slop made money all over again. Irene Dunne spends a lot of time in the hospital and is at her most infuriatingly gallant and womanly; Sara Haden and Theodore Von Eltz don't help much. Directed by John M. Stahl, not known for his sense of humor, though Charles Butterworth manages a funny scene or two. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 1.)

Maid of Salem (1937)—Accusations of witchcraft in an only so-so, sometimes pompous picture directed by Frank Lloyd for Paramount. Claudette Colbert is alluring in the prim garb of a Puritan maid, with a severe frill at her neck and a wicked bonnet that dooms her to Bonita Granville's accusation, but Colbert's performance suggests that she would rather have been in another period, in a different picture. Something similar could be said of Fred MacMurray's performance as her suitor, but then it could really be said of all of his performances. (When did he ever quite fit in?) Edward Ellis makes a strong appearance, and the black actress Madame Sultewon has a fascinating episode. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 30.)

A Man for All Seasons (1966)—The moral tug-of-war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Elgin; Sunday, Dec. 1, one performance, at noon.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Elgin; Dec. 1-2.)

Murder on the Orient Express—Albert Finney playing Hercule Poirot, Agatha Christie's Belgian detective. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Coronet.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s-m Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Baronet.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Cinema II, and Loews Orpheum.)

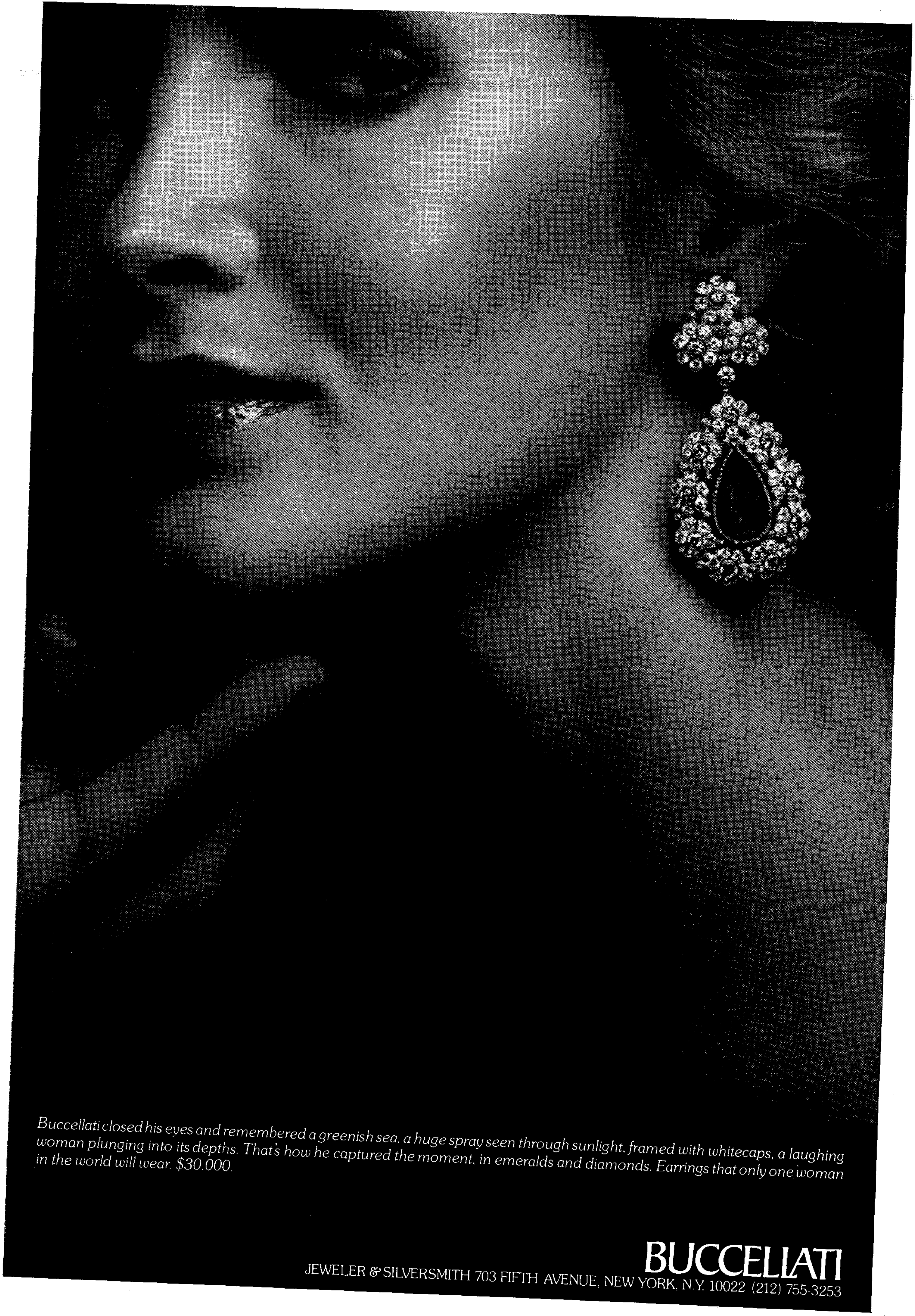
Our Daily Bread (1934)—About how a young couple (Karen Morley and Tom Keene) make a go of life on a bankrupt farm by turning it into a co-op. King Vidor borrowed up to his ears to make the movie, and it's innovatively well directed. He experiments with Russian ideas of montage and manages to make a grand finale out of the coöperative farmers digging a ditch to irrigate a cornfield—cheating only a little by heightening the scene with an orchestral score. But it's his purity rather than this slight corruption that is the problem with the picture. The earnest title indicates where he goes wrong: the film suffers from simplicity of thought and from the excessive goodness of its common-man characters. With John Qualen and Barbara Pepper. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 29-Dec. 1.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G.B.S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 28.)

The Royal Ballet (1960)—With Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 1.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and



Buccellati closed his eyes and remembered a greenish sea, a huge spray seen through sunlight, framed with whitecaps, a laughing woman plunging into its depths. That's how he captured the moment, in emeralds and diamonds. Earrings that only one woman in the world will wear. $30,000.

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masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 5.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 30.)

The Savage Is Loose—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. (11/25/74) (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Beekman, and Paramount.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 4.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 29.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Quad Cinema; Dec. 2-3.)

Shoe-Shine (1946)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric study of how two boys betrayed by society betray each other and themselves. It has a sweetness and a simplicity that suggest greatness of feeling, and this is so rare in films that to cite a comparison one searches beyond the medium. If Mozart had written an opera set in poverty, it might have had this kind of painful beauty. The two young shoeshine boys sustain their friendship and their dreams amid the apathy of postwar Rome, but they are destroyed by their own weaknesses and desires when they're sent to prison for blackmarketeering. Cesare Zavattini wrote this study of the corruption of innocence; it is a social-protest film that rises above its purpose. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 3.)

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The Sound of Music (1965)—With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. Gigantic sniffles. (Playboy. No 6 P.M. performance on Monday, Dec. 2.)

Steelyard Blues (1973)—Blithe exuberance turned into cant. Donald Sutherland, Jane Fonda, and Peter Boyle are among the band of friendly outlaws who are persecuted by the stupid, vindictive straights, and who fly away to a better world. With Alan Myerson's amateurish direction, the film never gets a rhythm going, and its adolescent anarchism just seems smug. (2/17/73) (Elgin; starting Dec. 5.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; through Dec. 3.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 1.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me (1973)—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibilities of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (3/31/73) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 28.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (86th St. East.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Festival.)

This Man Must Die (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel, "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 4-5.)

The Three Musketeers—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stocking cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 3.)

The Three Stooges Follies—Excerpts from their films of the thirties and forties. (Sutton.)

The Trial of Billy Jack—For two hours and fifty minutes, this maudlin sequel to the 1971 "Billy Jack" expands on the most melodramatic elements of the earlier film and turns into an orgy of victimization for the students of a Southwestern interracial Freedom School, its weepy founder (Delores Taylor), and the Indians in the vicinity. My Lai is reenacted, and there are spinoffs of Wounded Knee, Kent State, and other outrages. The half-breed hero, Billy Jack (Tom Laughlin), is also involved in Carlos Castaneda spinoffs: he turns red and blue, walks among serpents, is attacked by bats, and listens to doggerel wisdom supplied by Indian-maiden guides. This big Pentecostal tub-thumping show, a manifestation of the square, simplistic, reactionary left, brings together the worst of mass culture and the worst of the counterculture. (11/25/74) (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Le Trio Infernal—With Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli, directed by Francis Girod. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch's favorite among his own pictures. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 3.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Greenwich.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 29.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

Without Apparent Motive (1972)—An affectionate imitation of "The Big Sleep," set in the sunny baroque of Nice and directed with finesse by Philippe Labro. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the Bogart-style detective, and Dominique Sanda is the tawny-blond big pussycat. The cast includes Sacha Distel, Stéphane Audran, Erich Segal, and the stunning, sad-eyed Carla Gravina. Understated and too refined to be hugely entertaining, but pleasant enough. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 4-5.)

A Woman Under the Influence—With Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands, directed by John Cassavetes. (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Thalia; through Dec. 3.)

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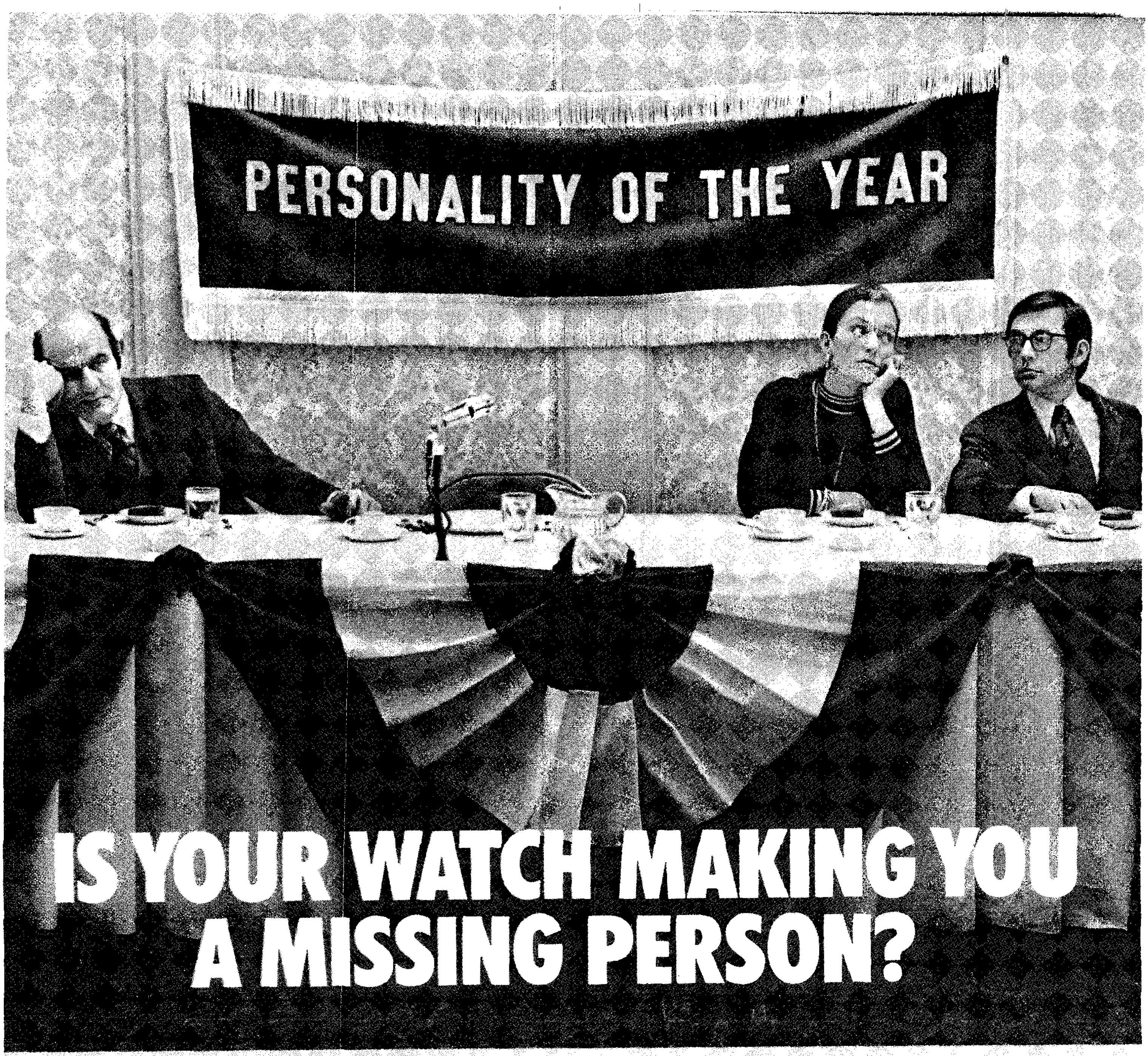

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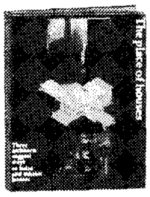
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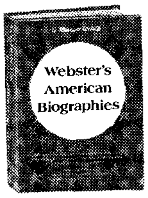
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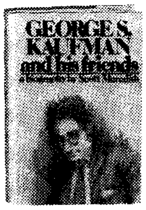
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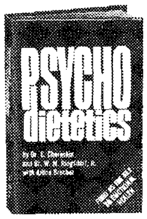
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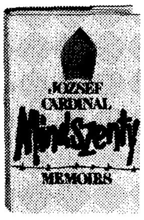
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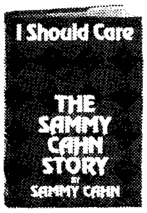
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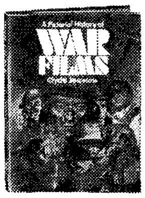
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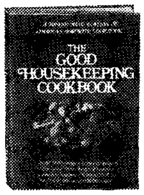
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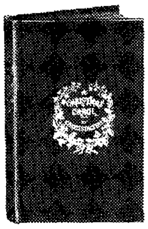

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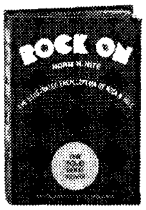

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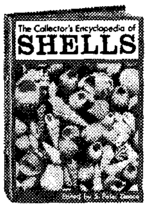
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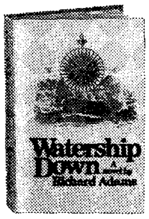
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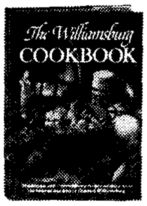
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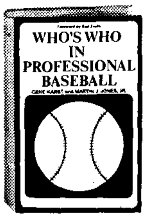
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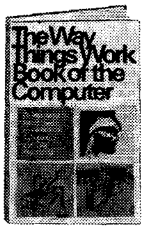
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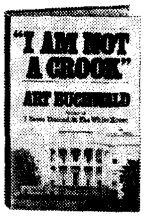
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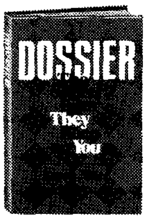
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24E. Dossier. *Neier.* The secret files they keep on you. $7.95

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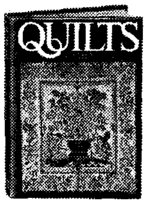
2K. Khrushchev Remembers. *N. Khrushchev.* The last testament. $12.95



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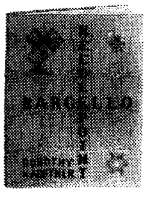

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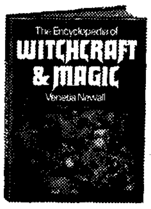
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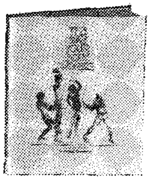

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23B. Our World In Space. A pre-vision of our future. Illus. $22.50

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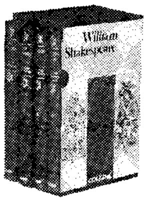
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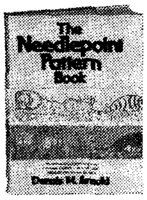
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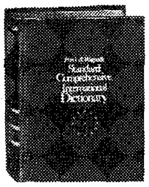
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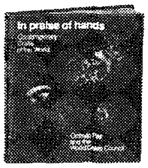
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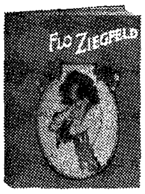
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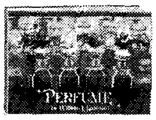

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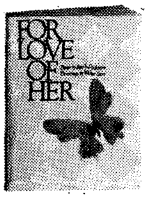
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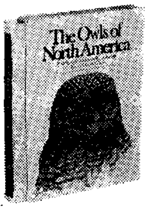
32L. For Love of Her. Poems of Emily Dickinson. Illus.: W. Stein. $8.95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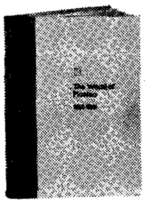

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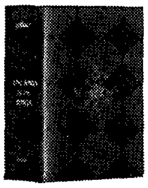

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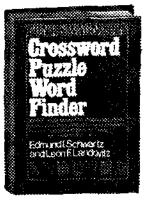
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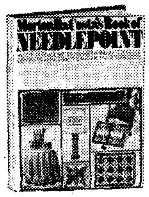
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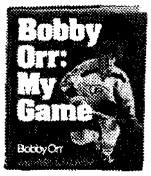
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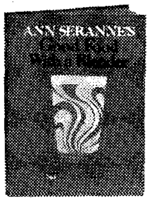
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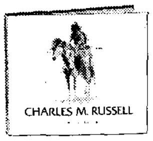
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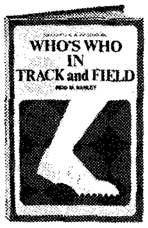
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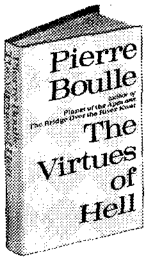
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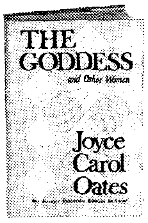
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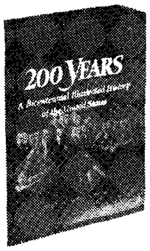

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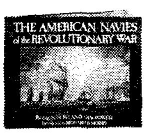
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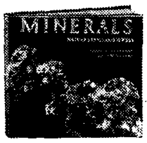

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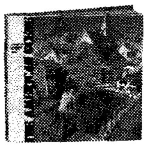

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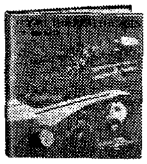

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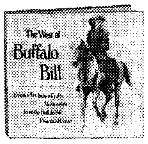
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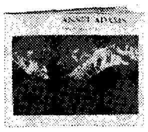
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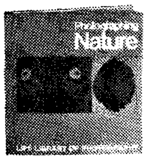
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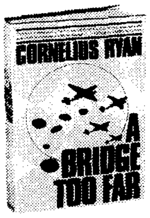

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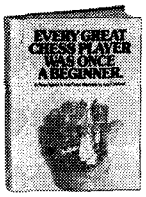

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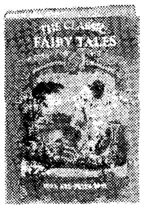

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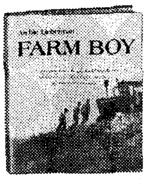

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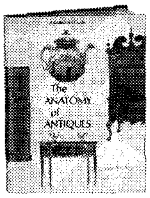

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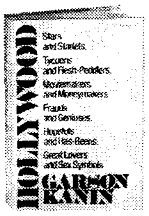

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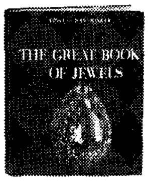

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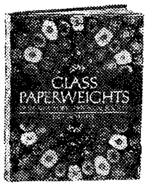

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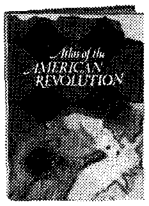

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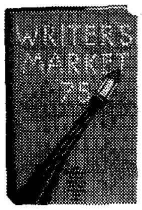

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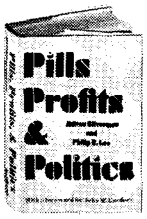

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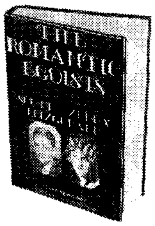

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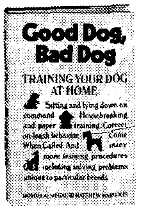

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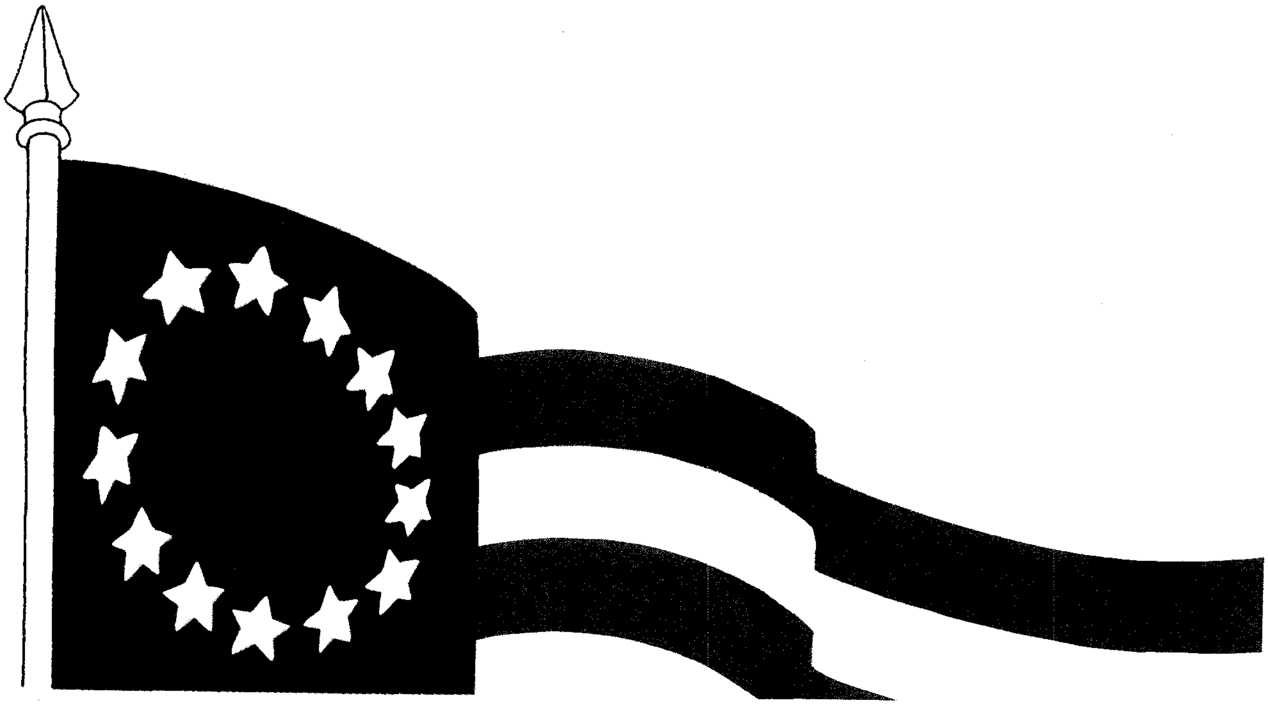

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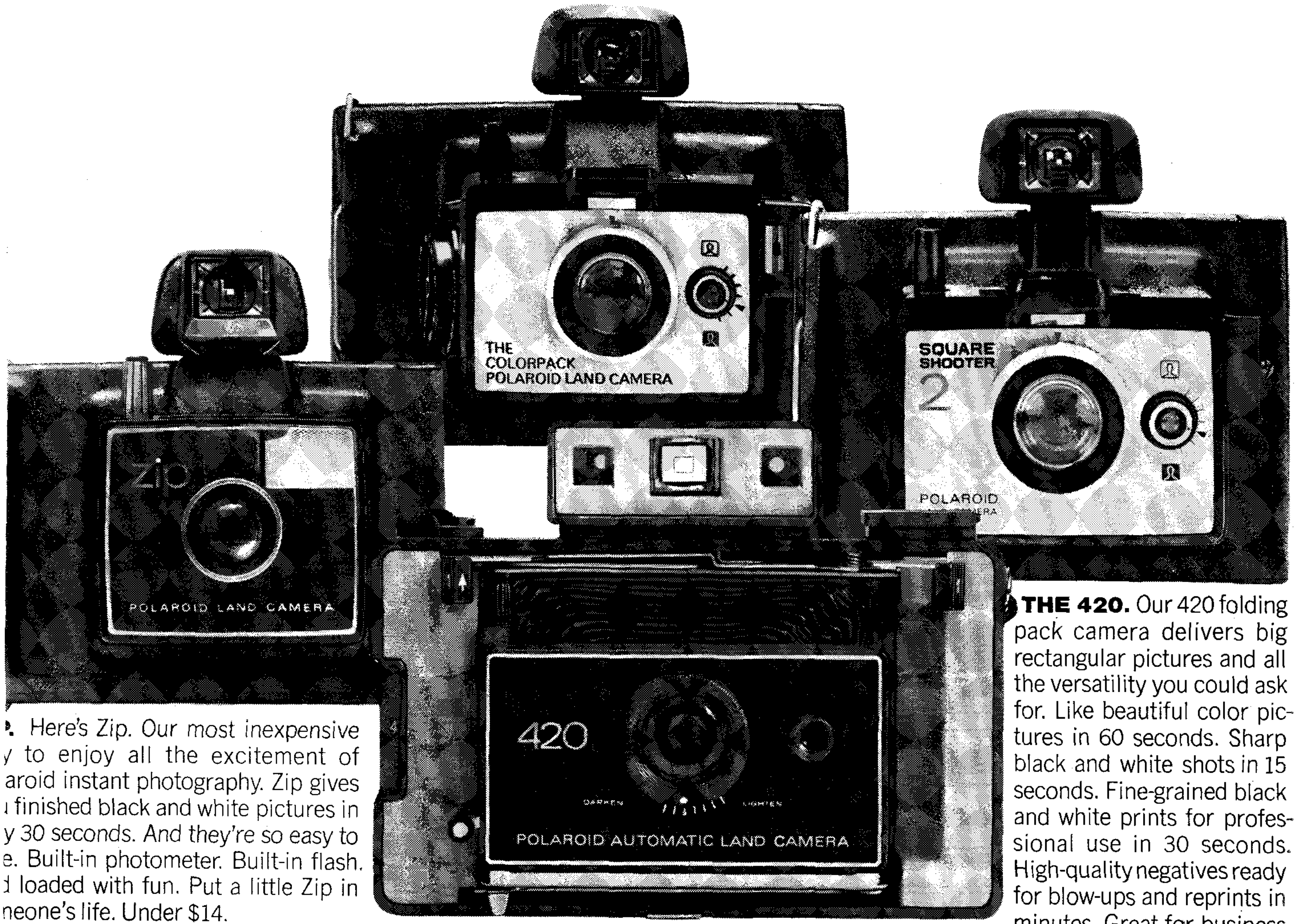
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It began with Countess Mara ties.

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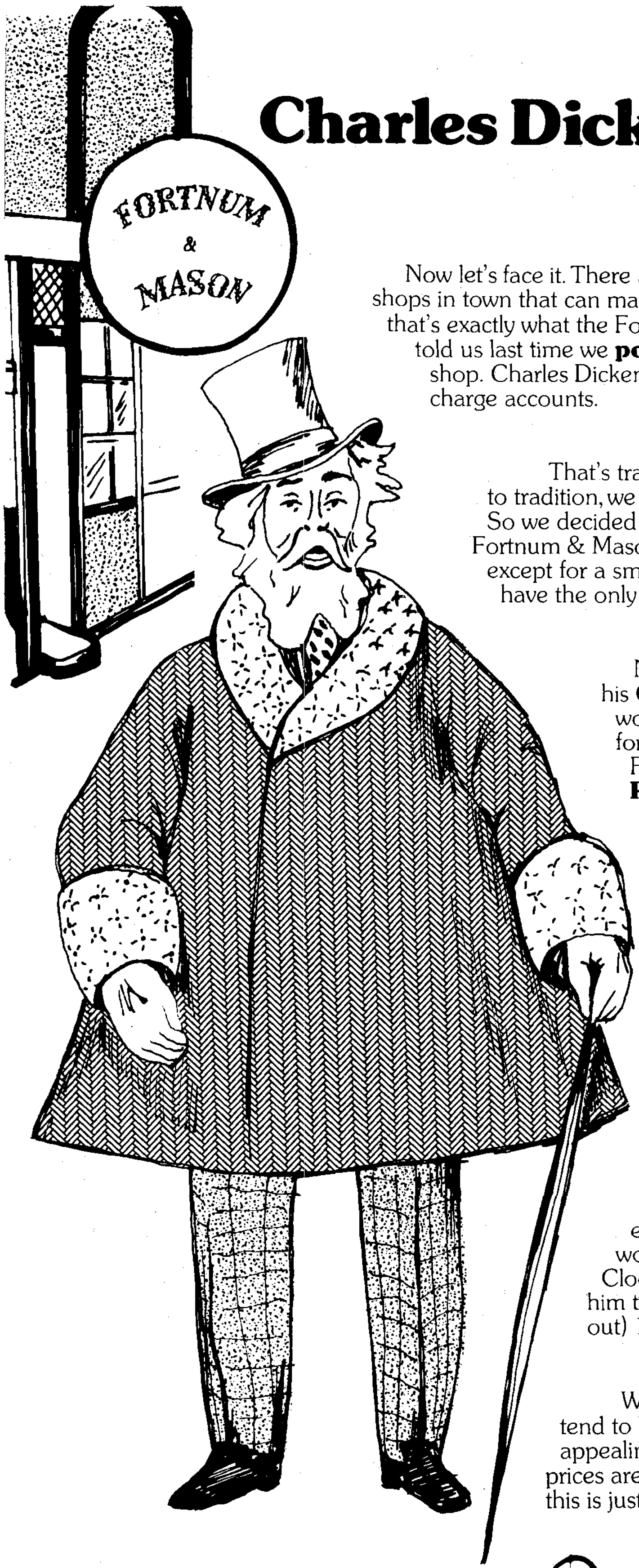
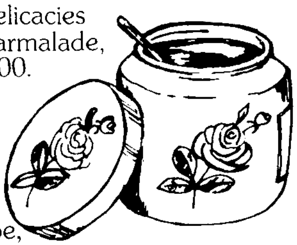


Now let's face it. There aren't too many Gourmet shops in town that can make that statement. But that's exactly what the Fortnum & Mason crowd told us last time we **popped** into their London shop. Charles Dickens was one of their best charge accounts.

That's tradition! And when it comes to tradition, we admit, we're **pushovers.** So we decided to open our very own Fortnum & Mason shop at Altman's. Now, except for a small spot in Boston, we have the only one on the East Coast.

Now, if Charles Dickens did his Christmas shopping there, what would you expect him to buy? Well, for Tiny Tim, he'd get nothing but one of Fortnum & Mason's traditional **Plum Puddings,** 1 lb. 6.00, 2 lbs. 9.50. And for Oliver Twist, he would have chosen Fortnum & Mason's vintage marmalade which comes in a charming decorated crock, 9.50. Pip certainly could have expected Fortnum & Mason's **Pyramid,** (from Miss Havisham, of course), an overwhelming collection of delicacies such as ginger wafers, marmalade, tea, and much more, 20.00. Uriah Heep would have gleefully rubbed his **palms** together over the Tea Sampler which contains 4 oz. tins of Earl Grey, Orange Pekoe, Crown Blend, and Darjeeling, 8.50. And for Scrooge? That's an easy one to guess. Dickens undoubtedly would have chosen Fortnum & Mason's Clock Tin of assorted candies (to show him that time was definitely running out) 11.50.



We have just one **piece** of advice. If you tend to be Scrooge, the prices are most appealing. If you're a Bob Cratchit, the prices are most appealing. In any case, this is just one more example that

B Altman & Co

is a most surprising store.

Post Script
We send you a Merry Christmas along with Mr. Dickens, Mr. Fortnum, Mr. Mason, Bob Cratchit, Scrooge, Mrs.Micawber, Oliver Twist, Fagin, Tiny Tim, and Pip.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TOO many *questions* are being asked these days. One doesn't mean those journalistic questions that are sometimes (although rarely) asked of Important Persons, such as: What happened to the last energy crisis? What is the C.I.A. doing *this* week? One doesn't mean the slightly more numerous, official (or officious) questions that are commonly directed at ordinary citizens by agencies of the government, such as: What is your Social Security number? How long have you lived at the above address? How do you explain a Weimaraner as a "business deduction"? No. The questions we have in mind are those that ordinary citizens put to other ordinary citizens in the course of transacting ordinary business or attempting to live an ordinary life.

Consider the matter of trying to buy an airline ticket. In this case, a citizen wants a single one-way coach seat on a flight to Cleveland which departs on a given day at 5 P.M. He enters a phone booth and gives all this information in a clear voice to the citizen who represents the airline at the end of the phone. There is a brief pause while the airline citizen makes clicking sounds upon an invisible machine. Then the airline citizen begins to speak—a curious, redundant language *all in questions:* "Sir, how many passengers will be travelling?" And "Sir, will that be first class or coach?" And "When will the passenger be returning?" It is not possible to decline to answer any of these questions, without, of course, giving up the idea of flying to Cleveland. Nor is there any room in the process for irony, or even for mild admonishment. For example, "Whatever seems best to *you*" produces only silence and renewed questioning. At last, when the process has been completed and the ticket originally asked for has been confirmed, there is another flurry of questions: "Sir, what is your telephone number?" And "Is that the home telephone or the office?" These questions are asked in a businesslike and purposeful voice, and *must be answered*—although it is a known fact that no citizen has been telephoned, either at home or at his office, by an airline citizen since the inauguration of non-stop service between the coasts. The citizen then attempts to say goodbye, hoping that a polite but assertive farewell will get him off the phone and on his way to Cleveland. At this point, the airline voice inquires, in a kind of coda, "Will you be needing a car upon arrival?" The citizen wanly shrugs to himself, his mind battered by interrogation. He wonders: Had the airline citizen thought he might be too shy to ask for a needed vehicle on his own? Or does the airline citizen perhaps have special information as to conditions in Cleveland—for example, a strike of all surface transportation—and seek to think ahead for his benefit? The citizen discounts these possibilities and murmurs into the phone "Negative." The voice comes back, sounding suddenly conversational, almost languid, as if the citizen were now connected to some aged relative who lived for nothing but phone calls and only reluctantly let callers off the hook after a forty-five-minute chat: "Well, have a real nice trip. It's been a pleasure being able to serve you, and if you have any need of further reservations I hope you won't hesitate to call us. . . ." The voice drones on cheerily, and at last—on a mild note of query—terminates. The citizen is permitted to exit from the phone booth and resume his life—briefly resume his life.

For what awaits him in Cleveland on the evening of his arrival? He is seated at a table in a large restaurant. The chairs seem vaguely Spanish. Upon the walls there are cardboard heraldic shields done in a hopeful Saxon manner. There are glowing pink candles upon the tables, and the waitresses, who are stoutish ladies of mature age, stride briskly about dressed in what appear to be French Gay Nineties costume. The citizen is hungry and gazes at a large and florid menu, whose pages are given over largely to an account of the founding of the restaurant and to the listing of six varieties of steak. So be it. One of the waitresses—like a character in a children's theatrical show—approaches his table. The citizen attempts to order; that is, to request—to ask for—food. "I would like the Welsh Cut steak, please," he says, reading from the document. "Medium, nothing with it."

The waitress neither acknowledges nor declines the order. Instead, she asks a question: "How do you want it?"

"Oh, medium," says the citizen, thinking that it might somehow enhance the mood of the occasion if he were to pretend to have thought of it for the first time.

"French-fried, baked, or mashed?" asks the waitress.

"Baked," says the citizen in a subdued voice.

"Butter or sour cream?"

"Sour cream," says the citizen. They are pulling information from him that he did not know he had.

"Salad?" asks the waitress, increasingly assertive, confident.

"Yes," says the citizen. Should he mention that it said "Salad included" on the menu? Would that amuse the waitress?

"Thousand Island, French, Italian, or Green Goddess dressing?"

"Green Goddess," says the citizen. No, that is ridiculous. "Italian," he says.

The waitress looks at him the way Andrew Carnegie might have looked at a plant manager who couldn't make up his mind, couldn't hack the big decision. The waitress departs. He thinks of calling after her for a glass of wine—of white wine, for he would be clever enough to specify *that.* But she would find some way around his maneuver. "Would that be a *white* wine?" she might ask. And then, when he had replied softly, "Yes. Yes, Ma'am," and had relapsed into nervous tranquillity, there would be the ultimate question: "Rhine wine or Chablis?"

The citizen sits in silence at his table, bathed in pinkish light. To get out of there, he thinks, he himself would have to *ask* for the check, for the exit, for a taxi, for a single one-way coach seat on an airplane bound for New York. Sir, would that be J.F.K. or LaGuardia? A cocktail or soft drink? Boneless chicken or hot snack? Smoking or nonsmoking? Vacant or Occupied? Hot or cold? Wet or dry? You or me? Heaven or Hell?

The Hounds of Fate bay at his heels. The waitress stands by his side. "Coffee with your meal or after?" she inquires. The citizen glances up. The suggestion of a debonair smile crinkles his eyebrows. A mad, insouciant grin flickers across his pink-glowing face. "Both," he says. "Or, on the other hand, neither." The citizen dances for a while alone atop the tables. The lights grow dim. The music stops. "Guilty or not guilty?" asks the judge. "Vanilla," says the citizen. There are no further questions.

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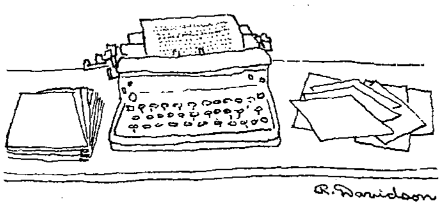
In Transit

RIDING the subways these days, no one can miss the movie advertisements for "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three," a rather improbable shoot-'em-up about four men who hijack a Lexington Avenue I.R.T. local and ransom eighteen passengers for a million dollars. We went to see it recently on East Eighty-sixth Street—took our chances getting there on the Lexington Avenue express—and laid down the equivalent of ten tokens for the price of admission. About the film: One might overlook the fact that the plot oscillates clumsily between being a thriller and being a satire on New York City politics, or that at one point near the climax an entire platoon of armed policemen jump the turnstiles at Twenty-eighth Street without paying. What really concerns us is the cynicism of the operations supervisor in the New York City Transit Authority control headquarters, who says, when told of the plight of the hostages, "To hell with the passengers! What do they expect for their thirty-five cents? To live forever?"

Now, what kind of talk is that? For one thing, movie talk. It's also the kind of talk that does no good at all for public morale, particularly at a time when it's clear that even the thirty-five-cent fare won't live forever. Not that Mayor Beame and a legion of Washington lobbyists haven't succeeded, it appears, in saving the fare temporarily. If all goes well in D.C., the thirty-five-cent fare will remain intact through 1975. The House of Representatives has just approved a Senate bill—S.386, it's called—that would allow federal aid normally used for capital improvements, like building the Second Avenue subway or air-conditioning the existing subways, to be applied against the Metropolitan Transportation Authority's enormous operating deficit. The experts say that the M.T.A. needs at least four hundred and twenty-two million dollars to save the thirty-five-cent fare. S.386, which has been referred to as "landmark legislation"—and which almost died a couple of times last summer—calls for New York to receive in the first half of 1975 a thirty-five-million-dollar "formula grant," plus two hundred and fifty million dollars in Urban Mass Transportation Assistance, half of which the M.T.A. will use to cover operating losses. The city will have to repay the hundred and twenty-five million dollars in 1976, but no one seems overly concerned about that at the moment. Now that the Senate and the House have passed S.386, President Ford is expected to approve it almost immediately. The portion of S.386 that permits federal subsidies for mass-transit operating costs, by the way, is called the "Beame rider." Cute.

SPEAKING of riders, the M.T.A. has a new way to ride, or, rather, a new old way: double-decker buses. The other day, we went on a preview ride with David L. Yunich, chairman of the M.T.A., on a new double-decker similar to the kind that will arrive in New York next summer. The bus we rode on was a German Neoplan, a well-appointed touring coach, which took us on a forty-five-minute spin through midtown on its circuitous way to Los Angeles. Instead of Neoplans, which cost a hundred and thirty thousand dollars each, the M.T.A. has ordered eight British Leyland double-deckers, at eighty-three and a half grand.



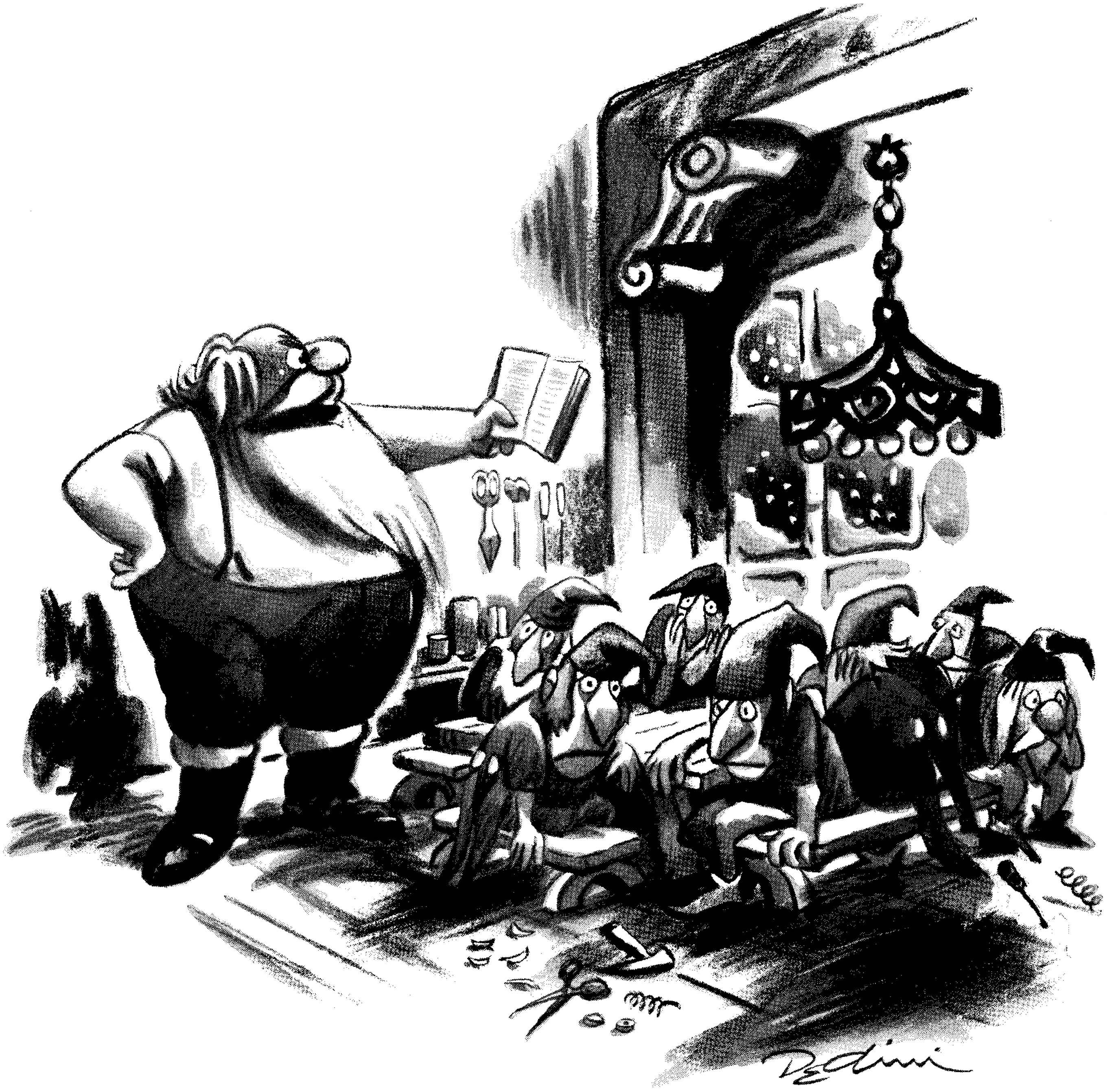
The trip, which began at Fifty-third Street and Broadway, was pleasant enough, and Mr. Yunich seemed proud. As the bus pulled out into traffic, but before it had really gone anywhere, he announced, "You know, this is a very quiet-riding bus." Everywhere the double-decker went, it drew stares—from a cabby on Fifty-ninth Street, who stuck out his tongue; from a gentleman in the lounge of the University Club, who obviously resented the upper-deck passengers' looking in at him; and from the people along Fifth Avenue who remembered the Queen Marys, the city's last double-deckers, which went out of service in 1953.

After the ride, we spoke with Walter Masterson, the driver, and asked him how the Neoplan handled. "Real nice," he said. "I brought her in from Newark, where they shipped her from Germany on a Polish boat. The brakes froze up coming in from Jersey, and there was no manual to refer to, but I spoke a little German with the engineer and we just let her cool down for a while. I also had a little trouble with the gas pedal sticking, but you learn to expect those things. You know, new buses. The front wheels lock up, of course, when you try to turn too sharply, but then you straighten it out and you can make the turn. I'd say this bus rides real smooth."

Surprise

THE most interesting motor accident of the year—nobody hurt whatever—must have been Paul Sperber's accident on Central Park South last Tuesday morning. The Sands Hotel, in Las Vegas, has a ground-floor reservations office at 24 Central Park South, just west of the Plaza. Picture window in front. We were walking down the street with half an hour to kill, and there's the back end of a yellow taxicab ("THE DRIVER OF THIS TAXI IS A MORALLY FINE PERSON") sticking out of the Sands picture window. It was Sperber's cab, and he had been trying to pull slowly into the hack line in front of the hotel when suddenly the car went out of control—brakes and steering went out—mounted the sidewalk, grazed a stanchion of a canopy, and plunged into the window. The cab just fitted in the room. Filled it completely.

Small crowd, mostly grinning, and some cops, mostly grinning. A framed portrait of Rowan and Martin, also



"And now listen to what 'Consumer Reports' has to say about your Model 1211 Electric Train: 'Extremely noisy, poor rail grip on curves at even moderate speeds, offers only fair protection against shock, and displays an utter lack of historical accuracy in re-creating B. & O. circa 1890.' "

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both all smiles, looked down from one wall at the taxi. The cops had cordoned off the area with a piece of surgical gauze. And, at the start, we were the only journalist on the spot. One of the cops said, "The first thing the driver said was 'I lost a day.' "

Mr. Sperber, a sixty-five-year-old man, born in Poland, who likes to ice-skate, said, "I was so shocked I didn't even think to turn off the key after the car stopped. I just sat there. This is as close as I've ever been to Vegas. I've always been told I have a bad heart, but now I feel all right, so maybe it's not so bad. I'm not going to tell my wife—she's nervous. If they put it on TV tonight, she can find out that way. I didn't *want* to do it. I wouldn't believe it could happen to anyone, but it happened to me, so it can happen to anyone. I was going to retire this Thursday—two days—but now I think I'll retire now. This must be my retirement party, all these people. Here comes a TV crew. Now I have to be famous. This afternoon, I'm going to just drive home and relax."

City Weathers "Godfather"

LAST Sunday night, NBC announced, on one of its news shows, that when Part I of "The Godfather" was shown on NBC the previous night, it had been watched by six million five hundred thousand people in the Greater New York area. NBC paid Paramount ten million for the rights to show the picture once. Now, we had been sitting home Saturday night watching "The Godfather" on TV without realizing that we were participating in the most popular event in the city since the Great Blackout. We resolved to check out the town on Monday night during the showing of Part II. Taxiing through the streets from 9 to 11 P.M.—the hours the movie was on—we looked for signs of inactivity. Results: definitely inconclusive. Park

Avenue was maybe a little emptier than usual. The same for Times Square, Third Avenue, the Village, the West Side. Traffic, however, *was* light—Christmas-night light. We stopped in at the All State Café, on West Seventy-second, and Steve Resnick, the owner, said business was down maybe ten to twelve per cent. But it had been down more on Saturday. He thought that that had been caused more by the eleven-thirty showing of "Easy Rider" on ABC Saturday night, because he usually gets a late crowd. Then Resnick ducked out early and went home to catch the last half hour of "The Godfather."

So the next day we got on the phone. Here's what we learned. NBC said that something like 6,922,500 Greater New Yorkers had watched the second part of the movie on Monday night—an all-time record for any movie. Approximately seven hundred thousand Greater New Yorkers had watched the ABC Monday-night football game between the Chiefs and the Broncos. The Monday-night N.F.L. audience has been averaging around a million and a half. Frankie & Johnnie's, the steak house on West Forty-fifth, said, "We were very busy. And Monday's usually a dull day. Saturday was an average Saturday." Reno Sweeney, the Village night club, said, "A slight effect on Monday—business was off ten to fifteen per cent. Saturday was a disaster. We made it through the first show full, but the second show was fifty per cent off. But I attribute that to 'Easy Rider.' My theory is that people welcome the opportunity to stay home Saturday night—there's usually such crud on TV on Saturday night."

Jimmy's, the restaurant on West Fifty-second where politicians hang out, said, "We have the same business all the time." Elaine's, the East Side restaurant where the old George Plimpton crowd still hangs out, said, "No effect Monday. Saturday down twenty to twenty-five per cent." Nathan's, Broadway and Forty-third: "Same as usual." Bob, day manager of Junior's, the huge restaurant in Brooklyn: "Saturday was good. There was a show at the Academy of Music, so we got a good crowd. Monday I can't tell you about—I was home watching 'The Godfather.' " Relaxation Plus, in the Commodore Hotel: "No one's available for interviews."

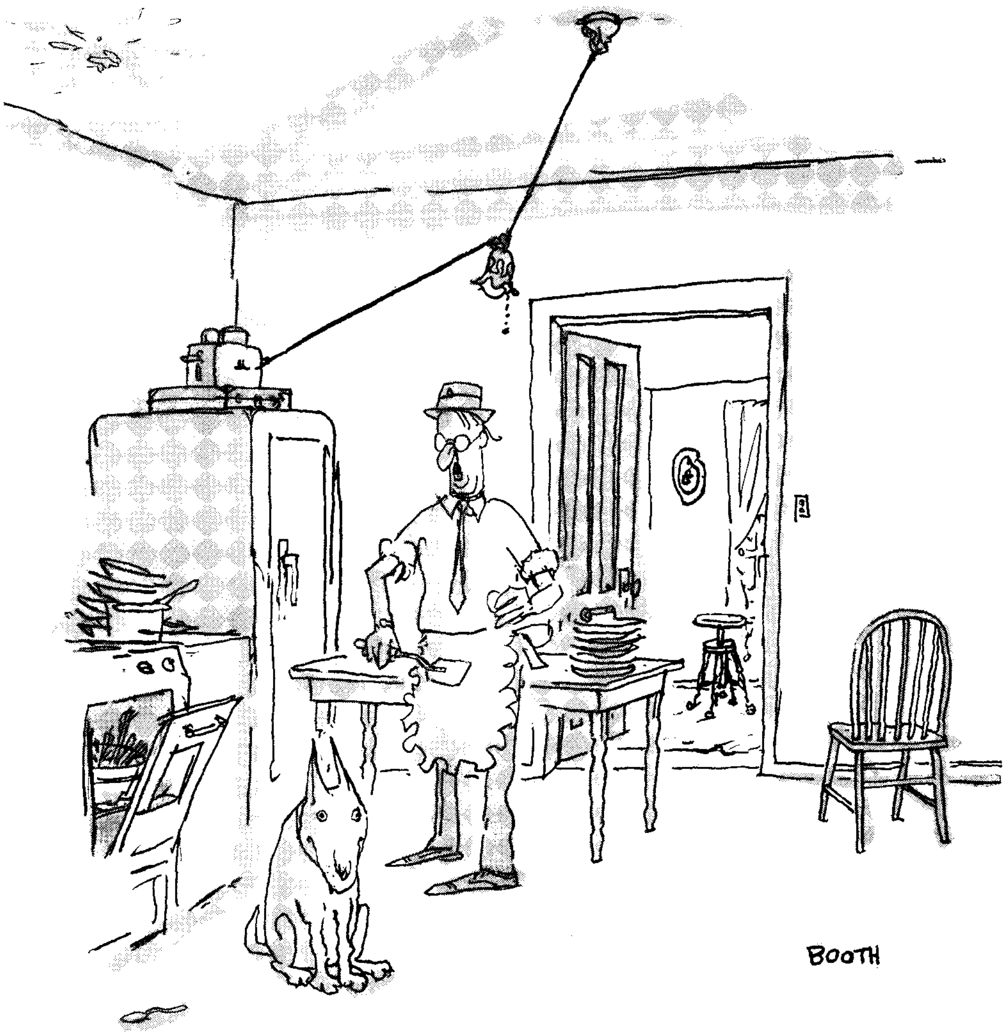
The Empire Room of the Waldorf: "Monday we were closed. Saturday was the closing night for Gladys Knight—very busy." The Booth Theatre, on West Forty-fifth, where "Brief Lives" is playing: "No show Monday. Saturday regular." Mario Staub, director of the Rainbow Grill, where Sally Kellerman's appearing: "Both nights, it was so slow it was like Election Night." The Know How Workshop, in the Village, which teaches home how-to skills: "The eight-to-ten class on Monday was full. All the students showed, including some who generally don't." Gallagher's Steak House, in the West Fifties: "We did exceptionally well both nights. We served four hundred dinners Monday—a night we usually serve two hundred and seventy-five to three hundred." Don Baker, of Loew's movie-theatre chain: "Monday's always slow, so you can't tell. Saturday night, the dropoff was substantial. Substantial. And six of our theatres were showing Paramount pictures."

New York to Bowling Green

A SECOND letter from the fellow-citizen who visited South Bend:

I'm calmer now, so I can talk about it, but I was like a crazy man last weekend, the victim of bourbomania. Yeah, it's a new one on me, too. If you had told me even a week ago that by now I would have had to clear all my hats off a whole shelf in my closet to make room for thirteen boxed bottles of twelve-year-old 100-proof bourbon, twelve boxed bottles of ten-year-old 110-proof bourbon, one bottle of eight-year-old bourbon, one ditto of eleven, and a pint each of seven and five, obtained by means of driving 2,000 miles in 60 hours and forcing myself to enter every joint in Kentucky (places that said "BEER DEPOT" or "OUT OF SITE TAVERN" or "MONEY ORDERS, ICE CREAM") in search of elusive aged sour-mash firewater—if you had told me that, I would have given you the old pooh-pooh. I mean, bourbon is a *fine* drink, and one of America's contributions to the world, outranking even soft-shell crabs and plastic garbage bags, but the chance of me cornering the world market on rare, ancient bourbon, which in fact I believe I have now actually done, was so infinitesimal that—let's say—there's more hope of ordering up a sandwich from the Fountain deli, which I patronize, with no pickle and its actually arriving without a pickle. Get me? I'm no collector. I'm a user.

O.K., so how did this happen? This shutterbug I know returns to NY from a photo-snapping tour with these great discoveries—Weller's Antique Reserve (10 yrs. old) and Very Very Old Fitzgerald (12 yrs. old), two bourbons sold only in KY which Yankees aren't supposed to know about which are so good that if they were nationally distributed I can personally guarantee you no child in this country



"I ran into Mrs. Spencer today. She's giving serious consideration to origami."

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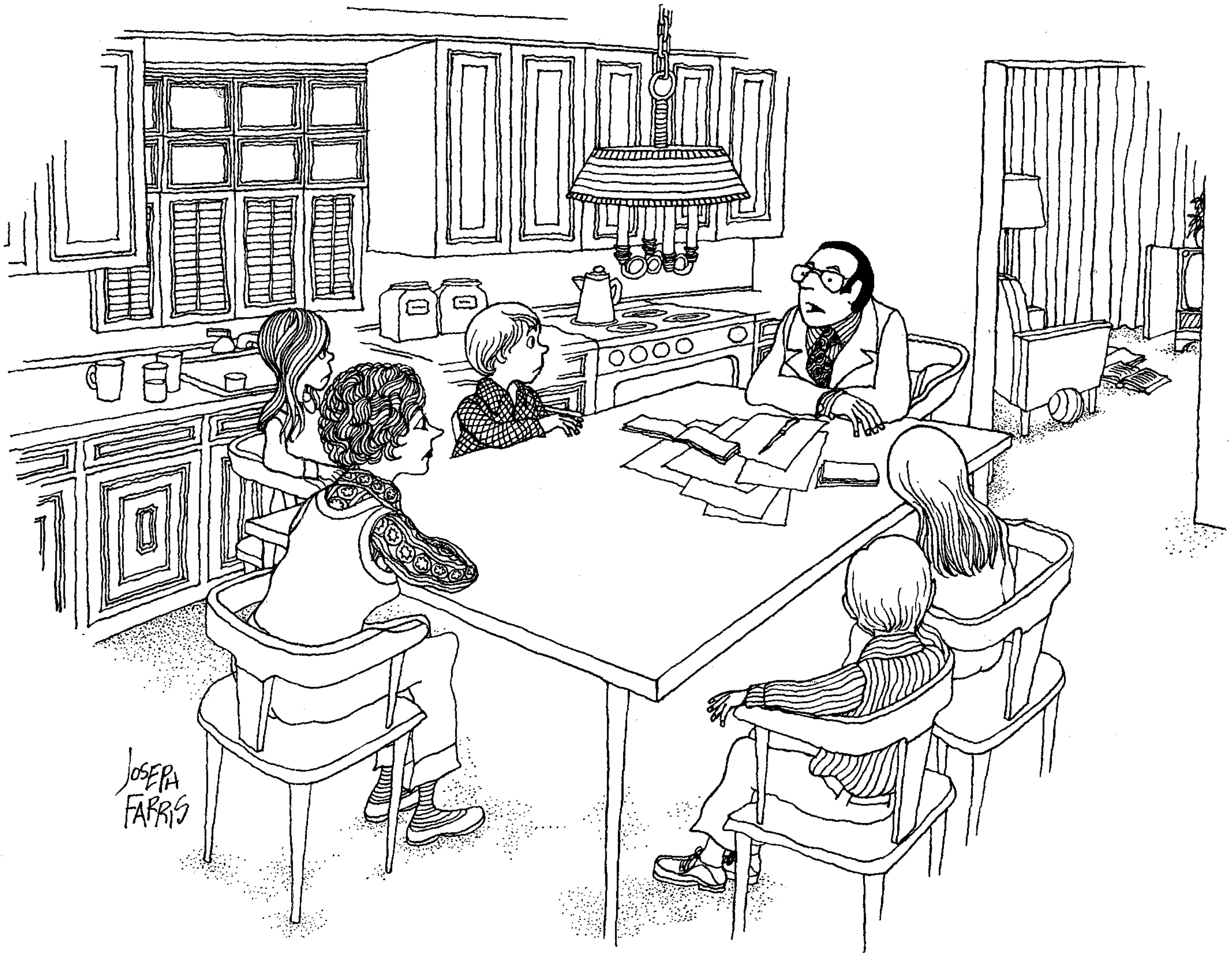
would be interested in marijuana. So the next thing happens is the photog calls up all hot and bothered to say he's just found out that the Old Fitzgerald Distillery, producer of the two discoveries, was bought up two years ago by Norton Simon, the company that owns things—like Hunt-Wesson Foods and *Redbook* magazine and Halston, the dress designer—and so now there isn't going to be any more Very Very Old Fitzgerald or Weller's Antique Reserve, although still plenty of its other products, and isn't that very, very too bad, and what are we going to do about it? Well, I start to think about those poor little old bottles and how they're never going to have any little brothers and sisters, and suddenly it hits me—bourbomania, the dread desire to rescue every discontinued bottle of bourbon in KY. We gotta get a car and get down there, I tell him. And a big car, too, a Cadillac. No compacts for a mission of this importance. But then it turns out Avis doesn't have any full-size cars these days, only Hertz. So we reserve a Hertz car, and four of us go over to the Hertz garage, because by now two other guys have joined up on this expedition out of a quite natural desire to see me make a sucker out of myself, and the man there says Hertz doesn't have any big cars available, either. "Avis tells you the truth about these things," says the Hertz man. So we scream in pain, and he digs up a gold Dodge Monaco—no Caddy but a lot of horses under the hood—and at 11:30 P.M., right after "You Bet Your Life," on Channel 5, we're off for KY under a gibbous moon. Thirteen and a half hours later—stopping only for a Burger Chef "incrediburgible" burger—we roll into Louisville, home of Old Fitzgerald, thanks to the fact that the newcomers, an architect and a lawyer known as The Counsellor, can both drive hell for leather. We check in at the new old Galt House to plan our great whiskey raid. The old old Galt House was where Grant and Sherman planned the march to the sea, so we figure this is the right hq. The new old Galt House is the hq. for the regional National Secretaries Association Convention. The Counsellor can't get over that. All the secretaries from a whole region of the country in one building. Just think of it!

First, we call up the distillery, and they're all out of very very old everything, but they're so nice they invite us-all out to give the place the once-over and present me with a bottle of eight-year-old Very Old Fitzgerald with my name on it in gold, and a drink of eight-year-old Old Fitzgerald 1849 over ice—instant julep, that stuff—and a box of Old Fitzgerald-flavored 100-proof-bourbon chocolate candies and a shot glass. Incredibourbible! We get to see all the bourbon sitting around in charred white-oak barrels—liquid time, the shutterbug calls it. Bourbon, to be bourbon, has to be made in new charred white-oak barrels. And what do you think they do with the old barrels? Why, they sell them to the Scotch to make Scotch in. So that's why Scotch is drinkable. It's got bourbon in it. We see the bourbon mash cooking, too—corn, wheat, barley, yeast, and limestone water. All you need are those five things and charred white-oak barrels and time and intelligence, and these guys seem to have all the ingredients. We see it getting bottled, and fifteen-foot-high stacks of whiskey cartons in the warehouse, which reminds Ben Slusser, our guide, of the midget who married the fat lady. You remember that one—"Acres and acres, and it's all mine." Mr. Ralph W. Burnside, the president, also tells me that Old Fitz 1849 is now for sale in New York, and that though it says 8 years old on the bottle, a lot of it is 10 or 11 years old. This I had to drive to KY to find out. Bourbomania.

Then it turns out, after we've thoroughly combed the city for four hours, that there's only three bottles of Very Very Old Fitzgerald for sale in Louisville, the entire city. "Had enough?" says the architect nastily. So of course I have to go on. And then it turns out that all the other bottles of Very Very Old Fitzgerald left for sale in the state, 10 of 'em, as well as the last 2 cases of Weller's Antique Reserve, are sitting in one liquor store in Bowling Green, KY, 118 miles to the south, past the Mammoth Caves. So I make them drive down there, telling them they'll enjoy the Caves, which are, in fact, enjoyable, although we took the short tour, which means walking five city blocks underground through limestone lighted by fluorescent lights—something you can do at



"I've called the family together to announce that, because of inflation, I'm going to have to let two of you go."

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Rockefeller Center. Kentuck is all limestone and a little topsoil—the result of prehistoric seas planted there to make limestone water for bourbon.

I buy all the bottles of Very Very Old. But only one case of Weller's Antique Reserve. Smart move. Suddenly, by this very gesture, my mind snaps back into place. What the hell am I going to do with all this bourbon—enough bottles to build a Watts Tower? Bourbomelancholia. But, you see, the pressure's off. I don't have to be the jerk who bought all the bourbon. Now I'm just the jerk who bought most of it. So let's have fun. Let's have some adventures.

We proceed to have three adventures. We think we'll try to make it to the Cumberland Gap before it gets dark, none of us having seen it. But by the time we reach Corbin, KY, in the east it looks like dusk approacheth, and there's a Kentucky Fried Chicken stand with a historical marker out front that says "BIRTH OF A LEGEND." Does that mean? Yup, the original Kentucky Fried Chicken stand, right across the road from where the Colonel started pumping gas, back in 1930. We start planning other expeditions. The first Howard Johnson's, the first A. & W. Root Beer stand, the first drive-in bank, the first Piggly Wiggly store. Now, that's what I call a vacation. We got a speeding ticket in VA, right near the Hungry Mother State Park, and that was an adventure. We had to go down to a nice, clean VA country jail, while they called up a lady J.P., and wait for her to drive in in her red Buick. The judge makes $14.75 on every ticket. The cops didn't pay us Yankees much mind; they were fascinated by a big old .44 that had been lifted off of some guy in a trailer camp. They each had to heft the gun and say, "You could go after b'ar with this old thing." Then some kids came down to bail out a friend. "You got So-and-So in heah?" shouted the kids. "No, we doant." "Well, what the hell you done with him?" "His parents bailed him out about an 'r ago." So the kids decided to bail out a girl instead, and they all left looking like they were about to recommence whatever it was they were doing afore the cops arrived. Then we had to leave, because they were bringing in someone for a lineup, and we saw him come in, proclaiming, "I haven't done anything a-tall, a-tall." This was a Saturday night. The most popular charge on the charge sheet was "Drunk." Finally, we hit, later on in VA, a truckers' dream of a truck stop. Had everything. Kid-size T-shirts that said "MY MOMMA IS A TRUCK DRIVER;" a U.P.I. ticker typing out garbled football scores, like "MIAMI OF OHIO L, TOLEDO P;" a good gun collection in a glass case; three short-order cooks making hash and eggs and grits; a pool table; shingling over the cafeteria serving line; and two stuffed squirrels scampering around the shingles.

If you want to, you can always come over to my place and look at the bourbon bottles lined up on the wall.

MANTRAS FOR EVERYONE

On a summer Sunday in San Francisco, I was walking down Geary Street (which is not geary at all), intoning, as is my wont, a mantra:

Om mani padme hum
Om mani padme hum
(Hail to the jewel in the lotus)

After I turned onto Polk Street, a respectable-looking man in a suit and tie pressed a Kennedy half dollar into my palm. I made a left at Sutter, and it wasn't until I got clear to Fillmore that it dawned on me that this sentient soul believed I was a creature in need. He must have thought I said, "Some money, partner, hmm?"

A mantra, you see, can bring anything—even money, which is the karma of the moment. Mantras don't really have to mean anything, but their sounds are terrifically important. There are power mantras and mantras to open your heart, which do say something intelligible, but there are also seed ("*bija*" in Sanskrit) mantras, which are just sounds. A seed mantra—if you're ready for this, Far East freaks—is a sound that resonates the various body centers (chakras), of which there are seven. The pitch and vibration of each mantra seem to appeal to and peculiarly soothe a particular one of the chakras. A sound in Sanskrit like *om*, for example, reaches the brow, or Third Eye (Sixth Chakra). The sound *hum* reaches the throat, or Fifth Chakra. When you make the *hum* sound, you should feel as if you are riding, but are not necessarily the owner of, a white elephant. (Don't ask me why—somebody else worked this all out years ago.) The sound *yam* (part of another mantra) reaches the heart, and should make you feel as if you're riding an antelope. The sound *ram* reaches the navel, and then you are symbolically riding a bull. The sound *vam* reaches the pelvis, and puts you astride a serpent. *Lam* reaches the lowest chakra—the so-called "basic parts" of the body—and you are riding a plain, or dusty-gray, elephant, which is more like it, as long as his mahout knows what he's doing. There is no sound, by the way, for the Seventh Chakra, which is up on top of the head and is called the "thousand-petalled lotus." I assume this is because when you finally reach the Seventh Chakra you are one with the Pure White Light, and no longer care about sound—or anything else, for that matter.

With mantras, you see, the sound is all, so you can really confect your own. There is no rule against it. That's the wizard thing about Eastern ritual: most of the time, there is no rule against *anything*. Here is a mantra I often use, which, intoned very slowly at the right trombone pitch, soothes my throat, or Visuddha Chakra:

Aam co trans mis sion
Aam co trans mis sion

When this is repeated a hundred times, it's more soothing than Halls eucalyptus cough drops, and a peace descends on me (sometimes, anyway) that passeth understanding.

I also like this sombre noise, which should be chanted very slowly and at about B-flat on the bass clef:

Wall street jour nal— *ow!*
Wall street jour nal— *ow!*

Recently, this has seemed to deliver a tonic warmth up to the navel region, or Manipura Chakra. It's good for the digestion and discourages financial paranoia.

You own a mer cedes benz
You own a mer cedes benz

is very pleasant for the pelvis, or Muladhara Chakra, perhaps because you are metaphorically riding that serpent and thus in no immediate need of a big expensive car.

Riding on a commuter train one day, I hit upon this little systolic beauty:

Wam nee poo te na wa
Wam nee poo te na wa

For a while, I thought I had come up with a pure *bija*, but then I recalled that the sounds added up to the name of a Pullman car I had noticed years and years ago—a memory that warmed the cockles of my Anahata Chakra.

Here are some other mantras that have worked for me at different times and places:

La ti tude zee ro
La ti tude zee ro

Push em bach push em bach wayy bach
Push em bach push em bach wayy bach

Won ton soup and oo long too
Won ton soup and oo long too

This last is also rewarding for the Manipura Chakra, and I usually feel like chanting it all over again about an hour after my last go-round.

Geography is a boss source for mantras. You can start simply, say, with

Chi chi cas tenan go
Chi chi cas tenan go

and then work up to something instructive and truly resonant, like small countries and their capitals:

Bur undi: buj umbur a
Bur undi: buj umbur a

Up pervol ta: oua gadou gou
Up pervol ta: oua gadou gou

and

Bhu tan: thim phu
Bhu tan: thim phu

I also find myself enriched when I count assortments of foreign currency units:

Zloty forint quetzal yen
Zloty forint quetzal yen

Sol pengo kwacha kip
Sol pengo kwacha kip

Coming home again, I sometimes march to these different drummers:

Conduc torzu binmeh ta
Conduc torzu binmeh ta

'Bye now bobab plan alp
'Bye now bobab plan alp

and, more or less interminably:

Bro moseltz erbro moseltz
Erbro moseltz erbro . . .

You are welcome to try these out, repeating any of them a few thousand times and watching for signs of wear and tear in the appropriate chakra. If mellowness descends, keep right on chanting. One of the Upanishads recommends that a certain sixteen-syllable mantra should be repeated thirty-five million times—or some five thousand times a day for twenty years. At that rate, probably you will feel better if you cobble up some mantras of your own beforehand. Any noise will do, because sound is what matters when searching for *le mantra juste*. In the words of Ram Tirtha, "What can't be said can't be said, and it can't be whistled, either." As I was pondering this wisdom last night, it suddenly came to me that I have been living with a born mantrist for years now—practically a Perfect Master. Just before I put down the evening dish of 9 Lives Tuna for my black cat, Mama, I put my hand on her back and felt her deep, Sixth Chakra chant:

A rum rum rum rum
A rum rum rum rum

Now it's your turn.

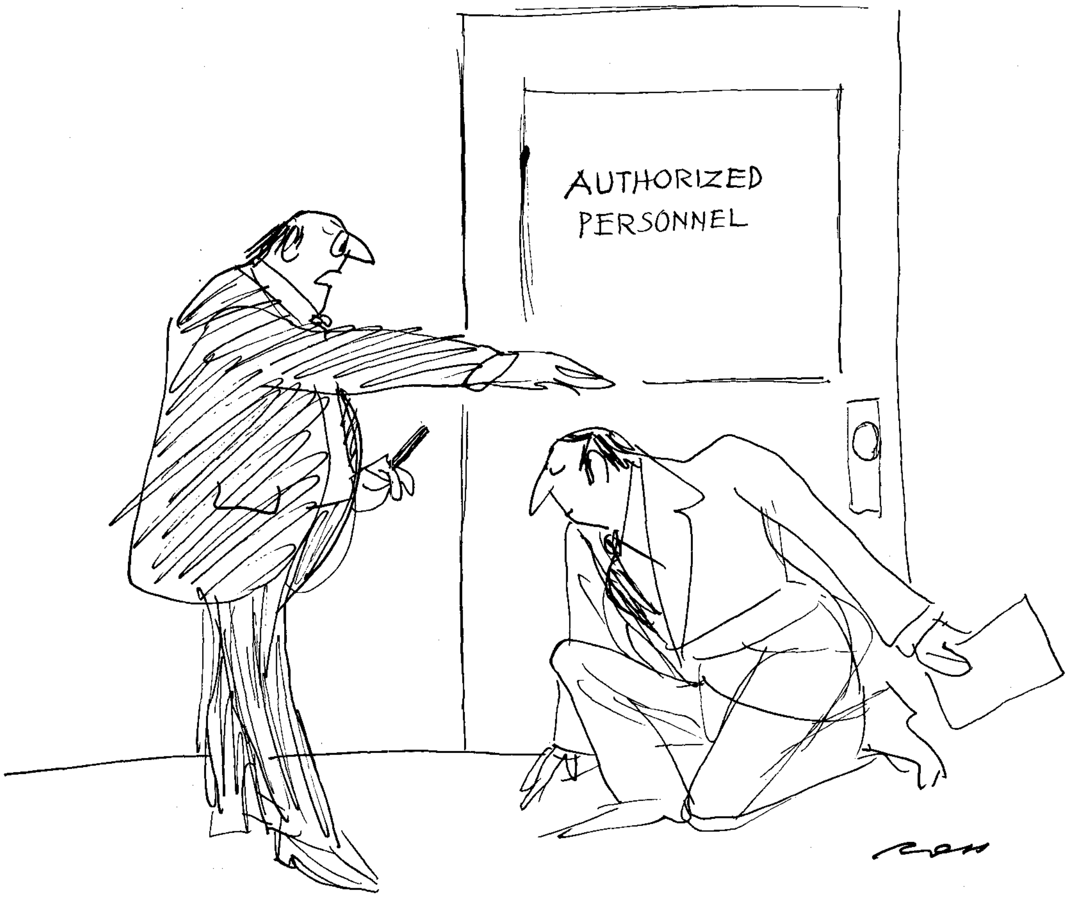
—F. P. Tullius

IRINA

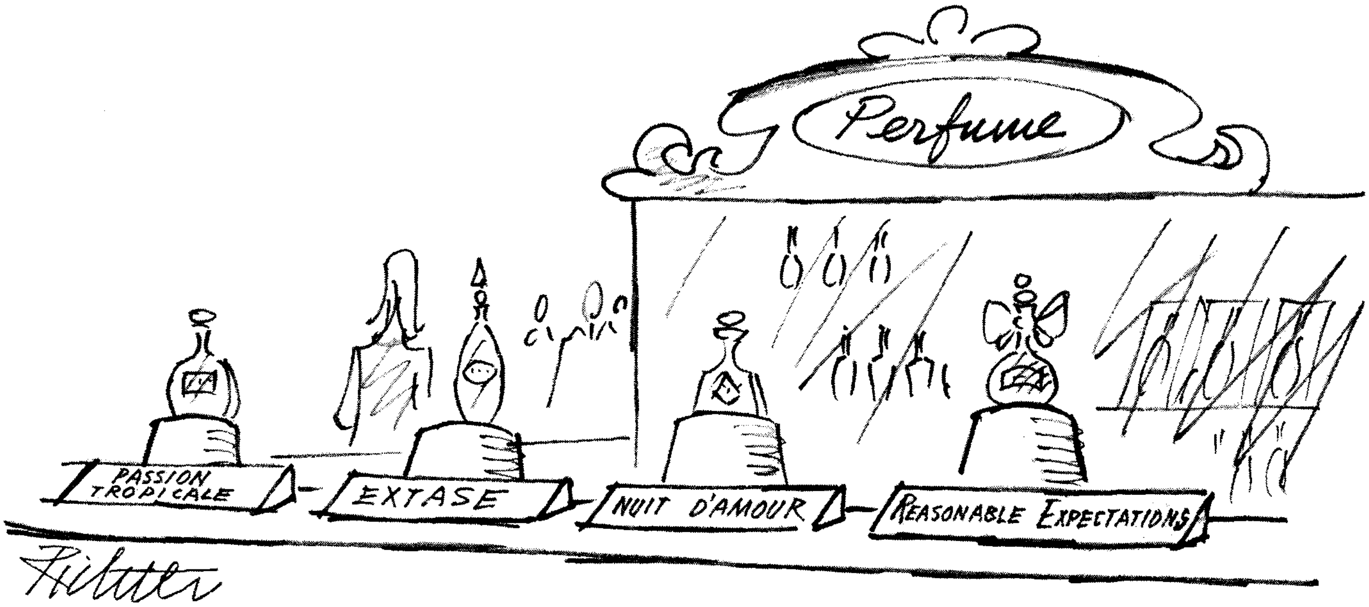
ONE of Irina's grandsons, nicknamed Riri, was sent to her at Christmas. His mother was going into hospital, but nobody told him that. The real cause of his visit was that since Irina had become a widow her children worried about her being alone. The children, as Irina would call them forever, were married and in their thirties and forties. They did not think they were like other people, because their father had been a powerful old man. He was a Swiss writer, Richard Notte. They carried his reputation and the memory of his puritan equity like an immense jar filled with water of which they had been told not to spill a drop. They loved their mother, but they had never needed to think about her until now. They had never fretted about which way her shadow might fall, and whether to stay in the shade or get out by being eccentric and bold. There were two sons and three daughters, with fourteen children among them. Only Riri was an only child. The girls had married an industrial designer, a Lutheran minister (perhaps an insolent move, after all, for the daughter of a militant atheist), and an art historian in Paris. One boy had become a banker and the other a lecturer on Germanic musical tradition. These were the crushed sons and loyal daughters to whom Irina had been faithful, whose pictures had travelled with her and lived beside her bed.

Few of Notte's obituaries had even mentioned a family. Some of his literary acquaintances were surprised to learn there had been any children at all, though everyone paid homage to the soft, quiet wife to whom he had dedicated his books, the subject of his first rapturous poems. These poems, conventional verse for the most part, seldom translated out of German except by unpoetical research scholars, were thought to be the work of his youth. Actually, Notte was forty when he finally married, and Irina barely nineteen. The obituaries called Notte the last of a breed, the end of a Tolstoyan line of moral lightning rods—an extinction which was probably hard on those writers who came after him, and still harder on his children. However, even to his family the old man had appeared to be the very archetype of a respected European novelist—prophet, dissuader, despairingly opposed to evil, crack-voiced after having made so many pronouncements. Otherwise, he was not all that typical as a Swiss or as a Western, liberal, Protestant European, for he neither saved, nor invested, nor hid, nor disguised his material returns.

"What good is money, except to give away?" he often said. He had a wife, five children, and an old secretary who had turned into a dependent. It was true that he claimed next to nothing for himself. He rented shabby, ramshackle houses impossible to heat or even to clean. Owning was against his convictions, and he did not want to be tied to a gate called home. His room was furnished with a cot, a lamp, a desk, two chairs, a map of the world, a small bookshelf—no more, not even carpets or curtains. Like his family, he wore thick sweaters indoors as out, and crouched over inadequate electric fires. He seldom ate meat—though he did not deprive his children—and drank water with his meals. He had married once—once and for all. He could on occasion enjoy wine and praise and restaurants and good-looking women, but these festive outbreaks were on the rim of his real life, as remote from his children—as strange and as distorted to them—as some other country's colonial wars. He grew old early, as if he expected old age to suit him. By sixty, his eyes were sunk in pockets of lizard skin. His hair became bleached and lustrous, like the scrap of wedding dress Irina kept in a jeweller's box. He was photographed wearing a dark suit and a woman's plaid shawl—he was always cold by then, even in summer—and with a rakish felt hat shading half his face. His wife still let a few photographers in, at the end—but not many. Her murmured "He is working" had for decades been a double lock. He was as strong as Rasputin, his enemies said; he went on writing and talking and travelling until he positively could not focus his eyes or be helped aboard a train. Nearly to the last, he and Irina swung off on their seasonal cycle of journeys to Venice, to Rome, to cities where their married children lived, to Liège and Oxford for awards and honors. His place in a hotel dining room was recognizable from the door because of the pills, drops, and powders lined up to the width of a dinner plate. Notte's hypochondria had been known and gently caricatured for years. His sons, between them, had now bought up most of the original drawings: Notte, in infant's clothing, downing his medicine like a man (he had missed the No-



"I hereby pronounce you authorized personnel."



bel); Notte quarrelling with Aragon and throwing up Surrealism; a grim female figure called "Existentialism" taking his pulse; Notte catching Asian flu on a cultural trip to Peking. During the final months of his life his children noticed that their mother had begun acquiring medicines of her own, as if hoping by means of mirror-magic to draw his ailments into herself.

If illness became him, it was only because he was fond of ritual, the children thought—even the hideous ceremonial of pain. But Irina had not been intended for sickness and suffering; she was meant to be burned dry and consumed by the ritual of him. The children believed that the end of his life would surely be the death of their mother. They did not really expect Irina to turn her face to the wall and die, but an exclusive, even a selfish, alliance with Notte had seemed her reason for being. As their father grew old, then truly old, then old in mind, and querulous, and unjust, they observed the patient tenderness with which she heeded his sulks and caprices, his almost insane commands. They supposed this ardent submission of hers had to do with love, but it was not a sort of love they had ever experienced or tried to provoke. One of his sons saw Notte crying because Irina had buttered toast for him when he wanted it dry. She stroked the old man's silky hair, smiling. The son hated this. Irina was diminishing a strong, proud man, making a senile child of him, just as Notte was enslaving and debasing her. At the same time the son felt a secret between the two, a mystery. He wondered then, but at no other time, if the secret might not be Irina's invention and property.

Notte left a careful will for such an unworldly person. His wife was to be secure in her lifetime. Upon her death the residue of income from his work would be shared among the sons and daughters. There were no gifts or bequests. The will was accompanied by a testament which the children had photocopied for the beauty of the handwriting and the charm of the text. Irina, it began, belonged to a generation of women shielded from decisions, allowed to grow in the sun and shade of male protection. This flower, his flower, he wrote, was to be cherished now as if she were her children's child.

"In plain words," said Irina, at the first reading, in a Zurich lawyer's office, "I am the heir." She was wearing dark glasses because her eyes were tired, and a tight hat. She looked tense and foreign.

Well, yes, that was it, although Notte had put it more gracefully. His favorite daughter was his literary executor, entrusted with the unfinished manuscripts and the journals he had kept for sixty-five years. But it soon became evident that Irina had no intention of giving these up. The children adored their mother, but even without love as a factor would not have made a case of it; Notte's lawyer had already told them about disputes ending in mazelike litigation, families sundered, contents of a desk sequestered, diaries rotting in bank vaults while the inheritors thrashed it out. Besides, editing Notte's papers would keep Irina busy and an occupation was essential now. In loving and unloving families alike, the same problem arises after a death: What to do about the widow?

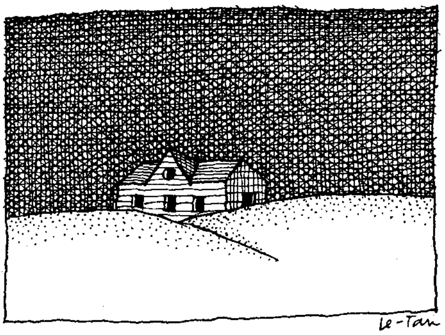
Irina settled some of it by purchasing an apartment in a small Alpine town. She chose a tall, glassy, urban-looking building of the kind that made conservationist groups send round-robin letters, accompanied by incriminating photographs, to newspapers in Lausanne. The apartment had a hall, an up-to-date kitchen, a bedroom for Irina, a spare room with a narrow bed in it, one bathroom, and a living room containing a couch. There was a glassed-in cube of a balcony where in a pinch an extra cot might have fitted, but Irina used the space for a table and chairs. She ordered red lampshades and thick curtains and the pale furniture that is usually sold to young couples. She seemed to come into her own in that tight, neutral flat, the children thought. They read some of the interviews she gave, and approved: she said, in English and Italian, in German and French, that she would not be a literary widow, detested by critics, resented by Notte's readers. Her firm diffidence made the children smile, and they were proud to read about her dignified beauty. But as for her intelligence—well, they supposed that the interviewers had confused fluency with wit. Irina's views and her way of expressing them were all camouflage, simply part of a ladylike undereducation, long on languages and bearing, short on history and arithmetic. Her origins were Russian and Swiss and probably pious; the children had not been drawn to that side of the family. Their father's legendary peasant childhood, his isolated valley-village had filled their imaginations and their collective past. There was a sudden April lightness in her letters now that relieved and yet troubled them. They knew it was a sham happiness, Nature's way of protecting the survivor from immediate grief. The crisis would come later, when her most secret instincts had built a seawall. They took turns invading her at Easter and in the summer, one couple at a time, bringing a child apiece—there was no room for more. Winter was a problem, however, for the skiing was not good just there, and none of them liked to break up their families at Christmastime. Not only was Irina's apartment lacking in beds but there was absolutely no space for a tree. Finally, she offered to visit them, in regular order. That was how they settled it. She went to Bern, to Munich, to Zurich, and then came the inevitable Christmas when it was not that no one wanted her but just that they were all doing different things.

She had written in November of that year that a friend, whom she described, with some quaintness, as "a person," had come for a long stay. They liked that. A visit meant winter company, lamps on at four, China tea, conversation, the peppery smell of carnations (her favorite flower) in a warm room. For a week or two of the visit her letters were blithe, but presently they noticed that "the person" seemed to be having a depressing effect on their mother. She wrote that she had been working on Notte's journals for three years now. Who would want to read them except old men and women? His moral and political patterns were fossils of liberalism. He had seen the cracks in the Weimar Republic. He had understood from the beginning what Hitler meant. If at first he had been wrong about Mussolini, he had changed his mind even before Croce changed his, and had been safely back on the side of democracy in time to denounce Pirandello. He had given all he could, short of his life, to the Spanish Republicans. His measure of Stalin had been so wise and unshakably just that he had never been put on the Communist index—something rare for a Western Socialist. No one could say, ever, that Notte had hedged or retreated or kept silent when a voice was needed. Well, said Irina, what of it? He had written, pledged, warned, signed, declared. And what had he changed, diverted, or stopped? She suddenly sent the same letter to all five children: "This Christmas I don't want to go anywhere. I intend to stay here, in my own home."

They knew this was the crisis and that they must not leave her to face it alone, but that was the very winter when all their plans ran down, when one daughter was going into hospital, another moving to a different city, the third probably divorcing. The elder son was committed to a Christmas with his wife's parents, the younger lecturing in South Africa—a country where Irina, as Notte's constant reflection, would certainly not wish to set foot. They wrote and called and cabled one another: What shall we do? Can you? Will you? I can't.

Irina had no favorites among her children, except possibly one son who had been ill with rheumatic fever as a child and required long nursing. To him she now confided that she longed for her own childhood sometimes, in order to avoid having to judge herself. She was homesick for a time when nothing had crystallized and mistakes were allowed. Now, in old age, she had no excuse for errors. Every thought had a long meaning; every motive had angles and corners, and could be measured. And yet whatever she saw and thought and attempted was still fluid and vague. The shape of a table against afternoon light still held a mystery, awaited a final explanation. You looked for clarity, she wrote, and the answer you had was paleness, the flat white cast that a snowy sky throws across a room.

Part of this son knew about death and dying, but the rest of him was a banker and thoroughly active. He believed that, given an ideal situation, one should be able to walk through a table, which would save time and roundabout decisions. However, like all of Notte's children he had been raised with every awareness of solid matter too. His mother's youthful, yearning, and probably religious letter made him feel bland and old. He told his wife what he thought it contained, and she told a sister-in-law what she thought he had said. Irina was tired. Her eyesight was poor, perhaps as a result of prolonged work on those diaries. Irina did not need adult company, which might lead to morbid conversation; what she craved now was a symbol of innocent, continuing life. An animal might do it. Better still, a child.



Riri did not know that his mother would be in hospital the minute his back was turned. Balanced against a tame Christmas with a grandmother was a midterm holiday, later, of high-altitude skiing with his father. There was also some further blackmail involving his holiday homework, and then the vague state of behavior called "being reasonable"—that was all anyone asked. They celebrated a token Christmas on the twenty-third, and the next day he packed his presents (a watch and a tape recorder) and was put on a plane at Orly West. He flew from Paris to Geneva, where he spent the real Christmas Eve in a strange, bare apartment into which an aunt and a large family of cousins had just moved. In the morning he was wakened when it was dark and taken to a six-o'clock train. He said goodbye to his aunt at the station, and added, "If you ask the conductor or anyone to look after me, I'll—" Whatever threat was in his mind he seemed ready to carry out. He wore an R.A.F. badge on his jacket

CITY AFTERNOON

A veil of haze protects this
Long-ago afternoon forgotten by everybody
In this photograph, most of them now
Sucked screaming through old age and death.

If one could seize America
Or at least a fine forgetfulness
That seeps into our outline
Defining our volumes with a stain
That is fleeting too,

But commemorates
Because it does define, after all:
Gray garlands, that threesome
Waiting for the light to change,
Air lifting the hair of one
Upside down in the reflecting pool.

—John Ashbery

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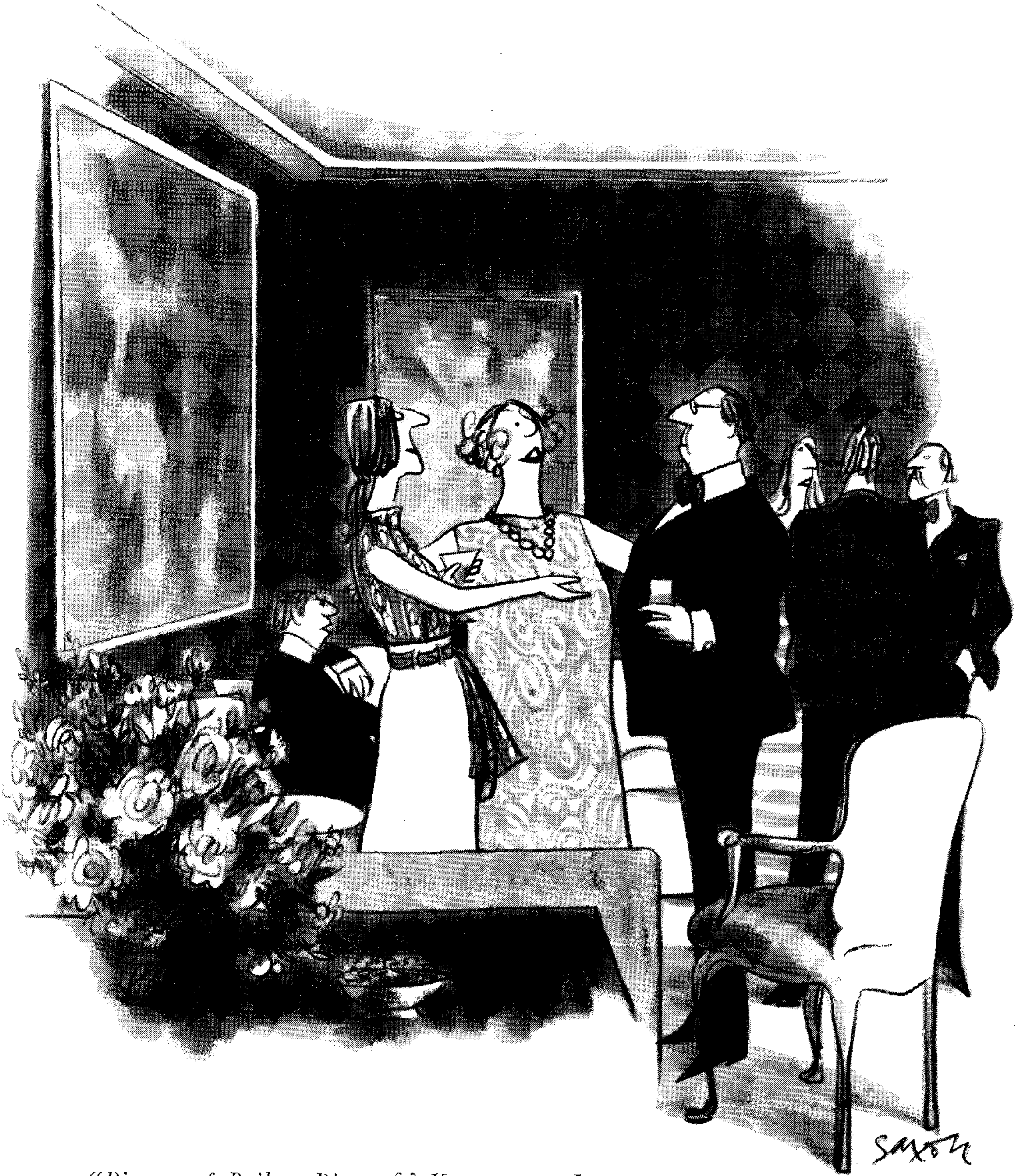
and carried a Waffen-S.S. emblem in his pocket. He knew better than to keep it in sight. At home they had already taken one away but he had acquired another at school. He had Astérix comic books for reading, chocolate-covered hazelnuts for support, and his personal belongings in a fairly large knapsack. He made a second train on his own and got down at the right station.

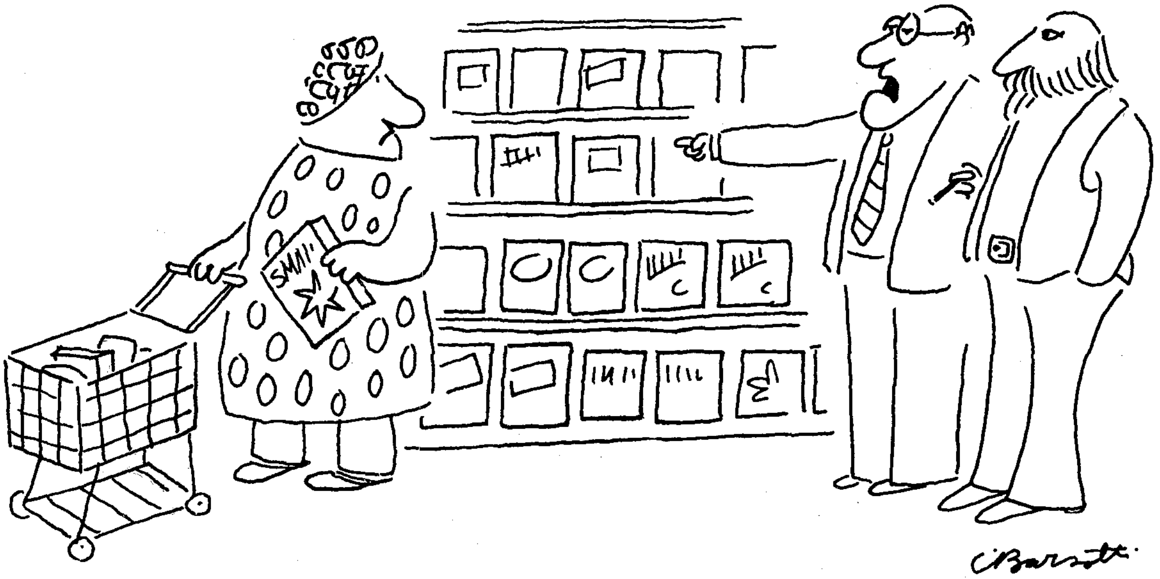


"Pierce, of Bailey, Pierce & Kemp, may I present Archer, of Howe, Archer, Groff & Seaberry?"

He had been told that he knew this place, but his memory, if it was a memory, had to do with fields and a picnic. No one met him. He shared a taxi through soft snow with two women, and paid his share—actually more than his share, which annoyed the women; they could not give less than a child in the way of a tip. The taxi let him off at a dark, shiny tower on stilts with granite steps. In the lobby a marble panel, looking like the list of names of war dead in his school, gave him his grandmother on the eighth floor. The lift, like the façade of the building, was made of dark mirrors into which he gazed seriously. A dense, thoughtful person looked back. He took off his glasses and the blurred face became even more remarkable. His grandmother had both a bell and a knocker at her door. He tried both. For quite a long time nothing happened. He knocked and rang again. It was not nervousness that he felt but a new sensation that had to do with a shut, foreign door.

His grandmother opened the door a crack. She had short white hair and a pale face and blue eyes. She held a dressing gown gripped at the collar. She flung the door back and cried, "Darling Richard, I thought you were arriving much later. Oh," she said, "I must look dreadful to you. Imagine finding me like this, in my dressing gown!" She tipped her head away and talked between her fingers, as he had been told never to do, because only liars cover their mouths. He saw a dark hall and a bright kitchen that was in some disorder, and a large dark, curtained room opposite the kitchen. This room smelled stuffy, of old cigarettes and of adults. But then his grandmother pushed the draperies apart and wound up the slatted shutters, and what had been dark, mound-like objects turned into a couch and a bamboo screen and a round table and a number of chairs. On a bookshelf stood a painting of three tulips that must have fallen out of their vase. Behind them was a sky that was all black except for a rainbow. He unpacked a portion of the things in his knapsack—wrapped presents for his grandmother, his new tape recorder, two school textbooks, a notebook, a Bic pen. The start of this Christmas lay hours behind him and his breakfast had died long ago.

"Are you hungry?" said his grandmother. He heard a telephone ringing as she brought him a cup of hot milk with a little coffee in it and two fresh croissants on a plate. She was obviously someone who never rushed to answer any bell. "My friend, who is an early riser, even on Christmas Day, went out and got these croissants. Very bravely, I thought." He ate his new breakfast, dipping the croissants in the milk, and heard his grandmother saying, "Well, I must have misunder-



"There! There she is! Now go back to the agency and write something for her!"

• •

stood. But he managed. . . . He didn't bring his skis. Why not? . . . I see." By the time she came back he had a book open. She watched him for a second and said, "Do you read at meals at home?"

"Sometimes."

"That's not the way I brought up your mother."

He put his nose nearer the page without replying. He read aloud from the page in a soft schoolroom plainchant: " 'Go, went, gone. Stand, stood, stood. Take, took, taken.' "

"Richard," said his grandmother. When he did not look up at once, she said, "I know what they call you at home, but what are you called in school?"

"Riri."

"I have three Richard grandsons," she said, "and not one is called Richard exactly."

"I have an Uncle Richard," he said.

"Yes, well, he happens to be a son of mine. I never allowed nicknames. Have you finished your breakfast?"

"Yes."

"Yes who? Yes what? What is your best language, by the way?"

"I am French," he said, with a sharp, sudden, hard hostility, the first tense bud of it, that made her murmur, "So soon?" She was about to tell him that he was not French—at least, not really—when an old man came into the room. He was thin and walked with a cane.

"Alec, this is my grandson," she said. "Riri, say how do you do to Mr. Aiken, who was kind enough to go out in this morning's snow to buy croissants for us all."

"I knew he would be here early," said the old man, in a stiff French that sounded extremely comical to the boy. "Irina has an odd ear for times and trains." He sat down next to Riri and clasped his hands on his cane; his hands at once began to tremble violently. "What does that interesting-looking book tell you?" he asked.

" 'The swallow flew away,' " answered Irina, reading over the child's head. " 'The swallow flew away with my hopes.' "

"Good God, let me look at that!" said the old man in his funny French. Sure enough, those were the words, and there was a swallow of a very strange blue, or at least a sapphire-and-turquoise creature with a swallow's tail. Riri's grandmother took her spectacles out of her dressing-gown pocket and brought the book up close and said in a loud, solemn way, " 'The swallows will have flown away.' " Then she picked up the tape recorder, which was the size of a glasses case, and after snapping the wrong button on and off, causing agonizing confusion and wastage, she said with her mouth against it, " 'When shall the swallows have flown away?' "

"No," said Riri, reaching, snatching almost. As if she had always given in to men, even to male children, she put the book down and the recorder too, saying, "Mr. Aiken can help with your English. He has the best possible accent. When he says 'the girl' you will think he is saying 'de Gaulle.' "

"Irina has an odd ear for English," said the old man calmly. He got up slowly and went to the kitchen, and she did too, and Riri could hear them whispering and laughing at something. Mr. Aiken came back alone carrying a small glass of clear liquid. "The morning heart-starter," he said. "Try it." Riri took a sip. It lay in his stomach like a warm stone. "No more effect on you than a gulp of milk," said the old man, marvelling, sitting down close to Riri again. "You could probably do with pints of this stuff. I can tell by looking at you you'll be a drinking man." His hands on the walking stick began to tremble anew. "I'm not the man I was," he said. "Not by any means." Because he did not speak English with a French or any foreign accent, Riri could not really understand him. He went on, "Fell down the staircase at the Trouville casino. Trouville, or that other place. Shock gave me amnesia. Hole in the stair carpet—must have been. I went there for years," he said. "Never saw a damned hole in anything. Now my hands shake."

"When you lift your glass to drink they don't shake," called Riri's grandmother from the kitchen. She repeated this in French, for good measure.

"She's got an ear like a radar unit," said Mr. Aiken.

Riri took up his tape recorder. In a measured chant, as if demonstrating to his grandmother how these things should be done, he said, " 'The swallows would not fly away if the season is fine.' "

"Do you know what any of it means?" said Mr. Aiken.

"He doesn't need to know what it means," Riri's grandmother answered for him. "He just needs to know it by heart."

THEY were glassed in on the balcony. The only sound they could hear was of their own voices. The sun on them was so hot that Riri wanted to take off his sweater. Looking down, he saw a chalet crushed in the shadows of two white blocks, not so tall as their own. A large, spared spruce tree suddenly seemed to retract its branches and allow a great weight of snow to slip off. Cars went by, dogs barked, children called—all in total silence. His grandmother talked English to the old man. Riri, when he was not actually eating, read "Astérix in Brittany" without attracting her disapproval.

"If people can be given numbers, like marks in school," she said, "then children are zero." She was enveloped in a fur cloak, out of which her hands and arms emerged as if the fur had dissolved in certain places. She was pink with wine and sun. The old man's blue eyes were paler than hers. "Zero." She held up thumb and forefinger in an O. "I was there with my five darling zeros while he . . . You are probably wondering if I was *ever* happy. At the beginning, in the first days, when I thought he would give me interesting books to read, books that would change all my life. Riri," she said, shading her eyes, "the cake and the ice cream were, I am afraid, the end of things for the moment. Could I ask you to clear the table for me?"

"I don't at home." Nevertheless he made a wobbly pile of dishes and took them away and did not come back. They heard him, indoors, starting all over: " 'Go, went, gone.' "

"I have only half a memory for dates," she said. "I forget my children's birthdays until the last minute and have to send them telegrams. But I know *that* day. . . ."

"The twenty-sixth of May," he said. "What I forget is the year."

"I know that I felt young."

"You were. You *are* young," he said.

"Except that I was forty if a day." She glanced at the hands and wrists emerging from her cloak as if pleased at their whiteness. "The river was so sluggish, I remember. And the willows trailed in the river."

"Actually, there was a swift current after the spring rains."

"But no wind. The clouds were heavy."

"It was late in the afternoon," he said. "We sat on the grass."

"On a raincoat. You had thought in the morning those clouds meant rain."

"A young man drowned," he said. "Fell out of a boat. Funny, he didn't try to swim. So people kept saying."

"We saw three firemen in gleaming metal helmets. They fished for him so languidly—the whole day was like that. They had a grappling hook. None of them knew what to do with it. They kept pulling it up and taking the rope from each other."

"They might have been after water lilies, from the look of them."

"One of them bailed out the boat with a blue saucepan. I remember that. They'd got that saucepan from the restaurant."

"Where we had lunch," he said. "Trout, and a coffee cream pudding. You left yours."

"It was soggy cake. But the trout was perfection. So was the wine. The bridge over the river filled up slowly with holiday people. The three firemen rowed to shore."

"Yes, and one of them went off on a shaky bicycle and came back with a coil of frayed rope on his shoulder."

"The railway station was just behind us. All those people on the bridge were waiting for a train. When the firemen's boat slipped off down the river, they moved without speaking from one side of the bridge to the other, just to watch the boat. The silence of it."

"Like the silence here."

"This is planned silence," she said.

Riri played back his own voice. A tinny, squeaky Riri said, " 'Go, went, gone. Eat, ate, eaten. See, saw, sen.' "

" 'Seen'!" called his grandmother from the balcony. " 'Seen,' not 'sen.' His mother made exactly that mistake," she said to the old man. "Oh, stop that," she said. He was crying. "Please, please stop that. How could I have left five children?"

"Three were grown," he gasped, wiping his eyes.

"But they didn't know it. They didn't know they were grown. They still don't know it. And it made six children, counting him."

"The secretary mothered him," he said. "All he needed."

"I know, but you see she wasn't his wife, and he liked saying to strangers 'my wife,' 'my wife this,' 'my wife that.' What is it, Riri? Have you come to finish doing the thing I asked?"

He moved close to the table. His round glasses made him look desperate and stern. He said, "Which room is mine?" Darkness had gathered round him in spite of the sparkling sky and a row of icicles gleaming and melting in the most dazzling possible light. Outrage, a feeling that consideration had been wanting—that was how homesickness had overtaken him. She held his hand (he did not resist—another sign of his misery) and together they explored the apartment. He saw it all—every picture and cupboard and doorway—and in the end it was he who decided that Mr. Aiken must keep the spare room and he, Riri, would be happy on the living-room couch.

The old man passed them in the hall; he was obviously about to rest on the very bed he had just been within an inch of losing. He carried a plastic bottle

Wm Hamilton

"Look, public school's not going to kill them. It might even give them a certain panache."

of Evian. "Do you like the bland taste of water?" he said.

Riri looked boldly at his grandmother and said, "Yes," bursting into unexplained and endless-seeming laughter. He seemed to feel a relief at this substitute for impertinence. The old man laughed too, but broke off, coughing.

At half past four, when the windows were as black as the sky in the painting of tulips and began to reflect the lamps in a disturbing sort of way, they drew the curtains and had tea around the table. They pushed Riri's books and belongings to one side and spread a cross-stitched tablecloth. Riri had hot chocolate, a croissant left from breakfast and warmed in the oven, which made it deliciously greasy and soft, a slice of lemon sponge cake, and a banana. This time he helped clear away and even remained in the kitchen, talking, while his grandmother rinsed the cups and plates and stacked them in the machine.

The old man sat on a chair in the hall struggling with snow boots. He was going out alone in the dark to post some letters and to buy a newspaper and to bring back whatever provisions he thought were required for the evening meal.

"Riri, do you want to go with Mr. Aiken? Perhaps you should have a walk."

"At home I don't have to."

His grandmother looked cross; no, she looked worried. She was biting something back. The old man had finished the contention with his boots and now he put on a scarf, a fur-lined coat, a fur hat with earflaps, woollen gloves, and he took a list and a shopping bag and a different walking stick, which looked something like a ski pole. His grandmother stood still, as if dreaming, and then (addressing Riri) decided to wash all her amber necklaces. She fetched a wicker basket from her bedroom. It was lined with orange silk and filled with strings of beads. Riri followed her to the bathroom and sat on the end of the tub. She rolled up her soft sleeves and scrubbed the amber with laundry soap and a stiff brush. She scrubbed and rinsed and then began all over again.

"I am good at things like this," she said. "Now, unless you hate to discuss it, tell me something about your school."

At first he had nothing to say, but then he told her how stupid the younger boys were and what they were allowed to get away with.

"The younger boys would be seven, eight?" Yes, about that. "A hopeless generation?"

He wasn't sure; he knew that his class had been better.

She reached down and fetched a bottle of something from behind the bathtub and they went back to the sitting room together. They put a lamp between them, and Irina began to polish the amber with cotton soaked in turpentine. After a time the amber began to shine. The smell made him homesick, but not unpleasantly. He carefully selected a necklace when she told him he might take one for his mother, and he rubbed it with a soft cloth. She showed him how to make the beads magnetic by rolling them in his palms.

"You can do that even with plastic," he said.

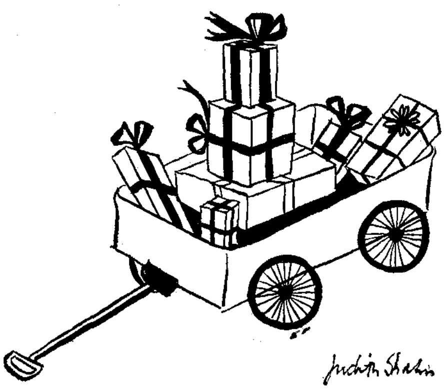
"Can you? How very sad. It is dead matter."

"Amber is too," he said politely.

"What do you want to be later on? A scientist?"

"A ski instructor." He looked all round the room, at the shelves and curtains and at the bamboo folding screen, and said, "If you didn't live here, who would?"

She replied, "If you see anything that pleases you, you may keep it. I want you to choose your own present. If you don't see anything, we'll go out tomorrow and look in the shops. Does that suit you?" He did not reply. She held the necklace he had picked and said, "Your mother will remember seeing this as I bent down to kiss her good night. Do you like old coins? One of my sons was a collector." In the wicker basket was a lacquered box that contained his uncle's coin collection. He took a coin but it meant nothing to him; he let it fall. It clinked, and he said, "We have a dog now." The dog wore a metal tag that rang when the dog drank out of a china bowl. Through a sudden rainy blur of new homesickness he saw that she had something else, another lacquered box, full of old cancelled stamps. She showed him a stamp with Hitler and one with an Italian king. "I've kept funny things," she said. "Like this beautiful Russian box. It belonged to my grandmother, but after I have died I expect it will be thrown out. I gave whatever jewelry I had left to my daughters. We never had furniture, so I became attached to strange little baskets and boxes of useless things. My poor daughters—I had precious little to give. But they won't be able to wear rings any more than I could. We all come into our inherited arthritis, these knotted-up hands. Our true heritage. When I was your age, about, my mother was dying of . . . I wasn't told. She took a ring from under her pillow and folded my hand on it. She said that I could always sell it if I had to, and no one need know. You see, in those days women had nothing of their own. They were like brown paper parcels tied with string. They were handed like parcels from their fathers to their husbands. To make the parcel look attractive it was decked with curls and piano lessons, and rings and gold coins and banknotes and shares. After appraising all the decoration, the new owner would undo the knots."



"Where is that ring?" he said. The blur of tears was forgotten.

"I tried to sell it when I needed money. The decoration on the brown paper parcel was disposed of by then. Everything thrown, given away. Not by me. My pearl necklace was sold for Spanish refugees. Victims, flotsam, the injured, the weak—they were important. I wasn't. The children weren't. I had my ring. I took it to a municipal pawnshop. It is a place where you take things and they give you money. I wore dark glasses and turned up my coat collar, like a spy." He looked as though he understood that. "The man behind the counter said that I was a married woman and I needed my husband's written consent. I said the ring was mine. He said nothing could be mine, or something to that effect. Then he said he might have given me something for the gold in the band of the ring but the stones were worthless. He said this happened in the finest of families. Someone had pried the real stones out of their setting."

"Who did that?"

"A husband. Who else would? Someone's husband—mine, or my mother's, or my mother's mother's, when it comes to that."

"With a knife?" said Riri. He said, "The man might have been pretending. Maybe he took out the stones and put in glass."

"There wasn't time. And they were perfect imitations—the right shapes and sizes."

"He might have had glass stones all different sizes."

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"The women in the family never wondered if men were lying," she said. "They never questioned being dispossessed. They were taught to think that lies were a joke on the liar. That was why they lost out. He gave me the price of the gold in the band, as a favor, and I left the ring there. I never went back."

He put the lid on the box of stamps, and it fitted; he removed it, put it back, and said, "What time do you turn on your TV?"

"Sometimes never. Why?"

"At home I have it from six o'clock."

THE old man came in with a pink-and-white face, bearing about him a smell of cold and of snow. He put down his shopping bag and took things out—chocolate and bottles and newspapers. He said, "I had to go all the way to the station for the papers. There is only one shop open, and even then I had to go round to the back door."

"I warned you that today was Christmas," Irina said.

Mr. Aiken said to Riri, "When I was still a drinking man this was the best hour of the day. If I had a glass now, I could put ice in it. Then I might add water. Then if I had water I could add whiskey. I know it is all the wrong way around, but at least I've started with a glass."

"You had wine with your lunch and gin instead of tea and I believe you had straight gin before lunch," she said, gathering up the beads and coins and the turpentine and making the table Riri's domain again.

"Riri drank that," he said. It was so obviously a joke that she turned her head and put the basket down and covered her laugh with her fingers, as she had when she'd opened the door to him—oh, a long time ago now.

"I haven't a drop of anything left in the house," she said. That didn't matter, the old man said, for he had found what he needed. Riri watched and saw that when he lifted his glass his hand did not tremble at all. What his grandmother had said about that was true.

They had early supper and then Riri, after a courageous try at keeping awake, gave up even on television and let her make his bed of scented sheets, deep pillows, a feather quilt. The two others sat for a long time at the table, with just one lamp, talking in low voices. She had a pile of notebooks from which she read aloud and sometimes she showed Mr. Aiken things. He could see them through the chinks in the bamboo screen. He watched the lamp shadows for a while and then it was as if the lamp had gone out and he slept deeply.

THE room was full of mound shapes, as it had been that morning when he arrived. He had not heard them leave the room. His Christmas watch had hands that glowed in the dark. He put on his glasses. It was half past ten. His grandmother was being just a bit loud at the telephone; that was what had woken him up. He rose, put on his slippers, and stumbled out to the bathroom.

"Just answer yes or no," she was saying. "No, he can't. He has been asleep for an hour, two hours, at least. . . . Don't lie to me—I am bound to find the truth out. Was it a tumor? An extrauterine pregnancy? . . . Well, look. . . . Was she or was she not pregnant? What can you mean by 'not exactly'? If you don't know, who will?" She happened to turn her head, and saw him and said without a change of tone, "Your son is here, in his pajamas; he wants to say good night to you."

She gave up the telephone and immediately went away so that the child could talk privately. She heard him say, "I drank some kind of alcohol."

So that was the important part of the day: not the journey, not the necklace, not even the strange old guest with the comic accent. She could tell from the sound of the child's voice that he was smiling. She picked up his bathrobe, went back to the hall, and put it over his shoulders. He scarcely saw her: he was concentrated on the distant voice. He said, in a matter-of-fact way, "All right, goodbye," and hung up.

"What a lot of things you have pulled out of that knapsack," she said.

"It's a large one. My father had it for military service."

Now, why should that make him suddenly homesick when his father's voice had not? "You are good at looking after yourself," she said. "Independent. No one has to tell you what to do. Of course, your mother had sound training. Once when I was looking for a nurse for your mother and her sisters, a great peasant woman came to see me, wearing a black apron and black buttoned boots. I said, 'What can you teach children?' And she said, 'To be clean and polite.' Your grandfather said, 'Hire her,' and stamped out of the room."

His mother interested, his grandfather bored him. He had the Christian name of a dead old man.

"You will sleep well," his grandmother promised, pulling the feather quilt over him. "You will dream short dreams at first, and by morning they will be longer and longer. The last one of all just before you wake up will be like a film. You will wake up wondering where you are, and then you will hear Mr. Aiken. First he will go round shutting all the windows, then you will hear his bath. He will start the coffee in an electric machine that makes a noise like a door rattling. He will pull on his snow boots with a lot of cursing and swearing and go out to fetch our croissants and the morning papers. Do you know what day it will be? The day after Christmas." He was almost asleep. Next to his watch and his glasses on a table close to the couch was an Astérix book and Irina's Russian box with old stamps in it. "Have you decided you want the stamps?"

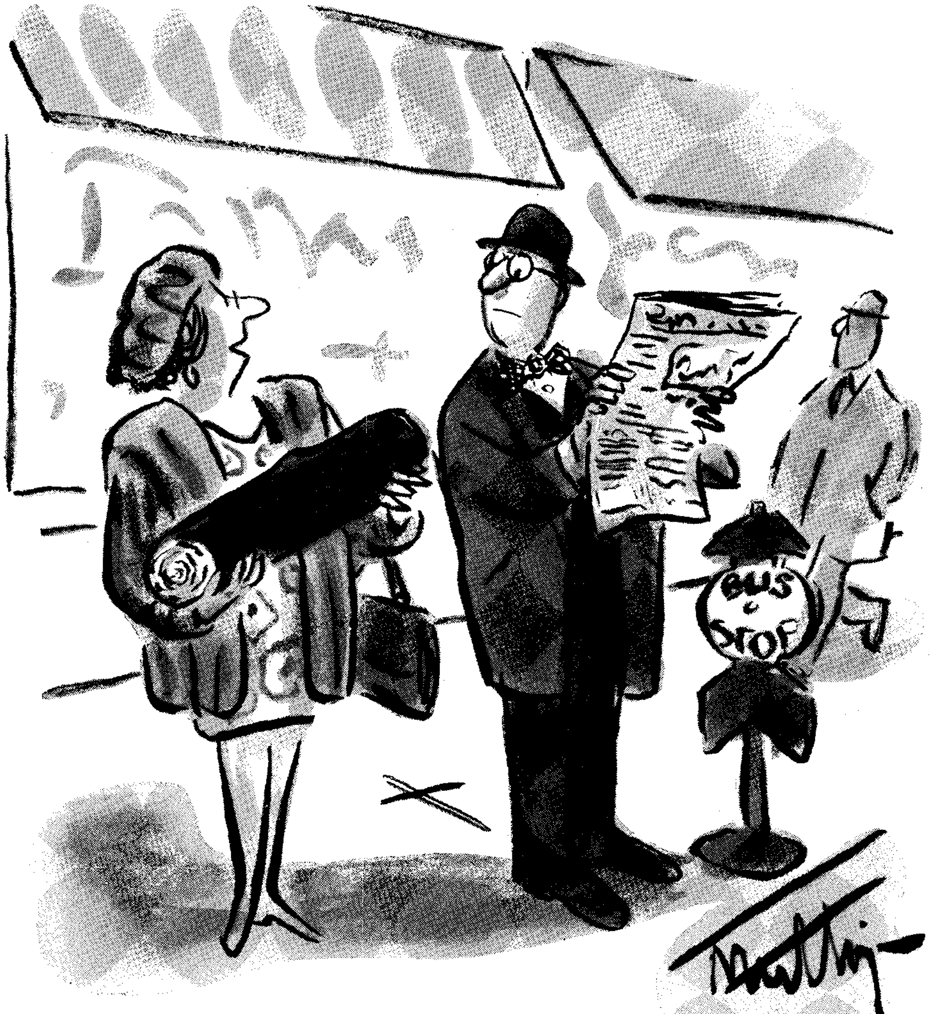
"The box. Not the stamps."

He had taken, by instinct, the only object she wanted to keep. "For a special reason?" she said. "Of course, the box is yours. I am only wondering."

"The cover fits," he said.

She knew that the next morning he would have been here forever and that at parting time, four days later, she would have to remind him that leaving was the other half of arriving. She smiled, knowing how sorry he would be to go and how soon he would leave her behind. "This time yesterday . . ." he might say, but no more than once. He was asleep. His mouth opened slightly and the hair on his forehead became dark and damp. A doubled-up arm looked uncomfortable but Irina did not interfere; his sunken mind, his unconscious movements, had to be independent, of her or anyone, particularly of her. She did not love him more or less than any of her grandchildren. You see, it all worked out, she was telling him. You, and your mother, and the children being so worried, and my old friend. Anything can be settled for a few days at a time, though not for longer. She put out the light, for which his body was grateful. His mind, at that moment, in a sunny icicle brightness, was not only skiing but flying.

—MAVIS GALLANT



"For my fireplace. A log."

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Pat Quinn of Lion Country Safari in Laguna Hills, Calif., struggles with a young rhinoceros to move her to another area of the preserve. She and other rhinos cohabit there with a group of cheetahs.—*Photograph caption in the Houston Post.*

Oh, we're sick of this group sex!

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GLOBAL REACH—I

THE men who run modern international corporations are the first in history with the organization, the technology, the money, and the ideology to make a credible try at managing the world as an integrated unit. The global visionary of earlier days was either a self-deceiver or a mystic. When Alexander the Great wept because there were no more worlds to conquer, his global claims rested on nothing more substantial than the ignorance of his mapmaker. As the boundaries of the known world have expanded, kings and generals have tried to establish empires of ever more colossal scale, but none of them has succeeded in turning his dreams into lasting reality. The Napoleonic system, Hitler's Thousand-Year Reich, the British Empire, and the Pax Americana of our day have all left their traces, but none has managed to create anything approaching a global organization for administering the planet which could last even a generation.

The managers of the world corporate giants proclaim that where conquest has failed business can succeed. George Ball, a former Under-Secretary of State in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations and now a partner in the international investment-banking firm of Lehman Brothers, has said, "Working through great corporations that straddle the earth, men are able for the first time to utilize world resources with an efficiency dictated by the objective logic of profit." The global corporation is ushering in a genuine world economy, or what the business consultant and writer Peter Drucker calls a "global shopping center," and it is accomplishing this, according to Jacques Maisonrouge, a senior vice-president of I.B.M., "by doing what came naturally in the pursuit of its legitimate business objectives."

The rise of the global enterprise is producing an organizational revolution as profound in its implications for modern man as the Industrial Revolution and the rise of the nation-state. Within the last ten years, global corporations have grown so fast that their combined total sales exceed the gross national product of every country except the United States and the Soviet Union. With more than two hundred billion dollars in physical assets under their control, the international corporations' average growth rate since 1950 has been two to three times greater than the growth rate of the most advanced industrial countries, including the United States. In 1971, General Motors, one of the giants of them all, had gross annual sales of twenty-eight billion dollars; Switzerland's gross national product was twenty-six billion. By making ordinary business decisions, the managers of firms like G.M., I.B.M., General Electric, and Exxon now have more power than most sovereign governments to determine where people will live; what work they will do, if any; what they will eat, drink, and wear; what sorts of knowledge schools and universities will encourage; and what kind of society their children will inherit. Indeed, the most revolutionary aspect of the giant international corporations is not their size but their world view. Their managers are seeking to put into practice a theory of human organization that will profoundly alter the nation-state system around which society has been organized for more than four hundred years. What they are demanding, in essence, is the right to transcend the nation-state and, in the process, to transform it. "I have long dreamed of buying an island owned by no nation and of establishing the World Headquarters of the Dow Company on the truly neutral ground of such an island, beholden to no nation or society," Carl Gerstacker, the chairman of the Dow Chemical Company, said in 1972, at the White House Conference on the Industrial World Ahead. And Charles Kindleberger, a professor of economics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and one of the leading American authorities on international economics, comments, "The international corporation has no country to which it owes more loyalty than any other, nor any country where it feels completely at home."

It is not hard to understand why American corporate giants feel that they have outgrown national boundaries. In 1970, the top two hundred and ninety-eight international corporations with headquarters in the United States earned about a third of their net profits outside the country, a study made by the Department of Commerce in 1972 showed. And a study in the same year by Business International, an organization that provides research and consulting services for global corporations, showed that in 1971 a hundred and twenty-two of the top American-based multinational corporations had a higher rate of profit from operations abroad than from domestic operations. In the office-equipment field, for example, the overseas profit for 1971 was twenty-six per cent, the domestic profit nine per cent. The average reported profit of the pharmaceutical industry from foreign operations was twenty-two per cent, while from operations in the United States it was fifteen per cent. In the last ten years, it has been substantially easier to make profits abroad than in the United States. The result has been that American corporations have been shifting more and more of their total assets out of the United States. In 1971, about a quarter of the assets of the chemical industry, about a third of the assets of the consumer-goods industry, about forty per cent of the assets of the electrical industry, and about a quarter of the assets of the pharmaceutical industry were outside the country. Of the forty billion dollars invested worldwide by the American petroleum industry, roughly half is invested beyond American shores. In recent years, more than sixty per cent of American exports and more than a third of American imports were bought and sold by United States multinational corporations.

THE MAN ON THE BED

In late September 1958, I visited his South Truro studio and saw on the easel not an unfinished painting, nor even a stretched canvas, but a large empty stretcher. "He's been looking at that all summer," Jo Hopper said.

—*Lloyd Goodrich, on Edward Hopper.*

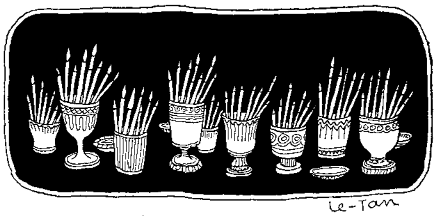
He lay on the bed, thinking
of what he could see from the window
as a little landscape of failure,
glittering after the rain,
the roses within reach but rusted,
a red bird lost in the thick
wet leaves of the oak,
the tree, caught in mirrors, shaking.
He lay on the bed,
his shirt turning blue with evening,
thinking that in the dark a red bird
might as well be black.

He slept then
and dreamt of a man
who slept with his glasses on,
the easier to find them when he woke.
The room seemed smaller,
the wind against the corner
of the house stronger.
If the heart is a house, he thought,
it is rented to strangers
who leave it empty.
If the heart is a house,
it is also the darkness around it
through which a black bird flies, unseen,
and unseeing, into the window,
beating and beating its wings
against the glass.

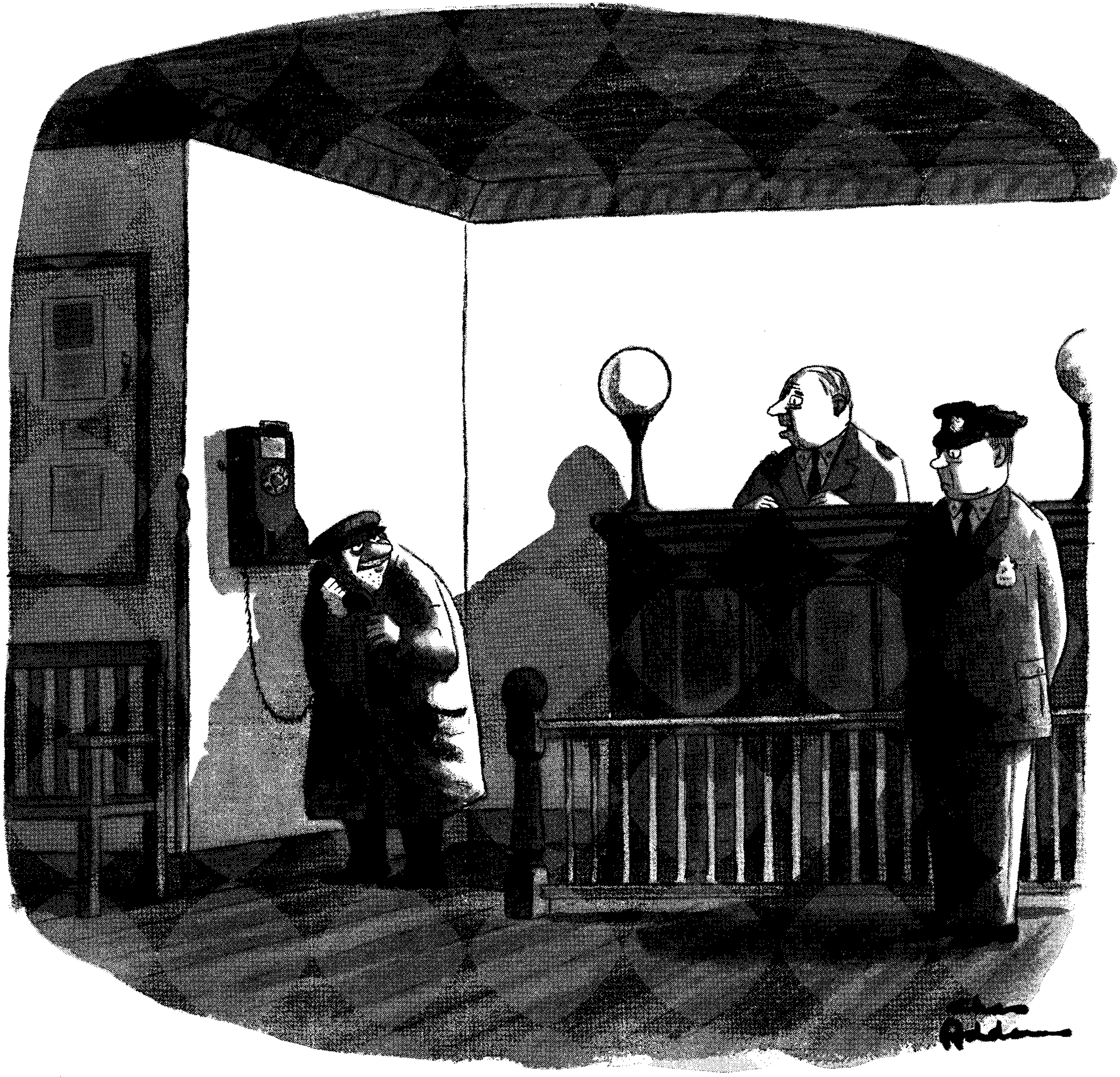
—Debora Greger

• •

THE global corporation is revolutionizing the world economy through its increasing control over four fundamental elements of economic life—technology, finance capital, labor markets, and marketplace ideology. The internationalization of production means simply that more and more of the world's goods and services are being produced in more and more countries, and that the production process increasingly ignores national frontiers. A watch or a car, or even a shirt, may include various components produced in widely scattered places. Some observers, such as Howard Perlmutter, a professor of social architecture at the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, estimate that by 1985 about three hundred global corporations will control most of the world's productive assets. Even the more modest predictions are staggering. Judd Polk, formerly chief economist with the United States Council of the International Chamber of Commerce, calculates that by the turn of the century a few hundred companies will, if they maintain their present growth rates, produce goods and services amounting to four thousand two hundred billion dollars, or about fifty-four per cent of the value of all goods and services.



The rise of these corporations represents far more than the overseas expansion of American business, of course, for the global corporation is neither an American invention nor an American phenomenon. Among the earliest of the multinationals were Royal Dutch Shell and Unilever, which are British and Dutch corporations. Non-American global corporations already own more than seven hundred major manufacturing enterprises in the United States. World production figures compiled by the United Nations show a sharp decline in the American domination of the global market. In 1953, the United States was responsi-



"When I said you were allowed one phone call, I did not mean _another_ *obscene one."*

• •

ble for almost seventy per cent of the world's motor-vehicle production; by 1968 the American share of the total was down to just under thirty-eight per cent. Twenty years ago, the United States produced over seventy-five per cent of all television sets in the world; now American companies produce less than twenty-five per cent, and as of 1973 only a few black-and-white sets were being made in the United States. The same trend exists in many other big industries, including crude steel, plastics, cargo ships, and synthetic rubber. While American companies still hold a commanding lead in the internationalization of production and the development of the global market, the world corporation is far more than an American challenge. Japanese and West European companies have expanded aggressively in such traditional United States economic preserves as Brazil.

The internationalization of finance capital is as crucial to this process as the internationalization of production. Global corporations can borrow money almost anywhere. Dollars, despite the patriotic slogans on the bills, have no nationality. In the nineteen-sixties, the Eurodollar market, now estimated at more than a hundred billion dollars, was developed. This first transnational money market, which consists of dollars deposited in banks outside the United States and is one of the most important innovations of modern capitalism, was the creation of a Soviet bank. During the same period, the international loan syndicate and the international bank consortium appeared. Typical of these consortia is the Orion Banking group, which was organized in 1970 by Chase Manhattan, National Westminster (U.K.), the Royal Bank of Canada, and Westdeutsche Landesbank Girozentrale. United States banks have enormously increased their overseas operations. In 1972, the First National City Bank of New York had foreign deposits almost equal to its domestic deposits. Global industrial corporations are also establishing financial arms. By 1972, the Dow Banking Corporation, which was started by the global chemical company in 1965, with headquarters in Zurich, had become the twelfth-largest bank in Switzerland. Through the use of centralized, computerized cash-management systems, global corporations are in a unique position to play the world capital markets, arranging where possible to have their accounts payable in weak currencies and receivable in strong currencies. Because of their advantages, they are able to attract local finance capital, particularly from poor countries. For an Argentine or Uruguayan businessman (to take examples of countries where the flight of capital is creating economic and social crisis), it is much more attractive to invest in the Eurodollar market than to take the risks of inflation and revolution by investing at home.

The introduction of the global payroll has produced dramatic changes in world labor markets. The essential strategy of the global corporation is based on a division of labor. Top management continues to be recruited from rich countries; workers increasingly come from low-wage areas. For a world corporation, this combination is ideal. While automation continues to reduce the total labor costs in the manufacturing process, wage differentials are becoming more critical in maintaining competitive profit margins for the global corporations themselves. A few years ago, only the industries most reliant on labor would go abroad looking for cheap help. In recent years, Fairchild Camera and Texas Instruments have settled in Hong Kong to take advantage of a labor pool in which sixty per cent of the adults work a seven-day week and which includes thirty-four thousand children aged fourteen or younger, half of whom work ten or more hours a day. Timex and Bulova make an increasing number of their watches in Taiwan, where they share a union-free labor pool with R.C.A., Admiral, and Zenith, among many others. European companies are also moving to Southeast Asia. Rollei, having figured out that wages make up sixty per cent of the cost of the modern complex camera and that wages are six times higher in Germany than in Singapore, has built a huge factory in Singapore. (Part of the attractiveness of Singapore stems from the fact that the government guarantees new industries freedom from union trouble for a given number of years in return for a minimum dollar investment.) The ability of global companies to shift production from one facility to another perhaps thousands of miles away is already having a crucial impact on organized labor around the world.

Finally, to create a global shopping center it has been necessary to create what Ernest Dichter, founder of the Institute for Motivational Research and a pioneer in the application of psychology to marketing and advertising, and one of the architects of Exxon's "Put a tiger in your tank" campaign, calls "a world customer." Writing in the *Harvard Business Review* in 1962, he observed that companies with "foresight to capitalize on international opportunities" must understand that "cultural anthropology will be an important tool of competitive marketing." Only when the corporate manager is aware of the similarities and differences in the hopes, fears, and desires of human beings in different parts of the world can he tailor his product and his sales pitch to influence and direct what Dichter calls the "world revolution of human expectations." The development of new markets, he points out, depends upon knowing that "only one Frenchman out of three brushes his teeth" or that "four out of five Germans change their shirts but once a week." It is equally vital to know enough of the local culture to be able to take advantage of or to shape local tastes and customs.

The challenge of the global shopping center, as the corporate managers see it, is at once to retail old needs to new customers and to create new needs for old customers. For instance, the rising middle class in Latin America is a key target for established products such as automobiles. With population growth slowing in much of the industrial world, and with highways already choked, market expansion in the developed nations is slackening, but in countries like Brazil and Mexico thousands of people in the middle class are beginning to have sufficient income to discover that they cannot exist without a car. In the developed world, the problem is different. There, established companies compete for greater shares of a relatively stable market through innovation and advertising. Companies such as the Big Three automakers, the big television manufacturers, and the big computer makers compete with one another, contrary to standard economic theory, not by seeking to un-

"*You know what bugs me? Everybody I know is wizened.*"

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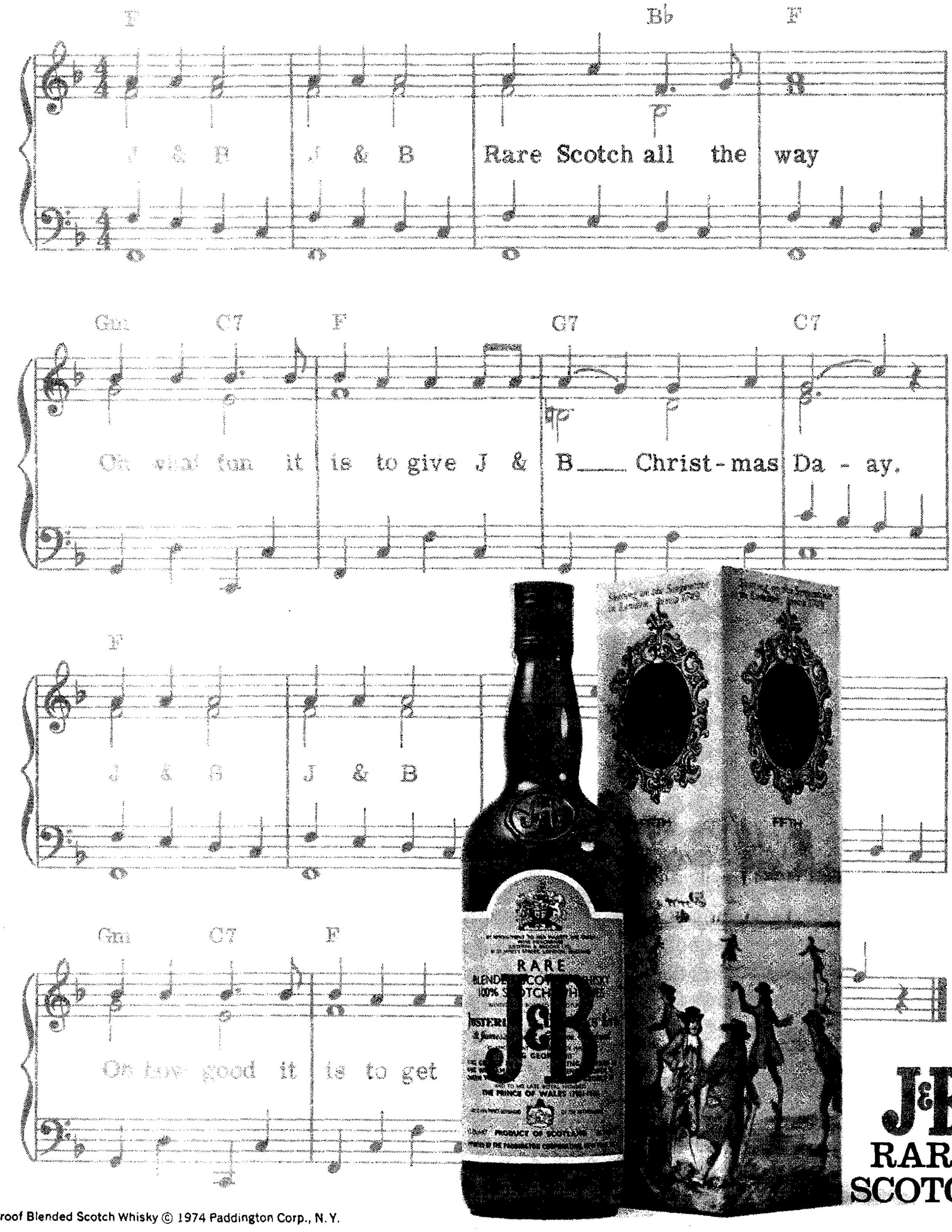
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J & B
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F
Gm
C7
F
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C7
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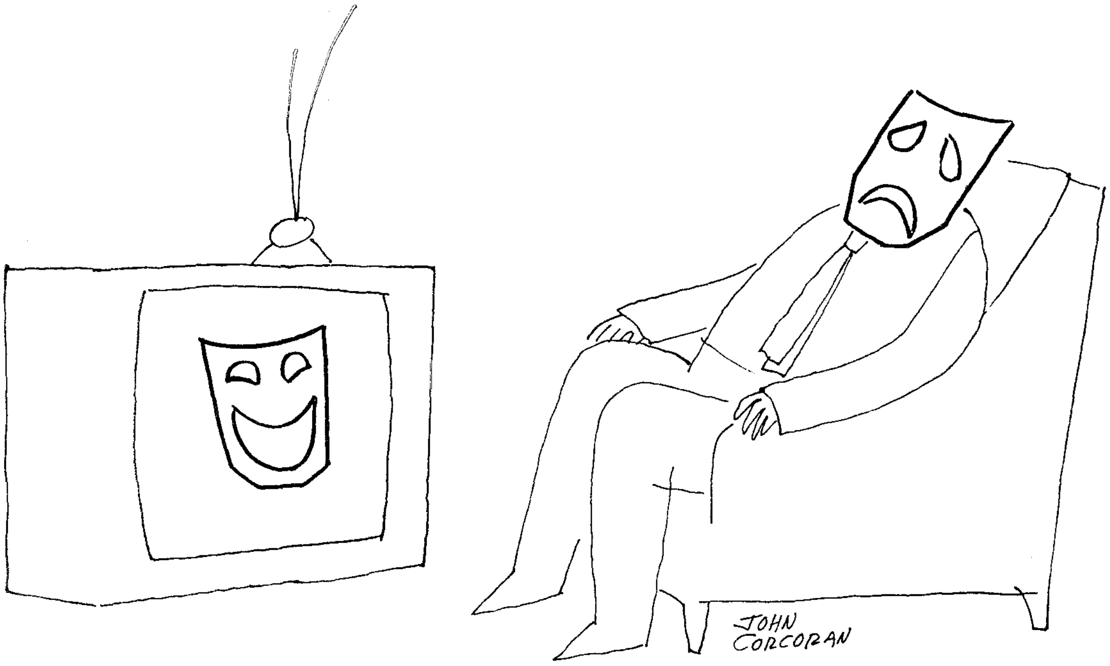
dercut one another in price but by means of what economists call oligopolistic competition. In any industry, a few companies compete for ever-larger shares of the market according to certain well-established but unstated rules. The principal rule is that price competition, except on very limited occasions, is an anti-social practice, and one to be strictly avoided, since it threatens to destroy the whole club. Similarly, the products offered by members are more or less identical; introducing radically new technology is considered unsporting. Instead, these companies compete in the less volatile arenas of cost-cutting (through automation and the removal of factories to low-wage areas) and product differentiation (beating out the competition by means of more attractive and convenient packaging and more arresting advertising). Since a dollar in advertising is likely to have a quicker payoff than a dollar invested in the product itself—how much better than a Camel can you make a Chesterfield?—the "breakthroughs" in consumer products tend to be trivial changes tailored to advertising campaigns.

ADVANCES in the techniques of centralization have made the world corporation possible, and sophisticated coördination at the world-headquarters level remains its chief distinguishing characteristic. The early-nineteenth-century British economist David Ricardo, in his famous example, pointed out that it was to the advantage of pastoral Britain to exchange wool with wine-producing Portugal rather than to try to produce both wool and wine itself. The multinational corporation owns the modern equivalent of both wineries and wool factories, and in effect derives a double "comparative advantage" by arranging to trade with itself. Put most simply, each part of the enterprise does what it does best and cheapest. It makes sense for General Electric to ship components to Singapore, where they can be assembled at about thirty cents an hour, rather than to produce them in the Ashland, Massachusetts, plant for three dollars and forty cents an hour, so it is not surprising that between 1959 and 1969 G.E. built sixty-one plants overseas. Where you locate a plant depends, of course, upon many factors, including not only comparative wages, tariffs, and transportation costs but the political and labor-relations climate as well. (Singapore and Hong Kong, for example, can arrange for their corporate guests to avoid strikes and other labor difficulties.) Because the corporate managers can weigh all these factors and coördinate decisions on pricing, financial flows, marketing, tax avoidance, research and development, and political intelligence on a global level, the world corporation has extraordinary power.

The science of centralization is based largely on the sophisticated control of communications. As the late economist Stephen Hymer, of the New School, noted in a 1972 paper, "At the bottom of the pyramid, communications are broken horizontally so there is no direct interaction between operations centers—what communication there is must pass through the higher power centers." To accomplish such a strategy, I.B.M. has demonstrated a computer system that makes it possible for corporations to monitor, twenty-four hours a day, various aspects of their global activities—sales, purchases, cash flow, credit lines, inventories. Information from around the world moves to headquarters and then is relayed on what I.B.M. calls a "controlled access" basis to executives around the world. The higher the manager's rank, the more he is allowed to see. I.B.M. officials explain, in demonstrating the system, that managers of subsidiaries get upset if they see the global tote board. They do better if they get only what they need for their own operation.

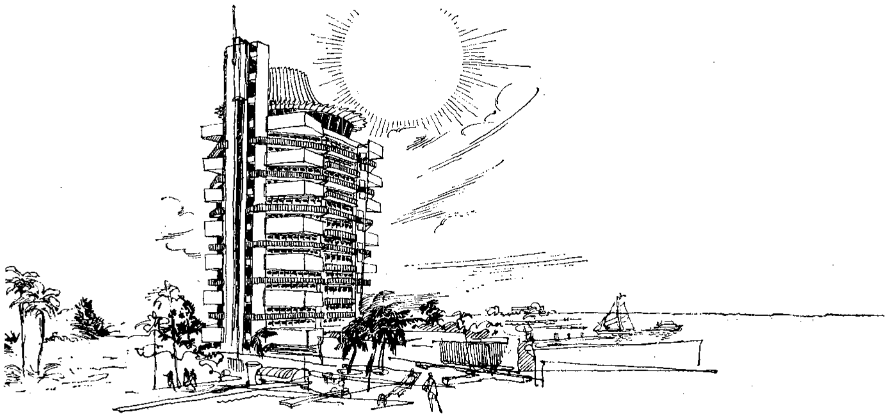
It is now fashionable in business schools to preach decentralization of decision-making. Executives are supposed to perform better if they have a greater range for creative thinking. Indeed, public-relations vice-presidents like to talk about the global company as a collection of coördinate operations, with each part taking a heavy share of responsibility for the success of the whole. The fact is that only certain kinds of decisions are ever decentralized. In general, moves are often made to decentralize operations within plants at the same time that the control of individual plants by the world headquarters is being centralized. In some companies, it is true, local management is permitted fairly wide discretion in handling local personnel and marketing matters. But the reality has been well stated by W. J. Kenyon Jones, the chairman of Ronson's British subsidiary: "The manager of a subsidiary must accept that he enjoys a subordinate status, that a subsidiary company is an organ of the parent company, and that policy is basically formulated and handed down by the parent company." In "The Strategy of Multinational Enterprise," which is based on a six-year examination of the internal structure of global corporations, Michael Z. Brooke, a lecturer in management sciences at the University of Manchester's Institute of Science and Technology, and H. Lee Remmers, an associate professor at the Institut Européen d'Administration des Affaires, at Fontainebleau, conclude that despite "the current ideology of management, which speaks in terms of personal responsibility and participation," the logic of the global enterprise will make each operation increasingly dependent upon the world headquarters. All this raises what is shaping up as one of the supreme political issues of our time—whether it is really "rational" to



attempt to organize the planet through centralizing technologies into ever-larger pyramidal structures. The new globalists will increasingly be called upon to prove that it is rational as they seek to make our warring planet into a peaceful market.

THE ultimate test of the corporate managers' vision of global peace and abundance will be the underdeveloped world. This vast expanse of Asia, Africa, and Latin America, where three-quarters of the earth's population lives, makes up the world's least exclusive club. The only membership requirement is mass poverty. "By any quantitative measure the post-World War II era has been the most successful in international economic history," President Nixon's 1973 "International Economic Report" proclaimed. But not for the poor, who, as Robert McNamara, president of the World Bank, put it, "remain entrapped in conditions of deprivation which fall below any rational definition of human decency." Two hundred million people in India attempt to survive on incomes that average less than forty dollars a year. Two-thirds of the people of the underdeveloped world—a billion three million of them—are members of farm families, but nine hundred million of them earn less than a hundred dollars a year. "We are talking about hundreds of millions of desperately poor people throughout the whole of the developing world," McNamara concluded in his 1972 address to the World Bank's board of governors. "We are talking about forty per cent of entire populations. Development is simply not reaching them in any decisive degree."

For the modern corporate managers, the underdeveloped world is the supreme management problem. To market a vision that bypasses those parts of the planet where most of the population lives, where the problems of survival are the starkest, and where political explosions are everyday occurrences is beyond the capacity of even the most accomplished masters of oversell. A global shopping center in which forty to fifty per cent of the potential customers are living at the edge of starvation and are without electricity, plumbing, drinkable water, medical care, schools, and jobs is not a marketable vision. In their bid for managerial power on a worldwide scale, the men who run the global corporations must demonstrate that they have answers to the problems of world poverty. As the development crisis outlined by McNamara and others becomes more obvious,



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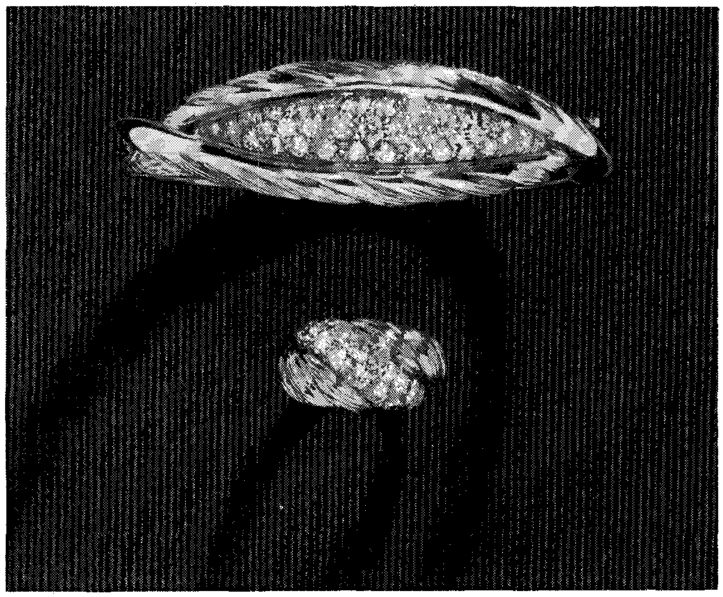

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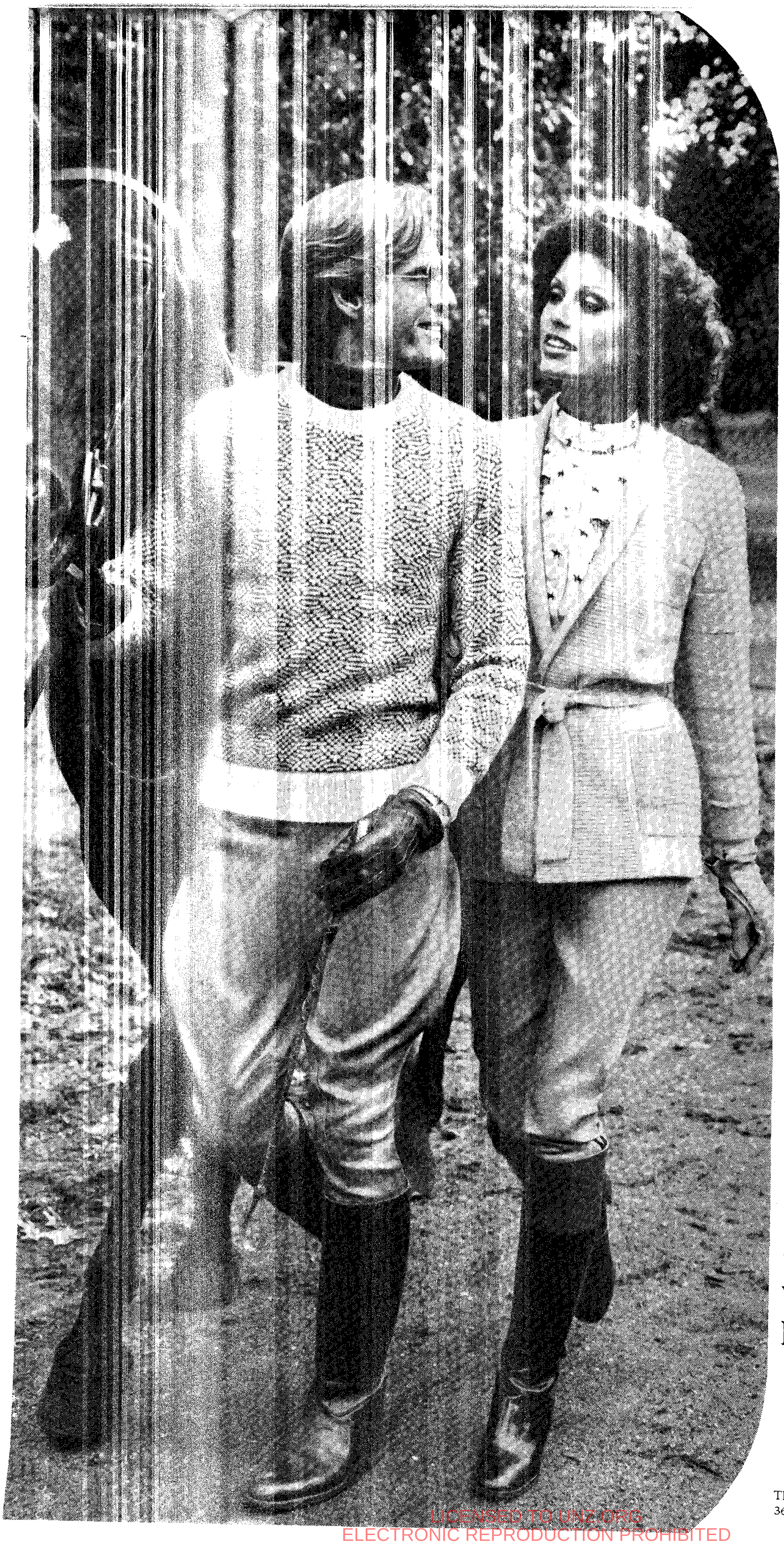

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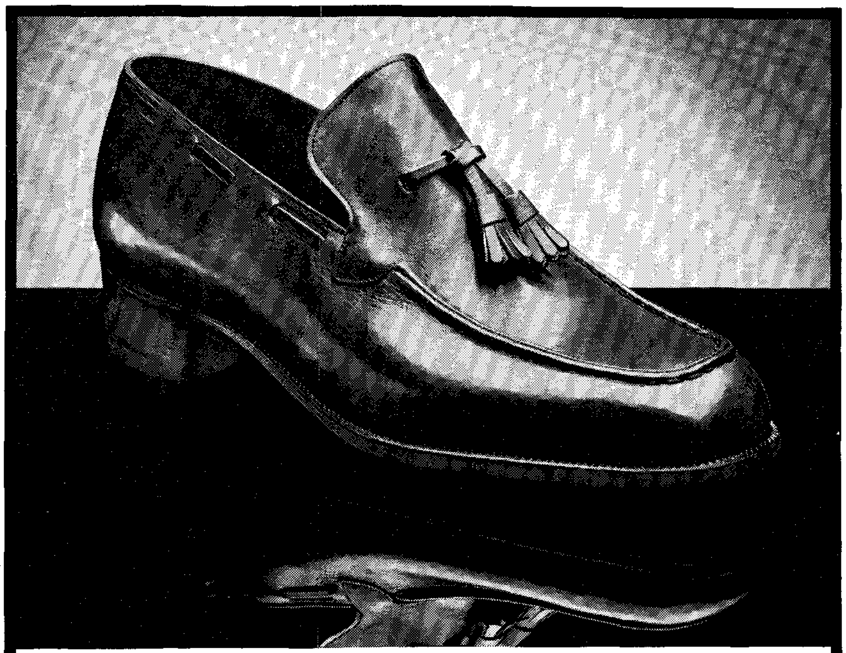
the corporate managers' claims that they have the answers to such problems are increasingly being questioned. A by-product of the development crisis is a crisis of confidence in the capacity of the global corporation to manage the world economy in the interests of those who are neither its stockholders nor its employees. World poverty now looks less susceptible to "businesslike solutions" than the experts of the nineteen-sixties led one to believe.

How is it that the nations of the underdeveloped world, so fortunately endowed with raw materials, a huge labor force, and great potential markets, are in fact so poor? It is often said that poor countries are poor because they are deficient in what economists call capital stock; that is, they lack the tangible (and expensive) social structure that enables modern developed societies to function and to create more wealth—roads, communications systems, machines, and factories. But capital stock does not grow wild. Its appearance at a particular time and place is the result of specific investment decisions made in the past. When a primitive society begins to produce more than it consumes, it ceases to be what economists call a static society and begins the process of growth. The essential ingredient in this process is knowledge. The introduction of new ways of organizing work—a hoe instead of one's bare hands, a tractor instead of a hoe—increases human productivity and generates savings that can be used to promote further productivity. When these savings are invested for the purpose of maintaining and creating more wealth, economists call them "finance capital." Whether finance capital will in fact produce further wealth for a country or, more important, whether it will create wealth-producing structures depends upon what those who control that capital decide to do with it. If a country is poor in wealth-producing structures (capital stock), it is because those who control its wealth decided to invest their finance capital in something else.

The finance capital generated by the natural wealth of many underdeveloped countries has not been used to develop local factories, schools, and other structures for generating more wealth but has been siphoned off to the developed world, first as plunder and then in the more respectable form of dividends, royalties, and technical fees; it has been used to finance the amenities of London and Paris and the industrial expansion of affluent societies. Most of the remaining capital is in the control of a



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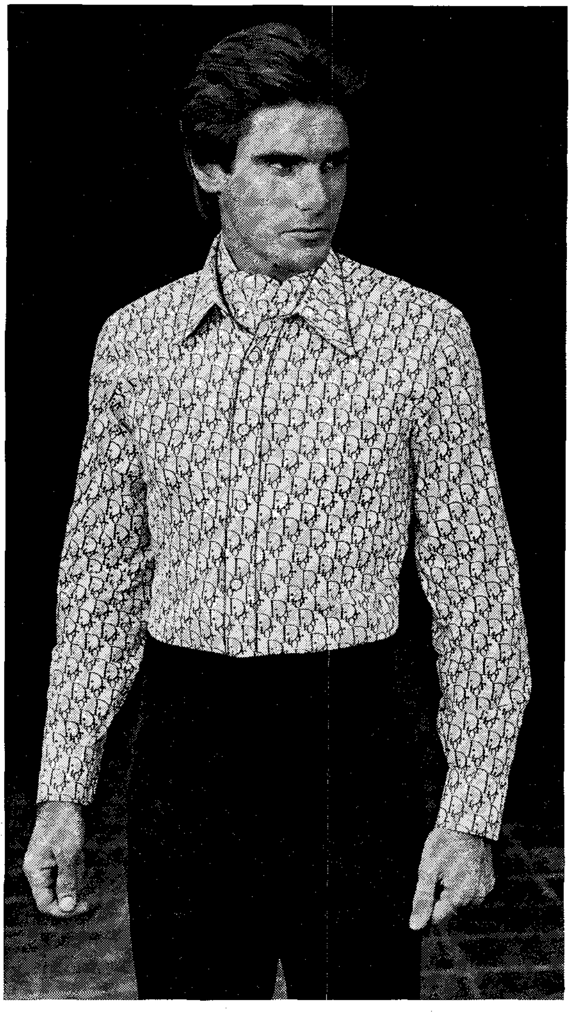

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small local élite, which knows how to consume it in lavish living and where to invest it abroad for a good return. Because power over the national wealth is largely in the hands of foreigners, the finance capital generated by past wealth-producing activities is not even used to maintain, much less expand, the local economy. This depletion has inevitably resulted in lower consumption for the local population.

A country can have rivers of gold and thousands of potential workers ready to mine it and yet be on the brink of starvation if it lacks the know-how to exploit its natural riches. Knowledge means more than the ability to make, use, repair, and improve machines. A crucial sort of knowledge that is notably in short supply in underdeveloped countries is information about social organization. In advanced countries, systems of rewards and punishments work efficiently to motivate the population to produce more wealth. Perhaps the most decisive factor in the relative bargaining power of an advanced nation over an underdeveloped society is a difference in philosophical outlook. When we talk about the superior knowledge of the West, we mean not only its superior machine technology but also its possession of an ideology that stresses the creation of wealth. The ability of advanced nations to spread to "backward nations" the ideological foundations of modern capitalism—man's mission to conquer nature, the work ethic, the whip of economic necessity—and to make the élites of poor countries disciples in the science of enrichment gives the industrial nations enormous bargaining power. No aspect of the technological superiority of the developed world is more important than its mastery of the techniques of ideological marketing. Military technology still plays a role, to be sure, but the survival of the poor nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America now depends upon how and on what terms they can relate to the world industrial system. The advanced nations continue to set those terms not because they possess superior power in natural resources and labor—the opposite is true—but because they possess superior know-how.

The industrialized nations, as the studies of Raul Prebisch, the former director of the United Nations Latin American Institute for Economic and Social Planning, and others have shown, have used their technological superiority to set terms of trade that, not surprisingly, favor them at the expense of their weaker partners. Over

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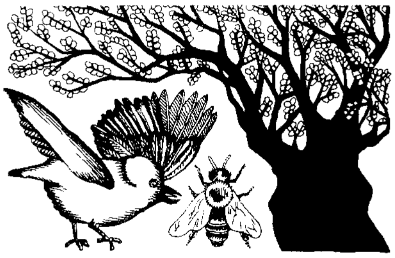

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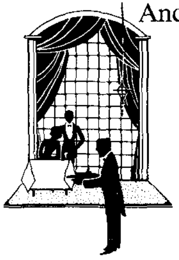

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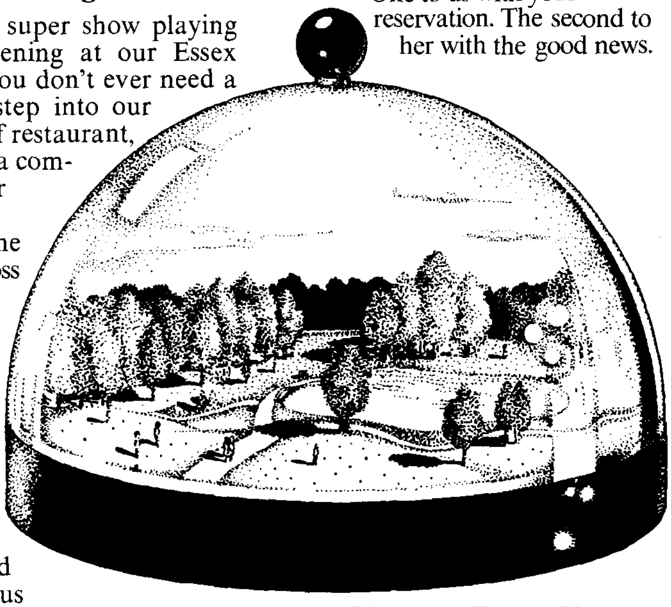

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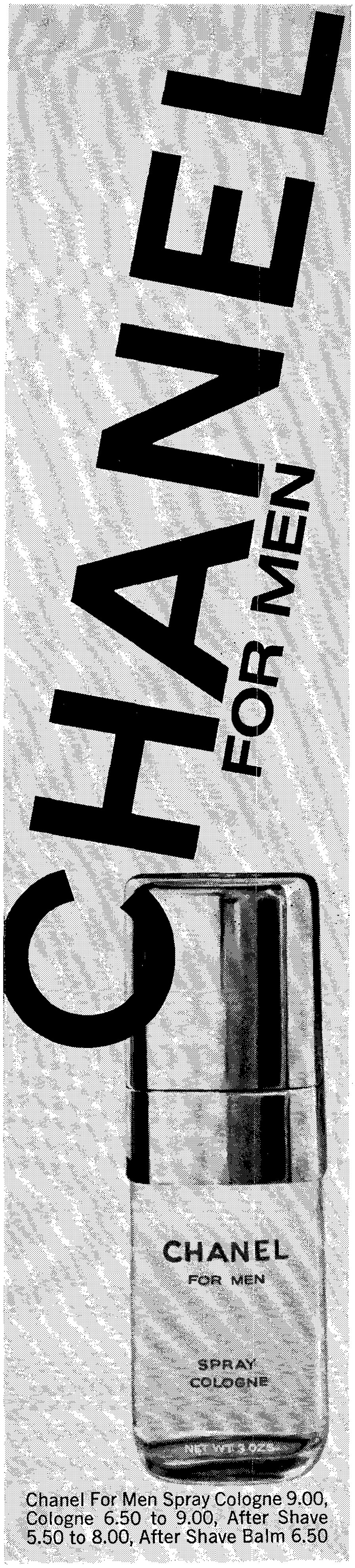
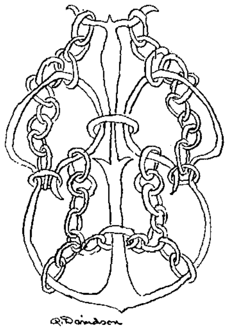


Chanel For Men Spray Cologne 9.00, Cologne 6.50 to 9.00, After Shave 5.50 to 8.00, After Shave Balm 6.50

the past twenty-five years, because of the falling prices of certain essential raw materials, underdeveloped countries have had to exchange more and more of their resources to get the finished goods and the technological expertise they need. This steady worsening of the terms of trade between the rich countries and the poor is an important reason that the gap between them continues to grow. What all this means is that the causes of underdevelopment are institutional. Countries rich in the raw materials of wealth lack the internal political and economic structures to obtain the other bases of wealth or to convert their resources into well-functioning economic and social orders. A prime characteristic of every underdeveloped society is the failure, or lack, of the essential systems that solve or manage the major problems in developed societies. The systems for providing pure water or sanitation do not work well, or may not even exist. Schools for diffusing the knowledge needed to create wealth are absent. The system for raising and distributing food is inadequate. Structures for providing employment barely exist. The government often lacks the power to collect adequate taxes and to invest adequate capital in systems that will solve some of these problems.



The lack of bargaining power of underdeveloped countries results from three major institutional weaknesses. The first is a system of antiquated governmental structures. The laws for collecting taxes, controlling foreign business, or preventing the drain of finance capital are inadequate. Typically, these laws were drafted in an earlier and simpler day, before accountants and tax lawyers had arrived on the scene. Many were written by the colonial civil service or by foreign corporations that were only too happy to provide technical assistance to the governmental agency in charge of regulating their activities. The laws on foreign investment in Liberia, to give just one example of such international legal aid, were drafted by the United States government. The second source of institutional weakness in these countries is the lack of a strong labor movement. With the possible exceptions of Argentina and, until recently, Chile, there is no labor movement in all Latin America that can effectively bargain with global corporations. The third source of institutional weakness is lack of competition from local business. It would seem that native entrepreneurs, who must compete with the global giants under disadvantageous terms for supplies, capital, and customers, would like to see them effectively controlled. And many countries do exercise some degree of control. The Guatemala Chamber of Commerce has so far waged a successful campaign to keep Sears, Roebuck out of Guatemala, claiming that a Sears invasion would put three to four thousand Guatemalan shopkeepers out of business. In Colombia, the president of the national banking association has publicly denounced the large international banks and called for laws prohibiting their near-monopoly of Colombian banking. As the possibility of keeping more profits in the country improves, such nationalistic businessmen will surely become more vocal.

But, as a recent study of the attitudes of Argentine businessmen suggests, many local entrepreneurs up to now have been tolerant, even enthusiastic, about the penetration of their economy by global corporations. The reason, of course, is that they have decided to join them rather than fight them. Some local businessmen find that by coöperating with global firms they can do very well. (Many global corporations, for varying reasons, are trying to make maximum use of local suppliers.) But, equally important for local businessmen, the arrival of a global company may mean an early opportunity to sell the family business at a good price. (Once foreign giants become established in the local market, the alternative may well be a forced sale at an adverse price, or bankruptcy.) In an earlier age in the United States, family enterprises went public in order to raise sufficient finance capital to maintain their competitiveness against larger national corporations, or sold out to them, or were finally put out of business by them; now many local capitalists owning national businesses in the underdeveloped countries are faced with identical alternatives. Available statistics indicate that the usual outcome is that the family business is sold off. Of the seven hundred and seventeen "new" manufacturing subsidiaries established in Latin America by the top hundred and eighty-seven global corporations based in the United States during the years 1958 through 1967, three hundred and thirty-one, or forty-six per cent, were established by buy-

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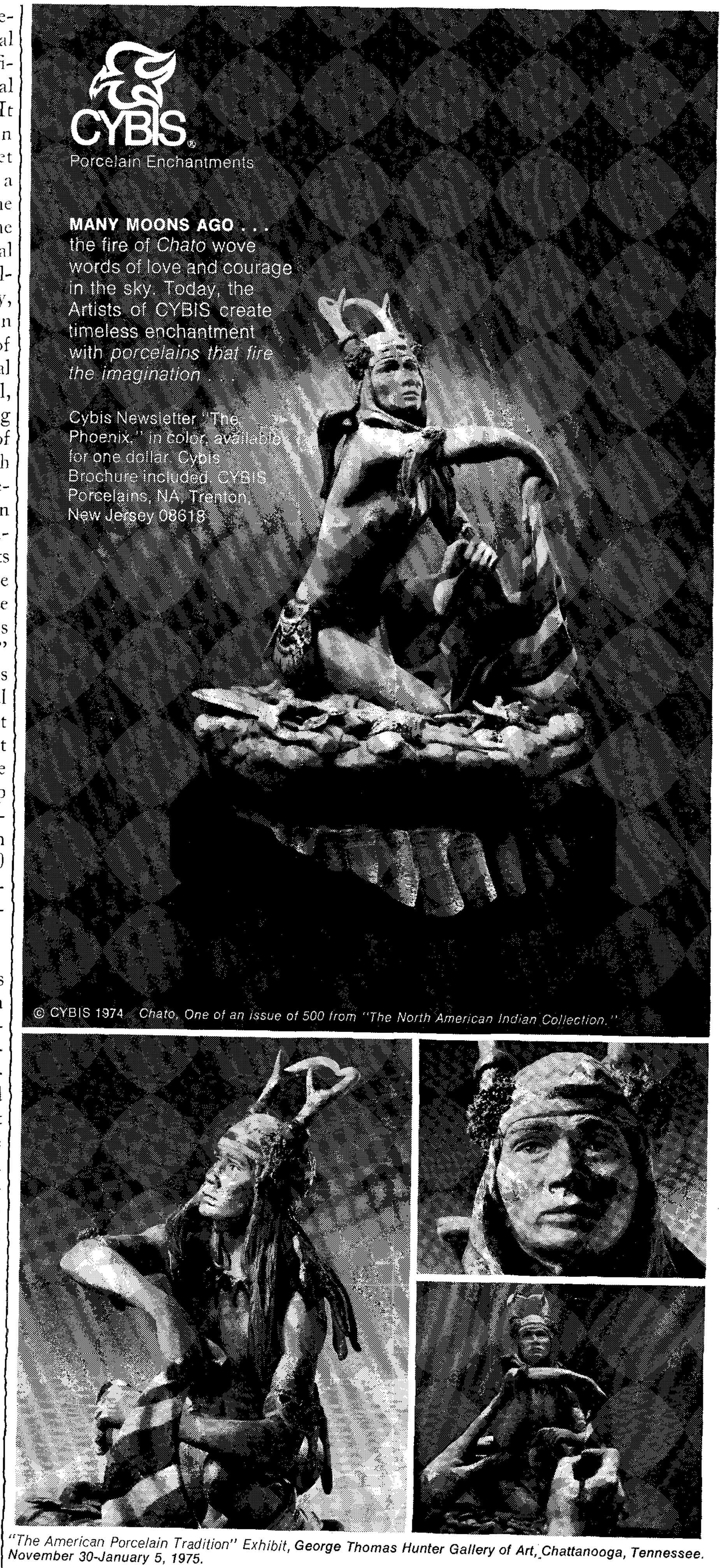
Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD

December 25, 1974
(As if you needed an excuse to be generous.)

JOHNNIE WALKER® BLACK LABEL 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

ing out an existing local company. Because of their superior power, global corporations are able to use local finance capital and their technological advantage to absorb local industry. It is a process that some local businessmen may deplore but one that they have yet to find a way to stop. Sometimes a group of global corporations from the same industry form a cartel for the express purpose of destroying local competition. According to the Brazilian government's anti-trust agency, CADE, the Swiss-based company Brown Boveri participated in the formation of a cartel with subsidiaries of other global electronics giants operating in Brazil, including G.E. and Toshiba, to bring about "the systematic destruction of Brazilian national enterprises" through price-cutting. Under a special agreement of the cartel members' Brazilian association, the Brazilian Research Institute on the Development of Exports of Heavy Electrical Equipment, the companies set up a "combat reserve fund of two per cent of gross sales from all members of the cartel," which was used to offset any losses incurred by undercutting the local competition. Documents introduced at the anti-cartel proceedings brought against Brown Boveri reveal that the Brazilian Research Institute drew up battle plans at an August, 1968, meeting to "destroy Cemec [a Brazilian transformer producer] and another 50 firms." The result, according to government prosecutors, was "the elimination of dozens of local firms."

MOST underdeveloped countries have already made the decision to emulate the economies of the developed countries through industrialization; therefore, a dependency on outside technology, finance capital, and market-manipulation techniques is built into their model of progress. Once American and European consumption values become the primary goals of economic growth for a nation, it has no choice but to sacrifice the development of its own technological capacity—a long and difficult process—for the possibility of the quick boom that foreign investment can bring. But there is an obvious price: The nation's technology becomes subject to foreign control. In India, Turkey, the United Arab Republic, Pakistan, and Trinidad, to take some examples from a 1964 United Nations study, more than eighty-nine per cent of all patents granted during the years 1957 through 1961 went to foreigners. Nothing has happened since to suggest that this trend is changing. In-



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the fire of *Chato* wove
words of love and courage
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with *porcelains that fire*
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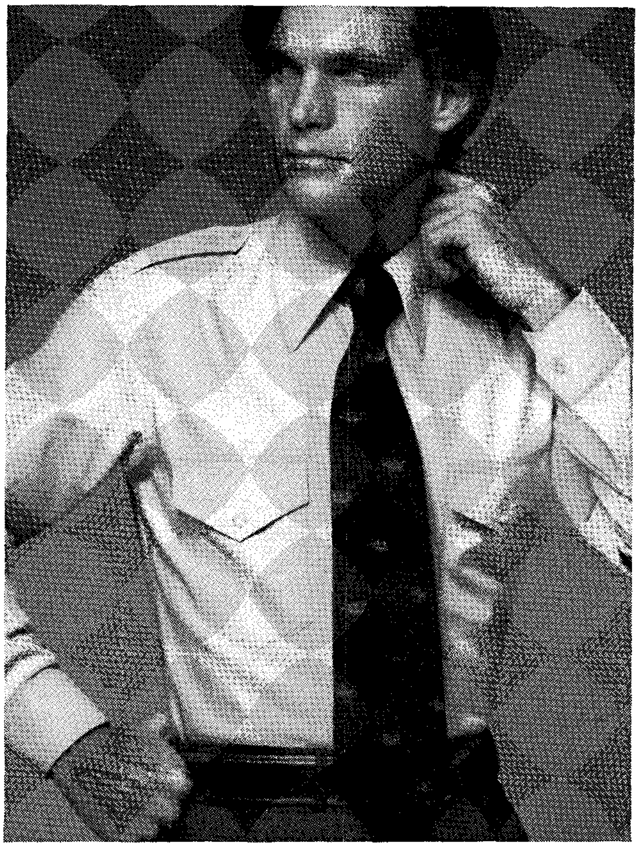
"The American Porcelain Tradition" Exhibit, George Thomas Hunter Gallery of Art, Chattanooga, Tennessee. November 30-January 5, 1975.

Paul Stuart



You can wear *our casual epaulet shirt from Ireland with or without a necktie. It's made of a wondrously soft and lustrous long staple, yarn dyed cotton, miniature twill. The two breast pockets are deeply flapped. The cuffs are crisply mitered. In muted shades of blue, tan, brown, burgundy. S, M, L, XL. $32.50. Please add $1.25 for delivery. New York State residents please add applicable tax.*

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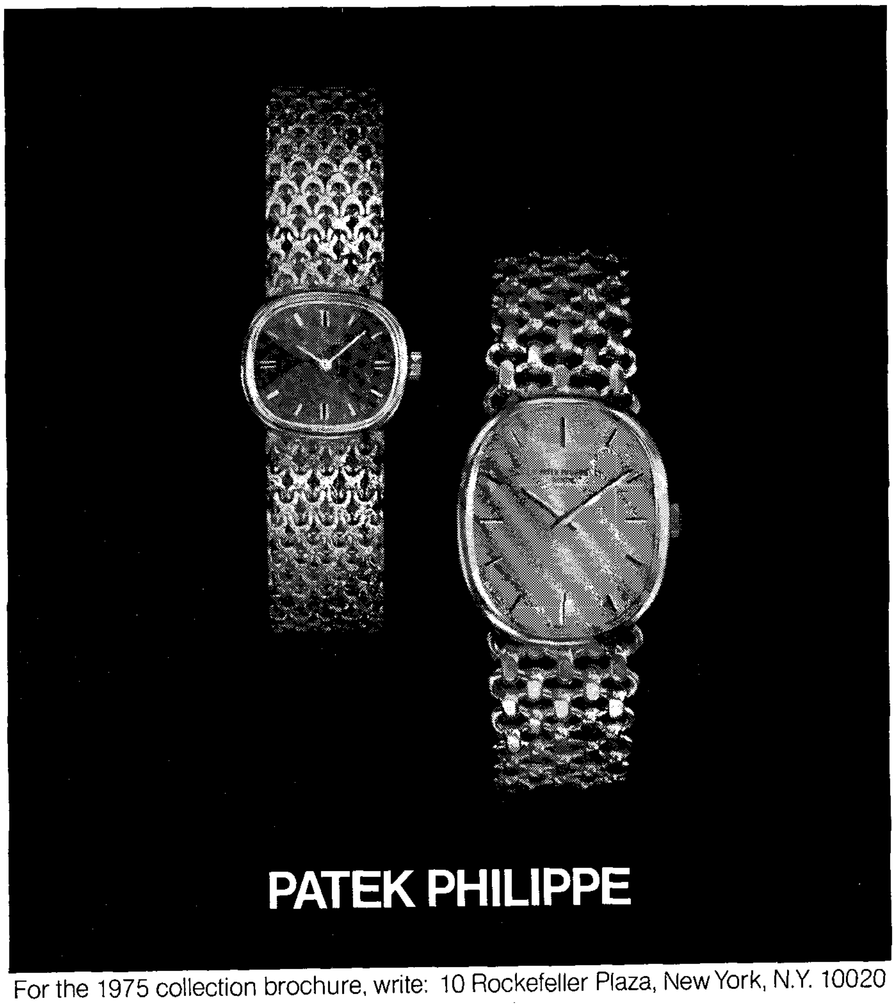

For the 1975 collection brochure, write: 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020

deed, studies prepared by the government of former President Eduardo Frei in Chile showed a precipitous increase between 1937 and 1967 (from sixty-five per cent to ninety-five per cent) in the number of Chilean patents owned by foreigners. In Colombia, as of 1970, ten per cent of the patent-holders own sixty per cent of the pharmaceutical, chemical, and synthetic-fibre patents, and these ten per cent are foreign-based global corporations or individuals. (The global corporation derives much of its power in the United States by dominating the patents in its field. A recent study by Frederic Scherer, an economist formerly at Princeton and now director of the Bureau of Economics at the Federal Trade Commission, reveals that the top thirty industrial corporations in the United States own over forty per cent of the patents in their respective industries.) Concentrated control of technology is a classic device for eliminating effective competition and thereby establishing oligopolistic control of the marketplace. The reward, of course, is high profits, which can be heavily invested in advertising to further consolidate the company's dominant position.

The same cumulative rhythm is felt in the case of finance capital, the second basic element of corporate power. Subsidiaries of global companies are able to borrow from local banks and financial institutions on better terms than are local businesses, because their credit is backed by the worldwide financial resources of the parent company. When savings are in short supply, as is typical in underdeveloped countries, it is simply good business to lend to Ford or Pfizer rather than to the local laundry or sugar mill. During Argentina's 1971 credit squeeze, when the available credit in the domestic economy was reduced by twenty per cent, local companies were forced to cut their borrowings by forty-two per cent, but global companies there increased their borrowings by twenty per cent during that same year. Clearly, given the worldwide backing of a global subsidiary, any bank will prefer lending to it rather than to local grocers and farmers.

But there are other reasons, too. John Blair, former chief economist with the Senate Anti-Trust and Monopoly Subcommittee, has pointed out that the banks and the corporations are not entirely separate entities. Because of interlocking interests in ownership and management of the financial groups that control both global corporations and global banks, they do

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Besides all this, we have some of the most experienced airline personnel in the world.

Along with beautiful in-flight service that's earned us quite a reputation. In both economy and first class.

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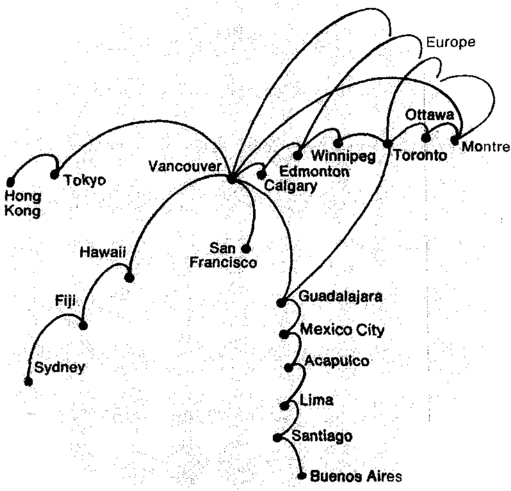
The one Canadian airline you should remember.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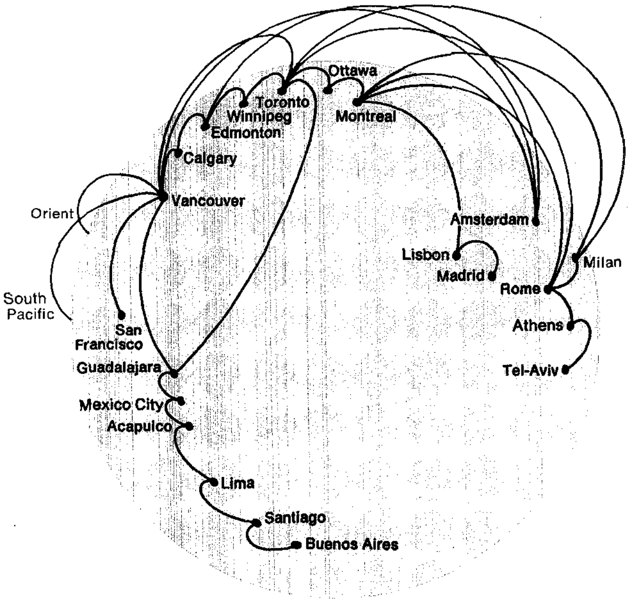
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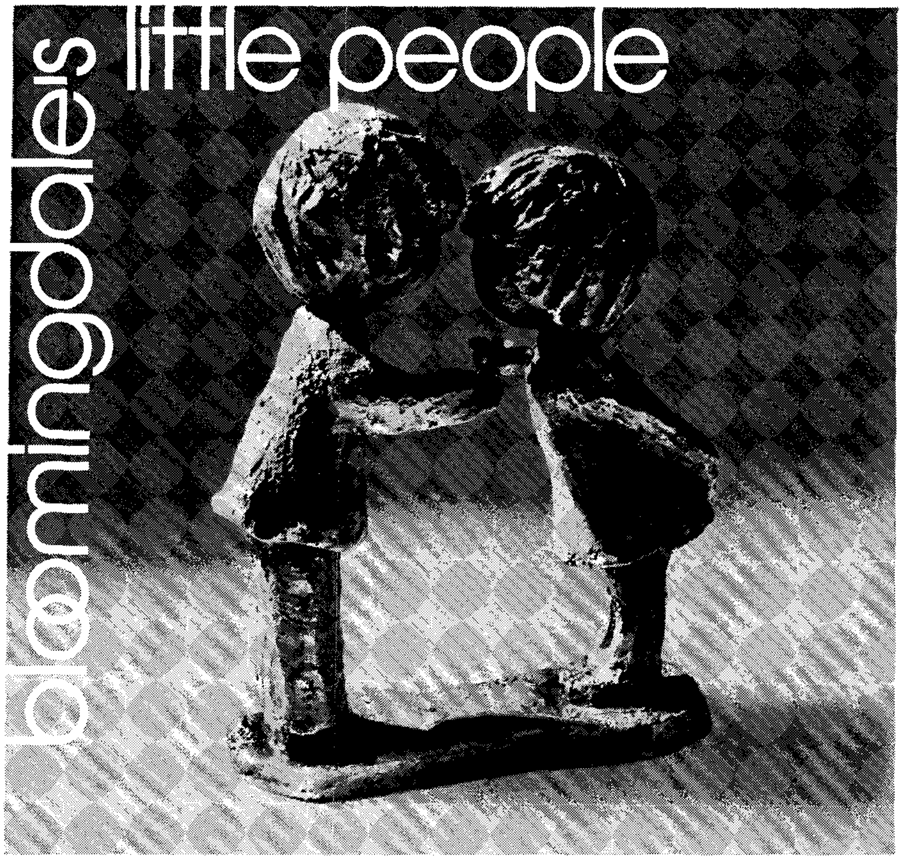
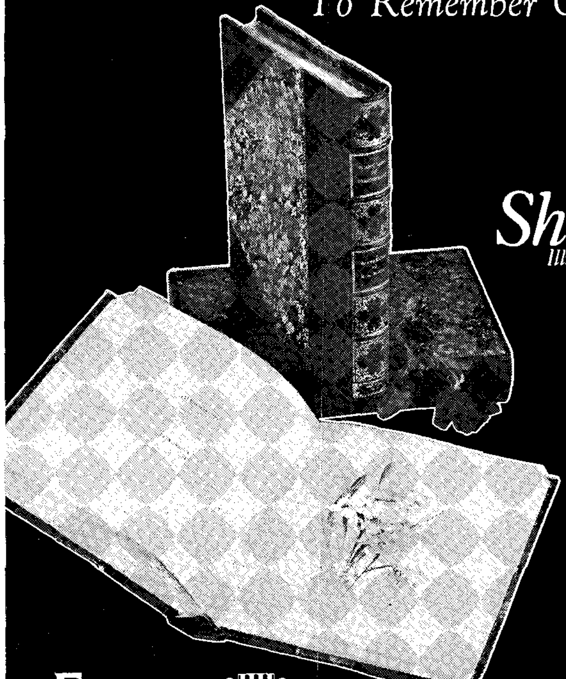
not deal with one another as strangers. Even if a branch bank were tempted to lend scarce local capital to a local firm in preference to a subsidiary of a global company, it would think twice before doing so, since it must protect its long-term relationship with the parent company. The relationship between local subsidiaries of American-based global companies and local branches of New York and Boston banks is close. In Argentina, an executive of an American heavy-machinery company said not long ago, the First National City Bank charges a preferred rate to its world customers. Good clients are actually charged a negative interest rate. (This is a result of exacting an astronomical-sounding thirty per cent interest in an economy with an inflation rate of sixty per cent.) The companies are only too glad to help the banks in return. For example, the global clients of the Argentine branch of the First National Bank of Boston are asked to send the bank detailed monthly reports on their plans for the coming quarter and, once a year, a five-year projection of their expansion plans. By putting all such information together, the bank can acquire the best economic intelligence in the country—often much better than the information in the hands of the Argentine government.

The power of the global banks over the economies of underdeveloped countries results primarily from the scarcity of finance capital. The foreign banks repatriate a substantial proportion of their earnings, and in addition local wealth-holders, worried about the stability of the economy, have a tendency to invest their money outside the country. A further complication, from the standpoint of poor countries, is what economists call the "foreign-exchange bottleneck." Because of the dependence of the local economy upon foreign technology, there is a great need for foreign exchange, which is usually in even shorter supply than savings. American banks can exert considerable power over countries that are poor in foreign exchange, because they control the faucets from which dollars flow. Thus, American banks completely cut off short-term credit to Chile after Premier Allende came to power. Before the change of government, in 1970, suppliers and banks in the United States provided seventy-eight per cent of all Chile's short-term credit needs—generally ninety-day loans to finance essential imports from the United States. (About thirty per cent of Chile's foreign-exchange require-



. . . finely detailed masterpieces, designed by Walli Ortman to capture the innocence and beauty of the many faces of childhood. Today's feature: 3½" figurine called "For Me," hand-finished in Hudson pewter by skilled artists and craftsmen. 40.00. Just a sample of the Bloomingdale's collection of "Little People" by Schmid Bros. Inc. Silver, 4th Floor, New York and all stores excluding Scarsdale. Mail and phone. We regret, no C.O.D.'s. Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. 355-5900. Open late every evening until Christmas.


A Perfect Way
To Remember Christmas 1974

Plant Lore of Shakespeare
Illustrations by Rosa M. Towne

Limited Collector Edition
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This rare gift — for a special someone or for yourself — is a botanical treasure collection of 73 exquisite lithographs of original watercolors depicting 181 flora mentioned in the works of Shakespeare. Elegantly handbound. Limited edition — only 2,500 copies.

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It's official. The Environmental Protection Agency of the United States has proven once and for all that of all 1975 models tested;* Volkswagen averaged the best gas mileage.

*EPA Report September, 1974 © Volkswagen of America Inc.

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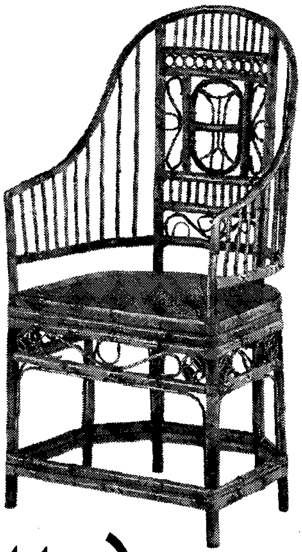

(Sitting Pretty)

This fabulous Oriental bamboo chair loses nothing in the translation. See it in person for a very special person on your gift list. In shades of glowing natural bamboo, these lacy-looking but sturdy chairs complement almost any color scheme. A pair could provide the conversation pieces in a living room. A single chair could be a stunning companion for a desk. A set could set the theme for a dining room. For the Thomasville dealer nearest you, call toll-free anytime: 800-243-6000. (In Conn.: 800-882-6500.) Be sure to ask for the Thomasville bamboo chair.

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INCREDIBLY SOFT AND WEIGHTLESS:

Eve Stillman's quilted beauty of a robe makes you want to snuggle in for the winter . . . and never get dressed. The most luxurious feeling you can imagine. Washable Satin Remarque, lined of course. Petite (6), Small (8-10), Medium (12-14), Large (16-18). Ivory or palest blue. $45.00.

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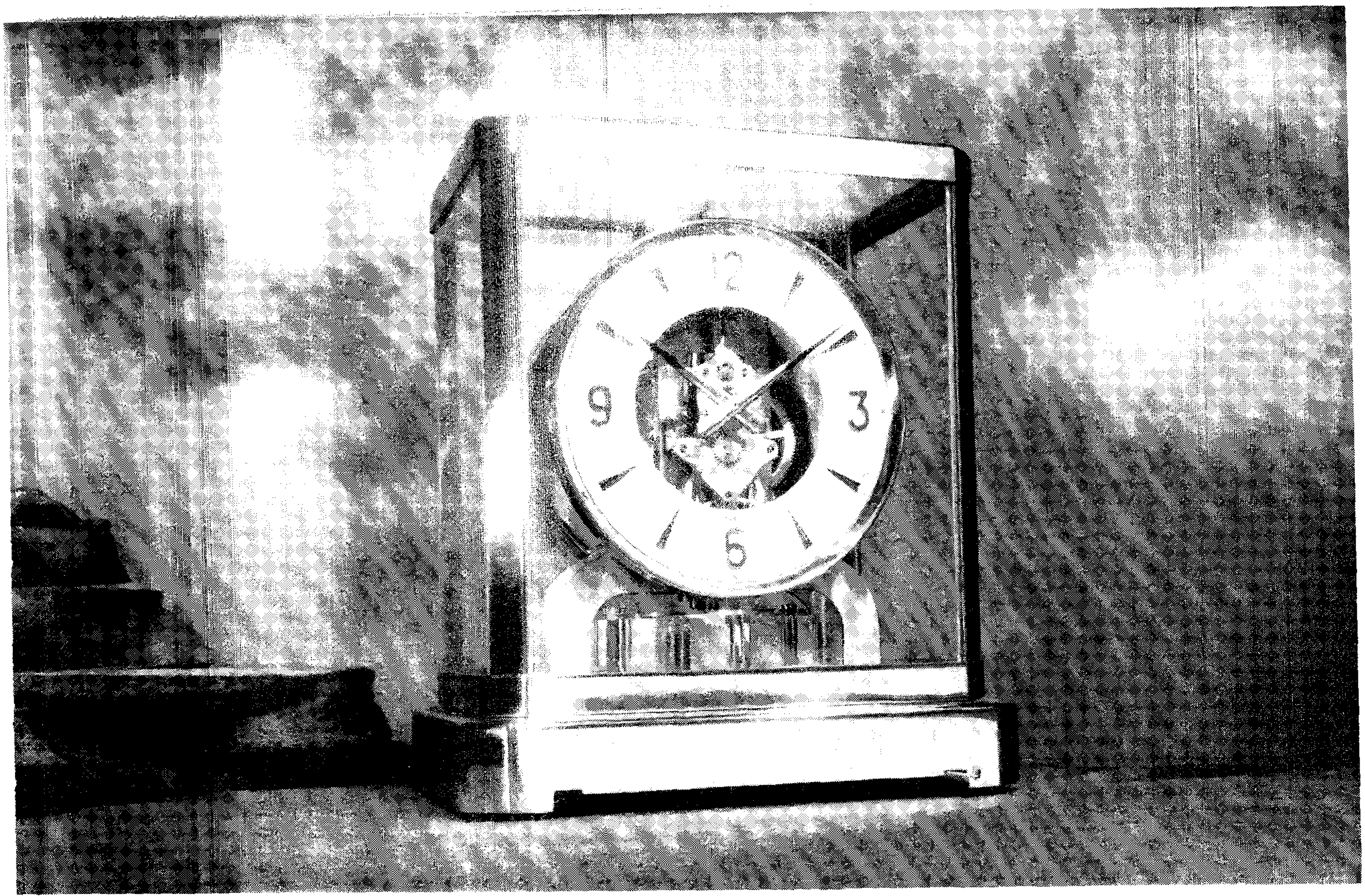
ments are for food.) By 1972, in the midst of Chile's desperate foreign-exchange crisis, loans from all American banks totalled only thirty-five million dollars (down from two hundred and twenty million dollars in previous years). Whether one accepts the banks' argument that their decision to cut credit was based solely on conservative banking views of the Chilean economy or believes the Allende government's charge that the banks were conspiring with the United States government to implement at least a portion of I.T.T.'s famous plan to squeeze it out of office, the episode gives a rare glimpse of the enormous power foreign banks exert over weak economies.

The third source of power for the global corporations in underdeveloped countries is their control over communications—their extraordinary competitive edge in using the technology of market manipulation to shape the tastes, goals, and values of the workers, suppliers, government officials, and, of course, customers on whom their own economic success in that society depends. Marketplace technology is concentrated in the advertising agencies. The rise of the global corporation and the global bank has been accompanied by the globalization of the Madison Avenue agency. In 1954, the top thirty American advertising agencies derived a little over five per cent of their total billings from overseas campaigns. In 1972, the total billings of these agencies had increased more than fivefold, and a third of these billings came from outside the United States. (In 1971, the two largest American advertising agencies, J. Walter Thompson and Interpublic, of which McCann-Erickson is a subsidiary, earned, respectively, fifty-two per cent and fifty-five per cent of their profits outside the United States.) The big American agencies enjoy a decisive competitive advantage over local agencies, because, like manufacturers, they can extend techniques developed for the United States market to the foreign market at little extra cost. The local agencies must start from scratch, and in poor countries capital for the high investment needed to make presentations to potential clients is not easy to find. For this reason, J. Walter Thompson and McCann-Erickson have increased their share of the Latin-American market, which they have dominated for many years. In the four countries of Latin America where most of the investment of American-based global corporations is concentrated (Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, and Venezuela), fifty-four per cent of the major advertising agen-



Atmos Heritage Round. 8¼″ x 9¼″ x 6½″. $295.

This Christmas give a masterpiece.

Atmos. The only clock in the world powered by air.

It has been calculated that it would take 300 years for the Atmos to show the wear an ordinary clock shows in one year.

The unparalleled Atmos by Jaeger-LeCoultre. It virtually conquers friction.

All the Atmos needs to run silently, accurately and indefinitely is air. Inside the Atmos is a unique brass bellows which contracts and expands as the air temperature in the room changes. All the Atmos needs is a two degree change in air temperature every 48 hours to keep its mainspring wound continuously.

Every part of the Atmos is hand-assembled to absolute precision. And because its balance wheel swings only two times each minute compared to the 300 swings of an ordinary clock, the Atmos is virtually friction free.

Royalty, Presidents and Prime Ministers own Atmos clocks. Isn't there someone you know who's just as deserving?

The Atmos is one of the world's most honored gifts, one of the most coveted possessions. As a Christmas gift, the Atmos becomes a proud heirloom. A unique conversation piece for generations to come.

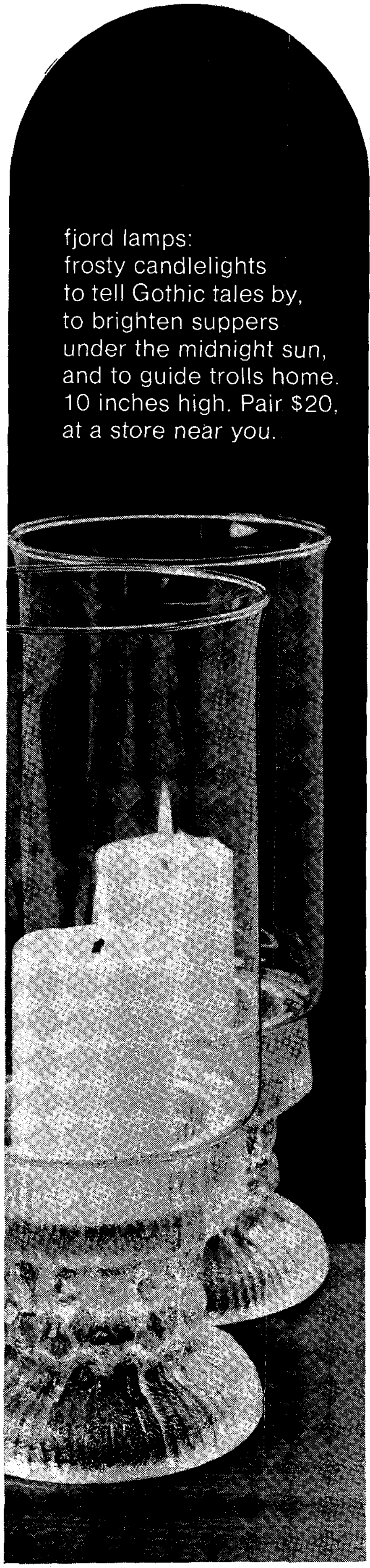
Where can you invest in the unparalleled Atmos?

Only at the finest jewelry stores. Ten magnificent styles to choose from, starting at $295. And limited editions of hand-sculptured designer pieces up to $20,000.

For color brochure, price list and the name of your nearest Atmos jeweler, write today. We'll reply immediately so you can have your Atmos in time for this Christmas and for at least 300 Christmases to come.

Atmos® by Jaeger-Le Coultre

Jaeger-LeCoultre Watches and Clocks
Box 2500, New Rochelle, New York 10810



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cies in 1970 were American-owned or American-affiliated—up from forty-three per cent in 1968. Because local companies usually lack the modern technology for overcoming customer resistance and customer indifference, they are dependent upon the United States giants.

The most effective media for spreading an advertising message are TV and radio, especially in countries with high rates of illiteracy. In 1970, CBS, for example, distributed its programs to a hundred countries. Its news-film service, according to its 1968 annual report, "using satellite delivery for major stories," was received in "ninety-five per cent of the free world's television homes." CBS shows, such as "I Love Lucy," "Gomer Pyle," "Hogan's Heroes," "Mary Tyler Moore," and "Perry Mason," are distributed in as many as a hundred countries. "Hawaii Five-O" is dubbed into six languages and sold in forty-seven countries. In the TV field, American-based global corporations dominate underdeveloped countries because they can offer old programs at a fraction of the cost a local producer would have to pay to create new programs. As a writer in the magazine *Television* pointed out in October of 1966, "ABC can sell 'Batman' to an advertiser and then place 'Batman' along with designated commercials in any . . . country where the advertiser wants it to appear." Thus, the competitive advantage of the foreign networks is based not only on superior knowledge—programming and marketing techniques—but also on superior contracts.

The three essential power structures in underdeveloped societies are typically in the hands of global corporations: the control of technology, the control of finance capital, and the control of marketing and the dissemination of ideas. The process of emulation, which was the response of Western Europe and Japan to foreign expansion by American global companies, does not ordinarily occur in underdeveloped countries, because their basic institutions, including domestic business enterprises, are too weak to make such a challenge. The result in most underdeveloped countries is the pervasive penetration of the global corporation into every key sector of the economy. In pre-Allende Chile, for example, fifty-one per cent of the hundred and sixty largest companies were controlled by global corporations. In each of seven key industries of the economy, one to three foreign companies controlled at least fifty-one per cent of the production. Of the top twenty-two global corporations, nineteen either ran free of all competition or shared the market with other oligopolists. The pattern is duplicated again and again in poor countries around the globe. Of the total sales of the fifty largest companies in Argentina, more than fifty per cent are transacted by global corporations. In many of Brazil's largest, and nominally domestic, investment banks, more than fifty per cent of the holdings are controlled by multinational banks. The colossal power of the global corporation to shape the societies of the underdeveloped world is not a matter for debate. The evidence comes largely from the corporations' own annual reports. But the major political issue concerns the use of that power. Is the global corporation in the business of exploitation or that of development?

BY the end of the nineteen-sixties, despite dramatic economic growth in a few poor countries during what the United Nations hailed as the Decade of Development, it had become clear that the gap between rich and poor throughout the world was widening. A succession of studies by the United Nations and other international agencies established the statistics of global poverty: For forty to sixty per cent of the world's population, the Decade of Development brought rising unemployment, decreases in purchasing power, and lower consumption. In a survey of income-distribution patterns in underdeveloped regions around the world, Irma Adelman, a professor of economics at the University of Maryland, and Cynthia Taft Morris, a professor of economics at American University, found that the development policies of the sixties produced a "striking" increase in incomes, in both absolute and relative terms, for the richest five per cent, while the share of the poorest sixty per cent shrank. According to such economic indicators as gross national product, the poor countries are developing, but millions in the bottom sixty per cent of the population actually have less food, worse clothing, and poorer housing than their parents had. Commenting on this situation in 1970, Brazil's former President, Emilio Médici, said, "The economy's doing fine, but the people are not."

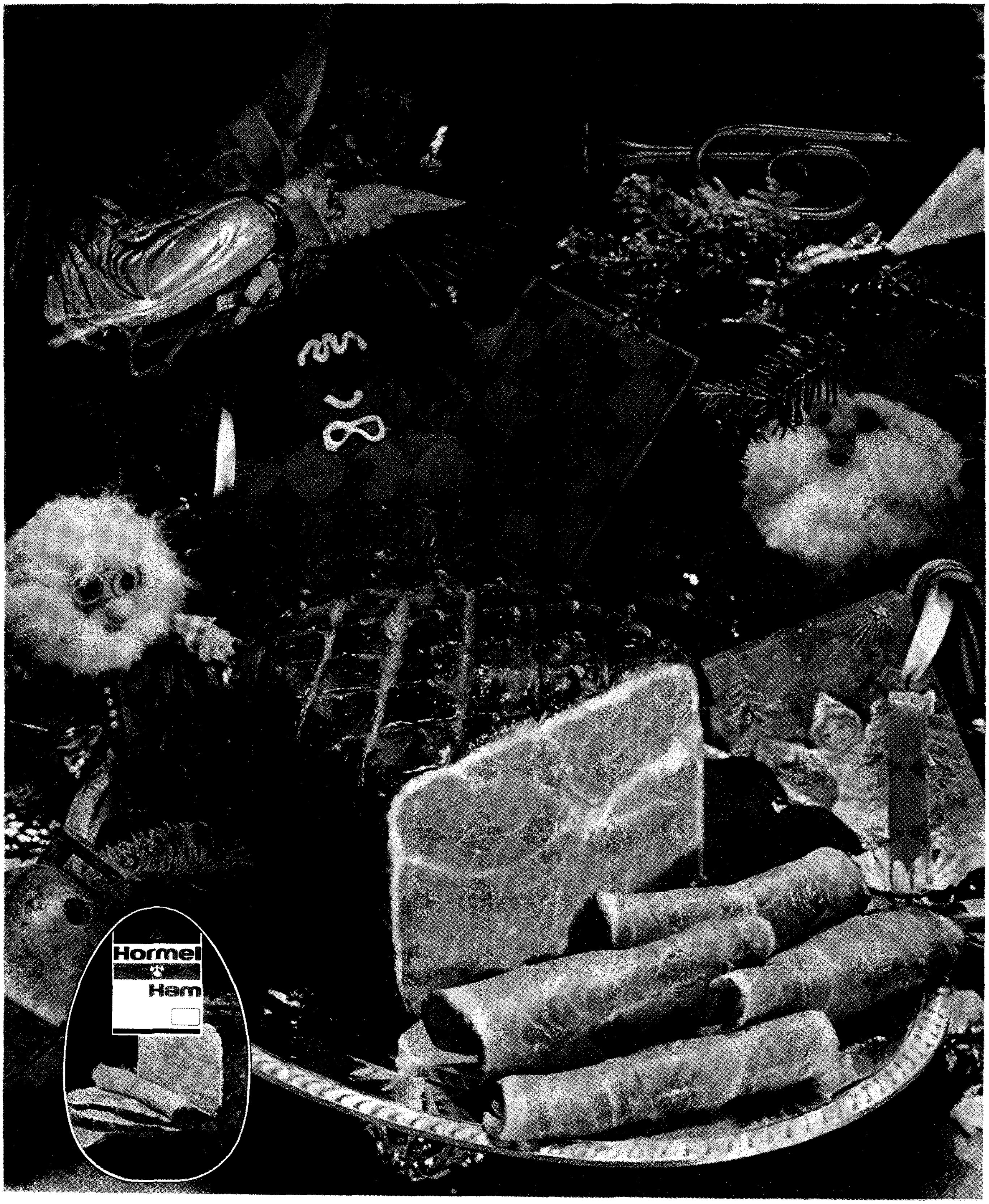
Particularly in those countries that

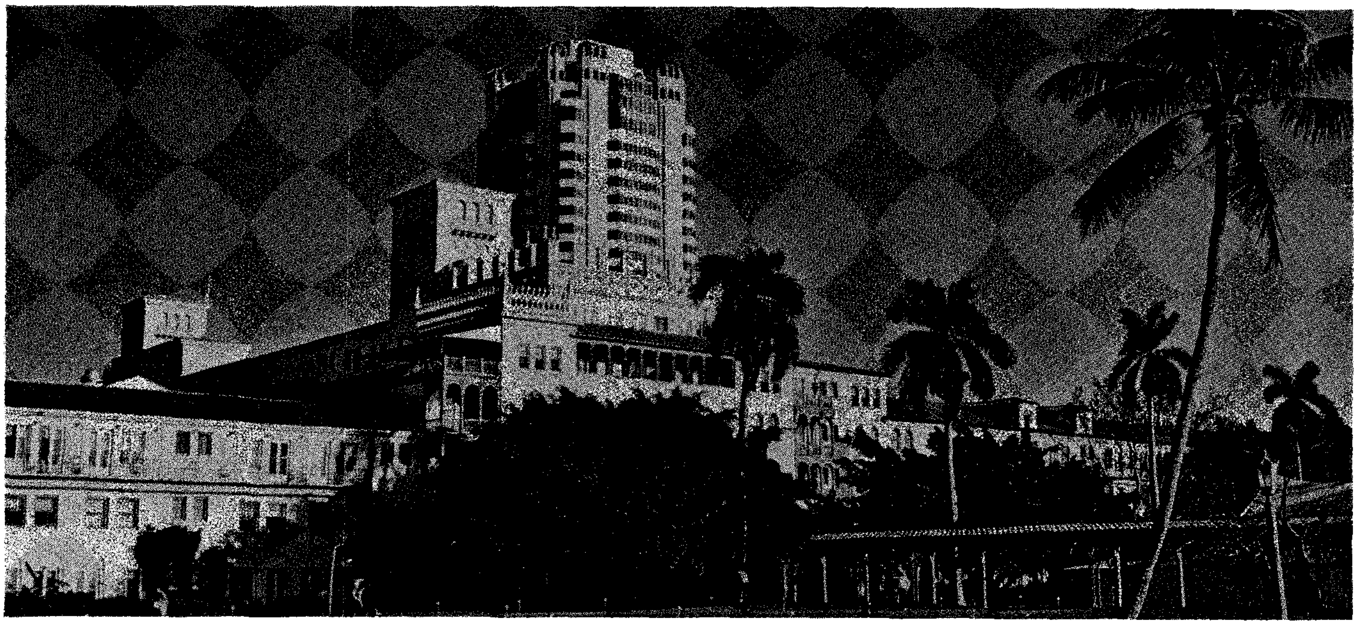
Soft on the whisper of angel wings,
This is the Christmas that memory brings.
The rustling of elves in the watchful night
With secrets shelved from the children's sight.

The glimmering gold of candle-shine;
The shimmering fragrance of fir and pine,
And, savory there on the silver tray,
The great, proud ham for the holiday.

Hormel Ham
a
HOLIDAY TRADITION

Many a Christmas candle has burned brightly beside a Hormel Ham. For this was America's first ham in a can—the symbol of holiday hospitality. Hormel makes this same, famous ham today, still with the same patient skill. Boned, trimmed and cooked to full tenderness and flavor. Magnificently ready to heat and to carve. *Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.*





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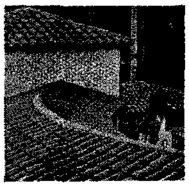

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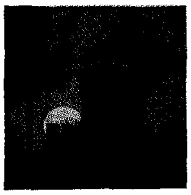

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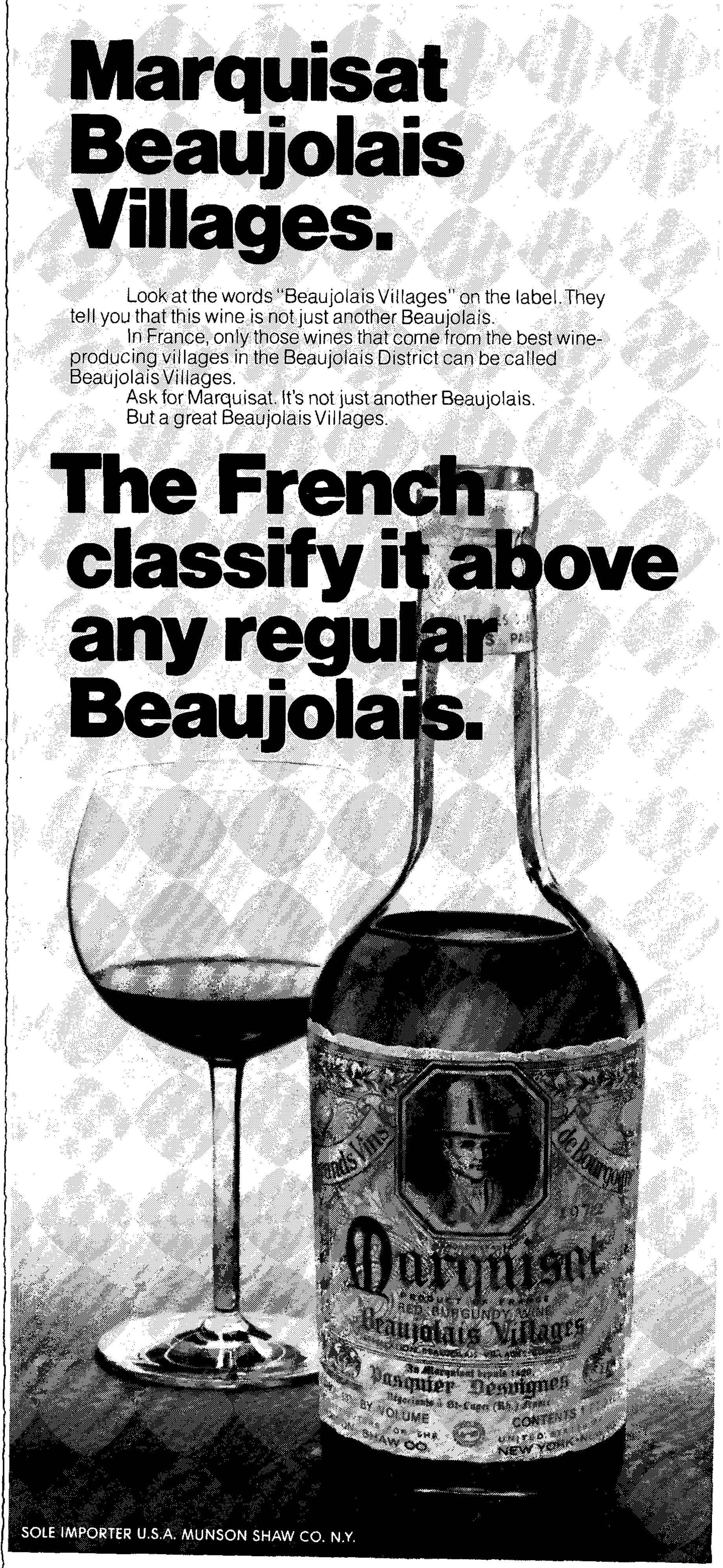
have experienced "economic miracles," the pattern is one of increasing affluence for a slowly expanding but small minority and increasing misery for a rapidly swelling majority. The concentration of income in Mexico, for example, has increased significantly during the "Mexican miracle." In the early nineteen-fifties, the richest twenty per cent of the population had ten times the income of the poorest twenty per cent. By the mid-sixties, the rich had increased their share to seventeen times what the poor received. A 1969 United Nations study reported that in the Mexico City area the richest twenty per cent of the population lived on sixty-two and a half per cent of the area's income, while the poorest twenty per cent attempted survival on just over one per cent of the income. During the nineteen-sixties, according to United States government estimates, the share in the "Brazilian miracle" for the forty million people at the bottom dropped from ten and six-tenths per cent to eight and one-tenth. By 1970, a United Nations report indicated, the richest five per cent in Brazil had increased their share of the national income from forty-four per cent to fifty. In September of 1972, McNamara reported to the World Bank's board of governors on what the continuation of prevailing development policies, with their modest annual growth rates and their income concentration, would mean by the year 2000: "Projected to the end of the century—only a generation away—that means the people of the developed countries will be enjoying per-capita incomes, in 1972 prices, of over $8,000 a year, while these masses of the poor (who by that time will total over two and one quarter billion) will on average receive less than $200 per capita, and some 800 million of these will receive less than $100."

When the global corporations proclaim themselves engines of development, we can judge their claims only if we know what policies they are pursuing. If a development model is to have any real meaning in a world in which most people are struggling just to stay alive, it must, as the British development theorist Dudley Seers, former director of the Institute of Development Studies at the University of Sussex, has pointed out, provide solutions to the three great social problems of the late twentieth century: poverty, unemployment, and inequality. A strategy that does not cope with these problems must assume either increasing mass misery on an unimaginable scale or the mysteri-



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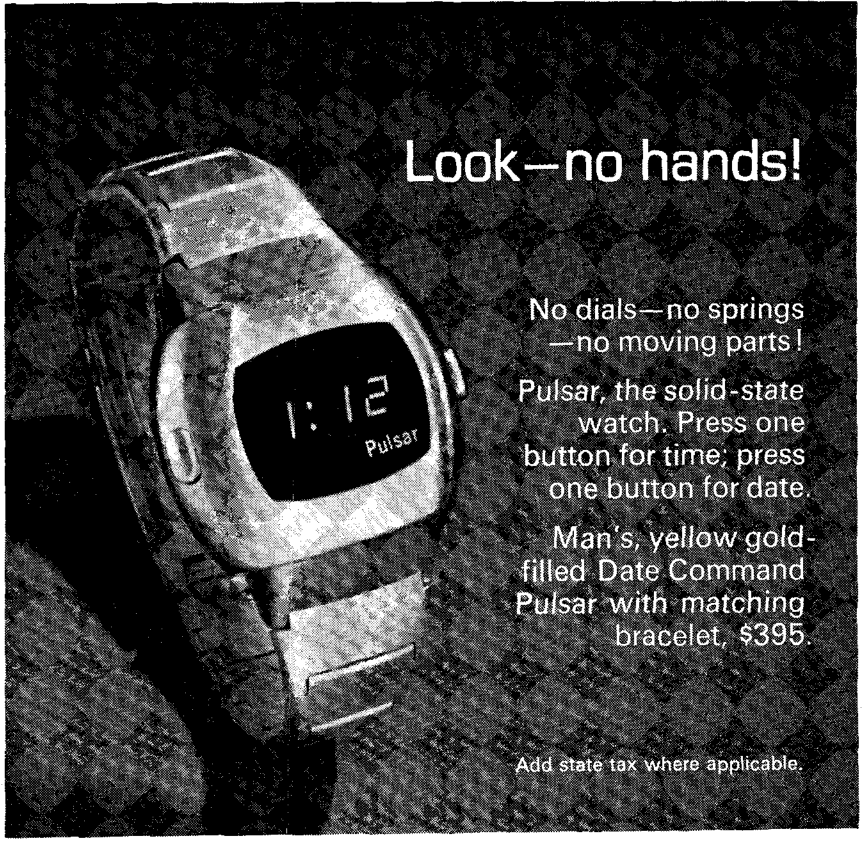

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ous disappearance of the world's poor. The evidence of the nineteen-sixties is now in. It is an unhappy fact that the development policies pursued by international corporations in those years contributed more to the exacerbation of world poverty, world unemployment, and world inequality than to their solution. In the light of the conventional development wisdom of the nineteen-sixties, this might appear to be an irresponsible charge. After all, global corporations do spread goods, capital, and technology around the world. They do contribute to a rise in overall economic activity. They do employ hundreds of thousands of workers, often paying more than the prevailing wage. Most poor countries appear to be eager to lure these corporations—so eager, in fact, to create a tempting "investment climate" that they are generous with tax concessions and other advantages. If corporations were really spreading poverty, unemployment, and inequality, why would they be welcomed?

The negative impact of global corporations on living standards, employment rates, and economic justice has occurred despite the fact that many corporate officials would like it to be otherwise and believe that it can be. The unfortunate role of the multinational business in maintaining and increasing worldwide poverty results primarily from the dismal reality that global corporations and poor countries have different—indeed, conflicting—interests, priorities, and needs. The primary interest of the corporation is profit maximization, and this means that it is often advantageous for the balance sheet if income is diverted from poor countries. Eager as they are to be good corporate citizens, the managers owe their primary allegiance to company shareholders. Their businesses, they like to say, are neither charities nor welfare organizations, although some do devote modest resources to good works. The claims of the global corporations rest instead on a theory of the marketplace which says, in effect, that by enriching themselves they enrich the whole world. This, unfortunately, has not been the reality.

Perhaps the strongest argument in favor of the global corporations' claim to be engines of development is that they are a source of needed capital for backward countries. Particularly at a time when government-aid programs are drying up, the foreign corporation, it is argued, is a crucial source of the finance capital that poor countries need to stimulate local savings and to obtain for-

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5. Employee benefit and incentive plans: In today's marketplace, you have to compete with other companies. For employees. Without good benefit and incentive plans like pensions and profit sharing, you're not really competitive.

6. Tax shelters for you and key employees: Everyone talks about oil depletions and cattle ranches, but the more practical tax shelters are a lot closer to home.

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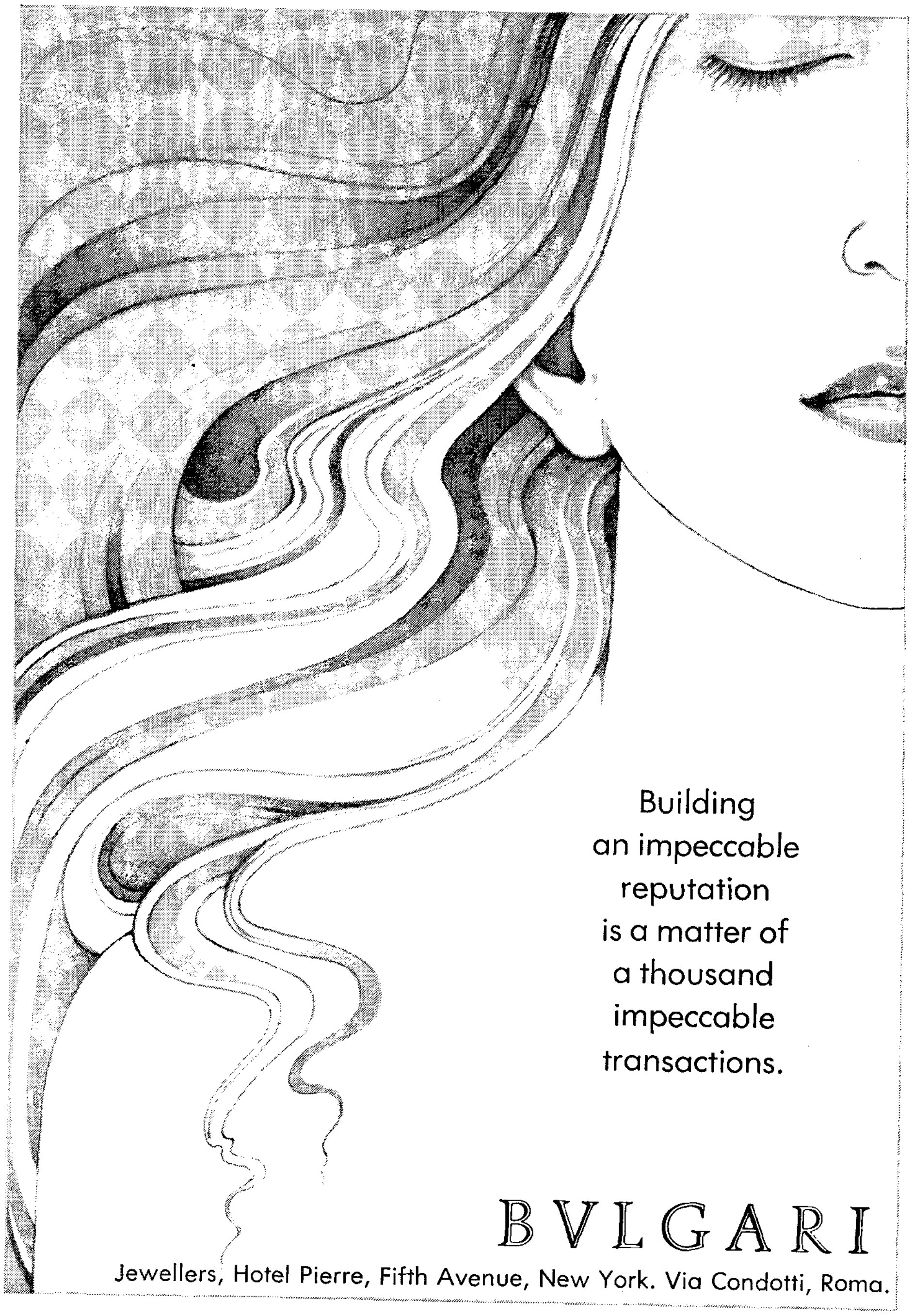
eign exchange. (Local capital accumulation is, of course, a prerequisite for economic growth.) But the claim that the global corporations are major suppliers of foreign capital to poor countries turns out to be more metaphor than reality. The practice of world corporations in Latin America, as the Brazilian economist Fernando Fajnzylber has shown, in a study published by the United Nations in 1970, has been to use scarce local capital for their own local operations rather than to bring capital from either the United States or Europe. Individual investors and banks in poor countries normally prefer, for understandable business reasons, to lend money to Sears, Roebuck or General Motors rather than to some local entrepreneur. During the years from 1957 to 1965, Fajnzylber shows, American-based global corporations financed eighty-three per cent of their Latin-American investment locally, either from reinvested earnings or from Latin-American savings. Only about seventeen per cent of United States investment during the period represented a transfer of capital from rich countries to poor. A variety of studies, including those of the Argentine economist Aldo Ferrer and the Chilean government under the Frei regime, confirm the trend: from 1960 to 1970 about seventy-eight per cent of the manufacturing operations of American-based global corporations in Latin America were financed out of local capital. What these figures suggest is that the corporations are not, in fact, major suppliers of capital to poor countries.

True, thirty-eight per cent of the financial resources being used by United States corporate subsidiaries in Latin America come from reinvested earnings, which accountants classify as foreign capital. But this classification misses the real economic meaning of what has happened. These reinvested earnings are to a great extent generated by local resources. While they can be thought of as additions to local savings, they are not available for the urgent development needs of the country, since they are controlled by the parent companies. A primary purpose of the corporations is to take such earnings out of the country as fast as possible. Between 1960 and 1968, according to Fajnzylber, American-based global corporations reported taking, on the average, seventy-nine per cent of their net profits out of Latin America. It makes good business sense to try for a quick return on a modest investment in countries that, like the Latin-American republics, are considered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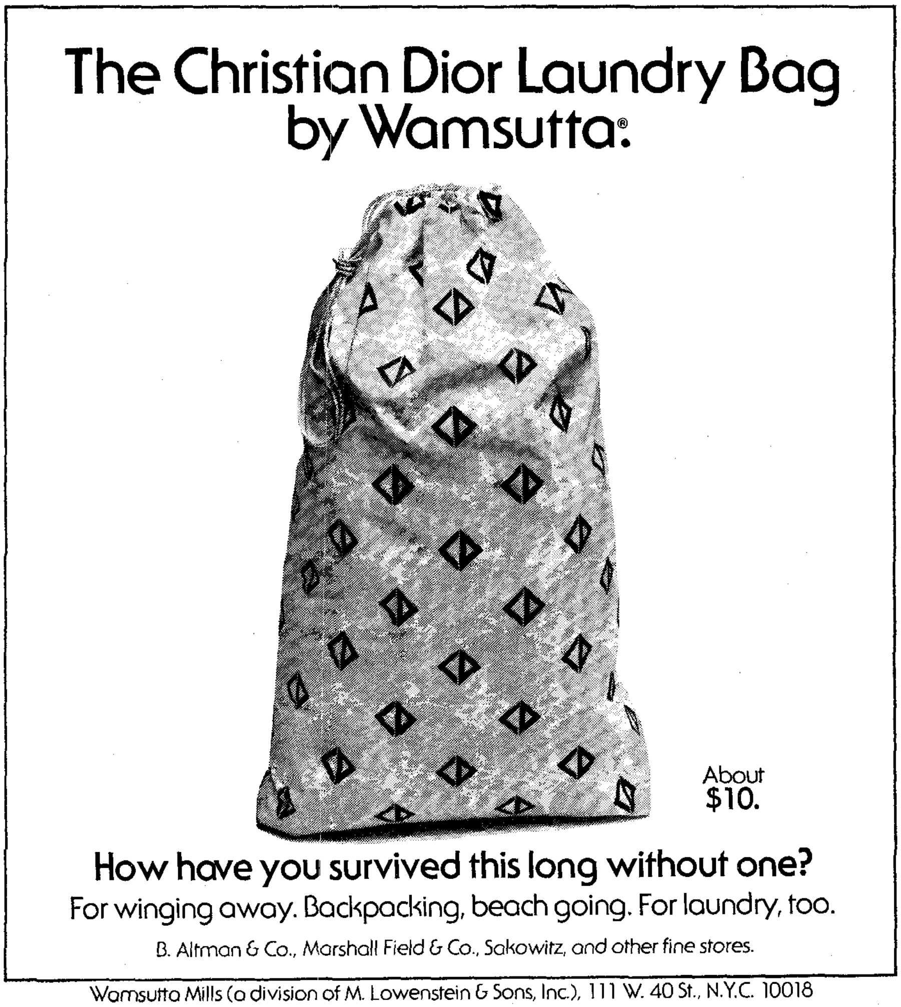
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relatively unstable. In contrast, the same companies, operating in the developed economies of Western Europe, are much readier to leave their profits there. But, of course, the poor countries are precisely the ones that most need to keep the earnings for their development.

Between 1965 and 1968, fifty-two per cent of all profits of American subsidiaries in Latin America were repatriated. This means that for every dollar of net profit earned by a global-corporation subsidiary, fifty-two cents left the country, even though seventy-eight per cent of the investment funds used to generate that dollar came from local sources. In the mining, petroleum, and smelting industries, the capital outflow resulting from the operations of global corporations was even worse. Each dollar of net profit was based on an investment eighty-three per cent of which was locally financed, yet only twenty-one per cent of the profit remained in the local economy. A retired executive of one of the three largest multinational banks has recalled that in the late nineteen-fifties and the early sixties his bank always tried to use local savings sources for about ninety-five per cent of its local loans, and no more than five per cent of its dollar holdings. A vice-president of another global bank based in the United States has said how profitable it is for his bank to lend what is substanially Latin-American capital to world companies based in the United States. "While we earn thirteen to fourteen per cent on our U.S. operations," he said, "we can easily count on a thirty-three-per-cent rate of return on our business conducted in Latin America."

These profitable practices, far from representing an export of capital from rich nations to poor, actually decrease the availability of local capital for locally owned industry. At the same time, scarce financing is retailed to the general public in the form of consumer debt at exorbitant interest rates. (In Colombia, the economist Hector Melo has estimated, the actual interest rate charged by Sears, including hidden charges, is in excess of thirty per cent a year.) The adverse financial impact of the global corporation in Latin America has to do not only with the source of its investment but also with its character. A principal argument for foreign investment is that it supplies new capital through which the superior management skills of global corporations can be channelled into new productive facilities. But again the record suggests otherwise. A study by the

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Harvard Business School of the hundred and eighty-seven largest United States multinational concerns, which account for seventy per cent of all American investment in Latin America, shows that in the years from 1958 to 1967 American corporations used almost half of their investment to buy up local companies. (About forty-six per cent of all manufacturing operations established in the period were takeovers of existing domestic industry.) It is sound business judgment to buy an already operating plant rather than to take the risk of building a new one, but changing ownership does not increase the productive facilities needed for development.

What was called the American Challenge in Europe a few years ago is today a *fait accompli* in Latin America. Local industry, particularly the most dynamic sectors, is more and more in the hands of American-based corporations. More and more, scarce savings are already under the control of a branch of some global bank, such as the Bank of America, Chase Manhattan, or First National City Bank. According to the Mexican economist Miguel Wionczek and the Argentine Aldo Ferrer, in Bolivia, for example, such banks control nearly fifty per cent of the private deposits. In Mexico, as of 1970, sixty-seven per cent of the metal-products industry, eighty-four per cent of the tobacco industry, and a hundred per cent of the rubber, electrical-machinery, and automobile industries were under foreign control. In Argentina, global corporations control more than fifty per cent of each company in the top fifty. The pattern is even more pervasive in Brazil. In 1961, global companies owned all the country's automobile and tire production, fifty-nine per cent of the machinery industry, and approximately fifty per cent of electrical-appliance manufacturing. Ten years later, foreign ownership in the latter two industries increased to sixty-seven per cent and sixty-eight per cent, respectively. In 1971, fifty-five global companies received sixty-six per cent of the net profits of the one hundred largest private enterprises, and the forty-five largest local companies received thirty-four per cent. To those who criticize the takeover of local industry in poor countries, the corporate managers have two answers. The first is that their organizations make a greater contribution to development than do local entrepreneurs. The companies are more efficient, can marshal more resources, and create more advanced technology. Some even argue that they are "better citizens" of the countries where they operate than local businessmen. They have more scruples about paying bribes. If they repatriate earnings to stockholders in the United States, that is still better than repatriating them to a secret bank account in Switzerland—a typical practice of many local businessmen who like to use nationalistic rhetoric to fight foreign takeovers but have no interest in the nation except as a source of personal profit. Still, there are alternatives open to developing countries other than domination by foreign corporations or exploitation by native entrepreneurs. Another rejoinder of the corporate managers to the charge of economic imperialism might be termed the argument "It's a tough world." Where, the managers ask, are poor countries going to get the capital and the technology to develop, if not from their companies? In this view, the social benefits from the investment, slight as they may be in some cases, constitute the only development poor countries can realistically expect.

This argument turns out to be an exaggeration. Life is hard for poor nations, but not that hard. The fact is that the global companies bring in relatively little of their own money. The capital that they raise locally could also be available to local companies or to the government for development projects. Peter Gabriel, dean of the Boston University College of Business Administration, estimates that even moderately tough tax policies in Latin America would produce considerable capital for significant development advances. Then, too, other sources of outside capital exist. In 1972, Brazil floated a bond issue of a hundred and forty million dollars, which was more than the capital contribution sent from the United States to all American global-corporation manufacturing subsidiaries in all of Latin America during 1968. Japan's phenomenal postwar recovery, it must be remembered, was based largely on the exclusion of foreign investment. Noting the experience of the Communist countries in obtaining foreign capital and technology without turning over their basic industries to foreigners, the Third World is taking a harder look at the traditional arguments of the foreign investor.

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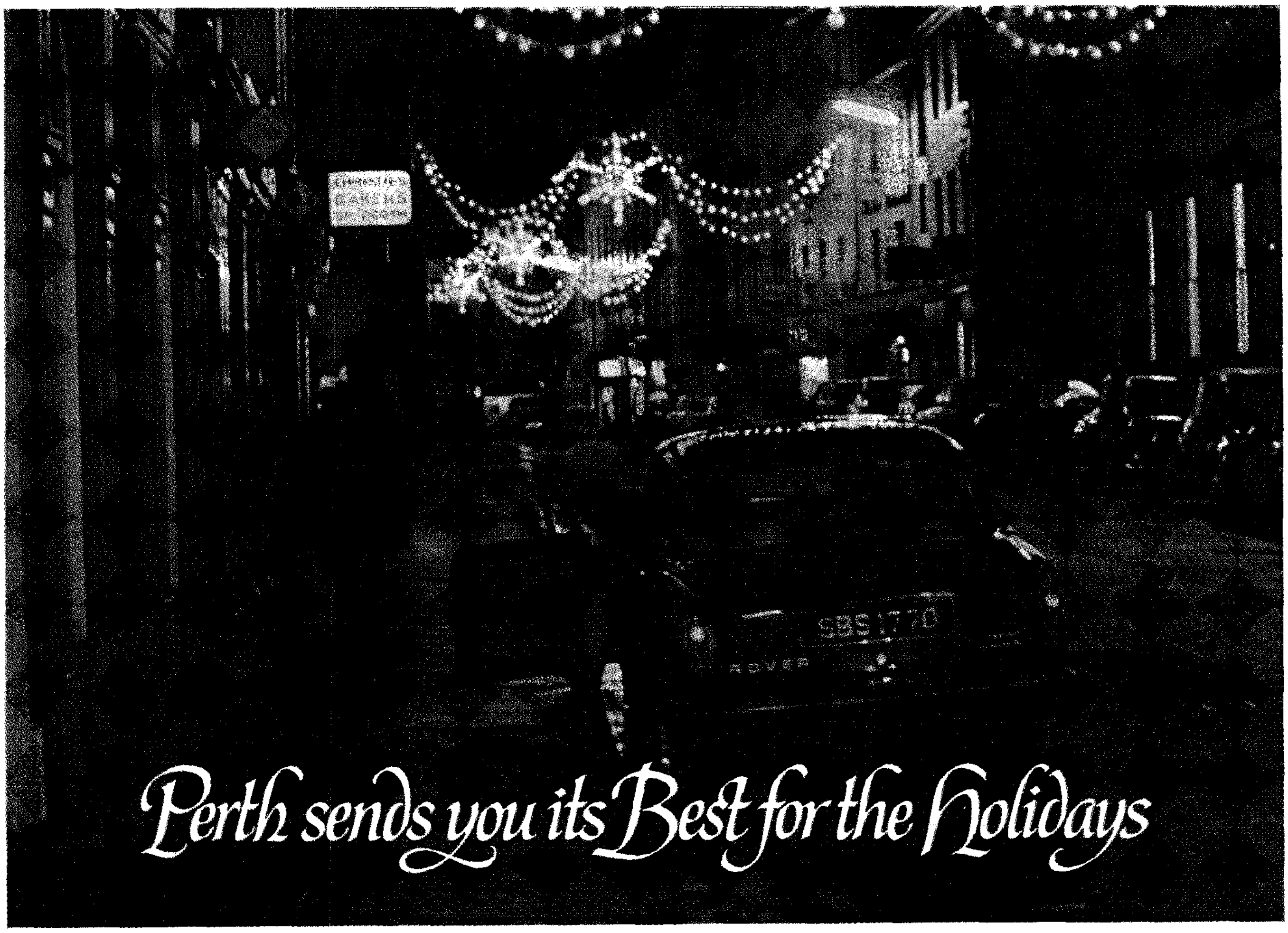
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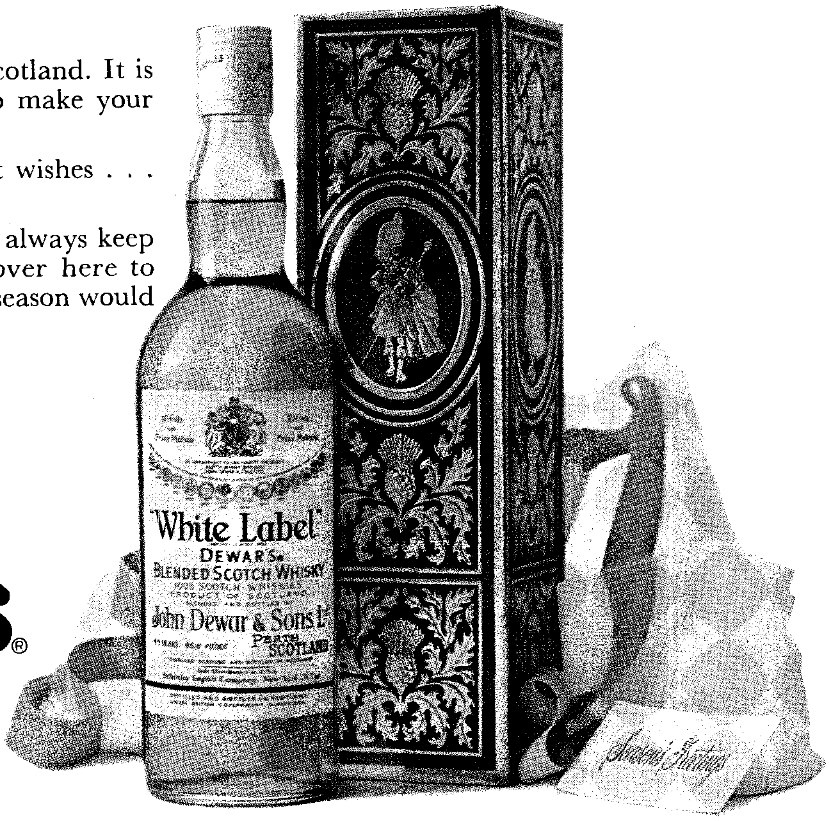
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heard in Chamber of Commerce speeches around the world is that global corporations help solve the balance-of-payments problems of poor countries. One characteristic shared by these nations is a lack of foreign exchange, the reason for this being that the only way to get dollars or pounds or marks needed to buy capital goods or consumer luxuries from the United States, Britain, or Germany is to make, mine, or grow something that these countries need or want. During the years 1955 through 1969, the Third World countries' share of world exports has declined precipitously because of the dramatic increase in trading among the developed countries (most of it stimulated by multinational concerns) and because of the loss of markets and the decline in prices for certain agricultural products, such as hemp, for which synthetic substitutes have been found. In Latin America during the Decade of Development, the value of exports declined as the price of imports rose. Compounding the balance-of-payments problem was a steep rise in foreign debt. By the mid-nineteen-sixties, service on foreign debt exceeded the value of new loans, and by the end of the sixties Latin America's external debt had doubled. Corporate managers argue that it is precisely these unhappy facts of life which make the contribution of their companies so important. But again the figures are misleading. There is no doubt that global corporations based in the United States account for a significant portion of Latin America's total trade. In 1968, American companies were responsible for forty per cent of all manufacturing exports from the region and for more than a third of its imports. More than a third of all American exports take the form of exports to subsidiaries overseas. This means that the global corporations' claim that they have a crucial impact on the balance-of-payments situation of Latin America is absolutely correct.

The issue is the nature of that impact. Whether exports benefit a weak economy depends critically on their price. It does not help the foreign-exchange problem of a poor country to export goods at a bargain. When global companies buy and sell to their own subsidiaries, they establish prices that often have little connection with the market prices. Indeed, when the corporate headquarters is acting as both buyer and seller, the very concept of the market has lost its significance. The literature on how to run global corporations is filled with advice on how to

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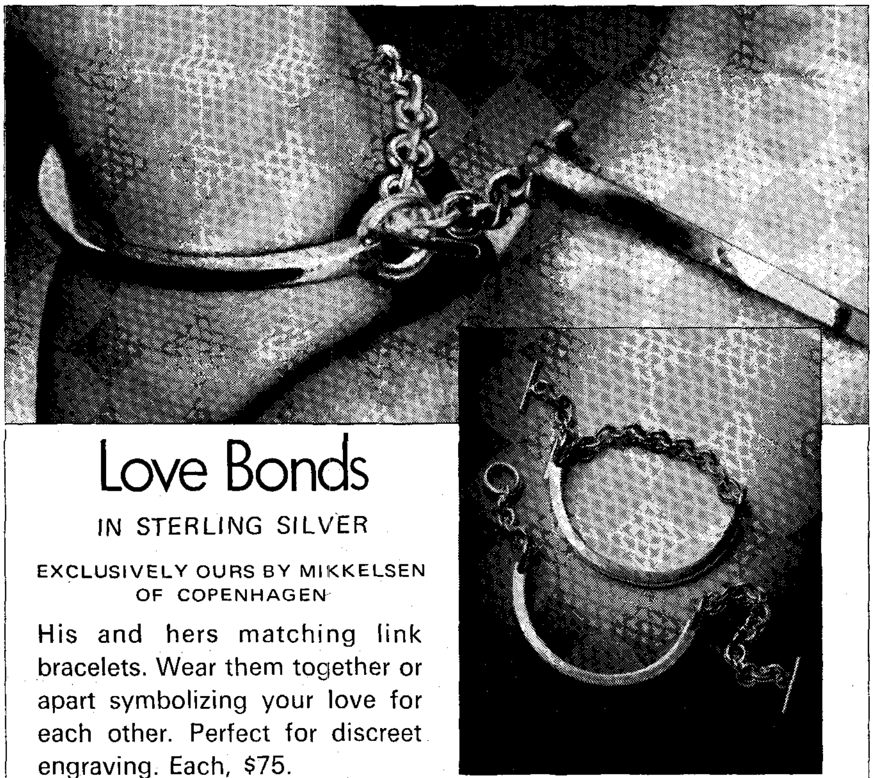

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set prices on intracompany transfers to maximize profits. Such "transfer prices," as they are called, deviate from the market prices for good business reasons. For example, if an automobile manufacturer with operations in many countries wishes to export from a manufacturing subsidiary in one country to a distributing subsidiary in another country, it is often advantageous for tax purposes to direct the exporting subsidiary to undervalue its exports. One common reason for this is that the taxes in the manufacturing country may be higher than the taxes in the importing country. The artificial price charged on the export reduces total taxes for the corporation and increases its profits, but one result is that the manufacturing country loses foreign exchange, as well as tax revenues, it would have received had there been a normal market transaction. Another technique even more attractive to headquarters is to direct underpriced exports to a tax-free port such as the Bahamas and then to ship the goods on at their normal market value, or even at an inflated price, to a subsidiary in the country where they are to be sold. Seventy-five per cent of American global corporations in Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, and Venezuela export only to other subsidiaries of the same parent; that is, only under circumstances where the export price can be artificially controlled because the company is trading with itself. And, despite their claim that they expand exports for poor countries, global companies in Latin America are outperformed by local companies in exports, and within Latin America (with the exception of Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico) they do no better than the local companies. American global companies consistently underprice their exports, charging on the average forty per cent less than the prices charged by local concerns.

At the same time, where it is to their over-all advantage, global corporations wildly overvalue their imports. Constantine Vaitsos, who is the chief economist for the Andean Pact nations, has completed a detailed study of import overpricing in Colombia. By comparing prices charged by a large number of subsidiaries of global companies in the pharmaceutical, rubber, and electronics industries with world market prices, he found overpricing of a hundred and fifty-five per cent in the pharmaceutical industry, forty per cent in the rubber industry, and from sixteen to sixty per cent in the electronics industry. When he compared the import prices of certain popular drugs produced by global

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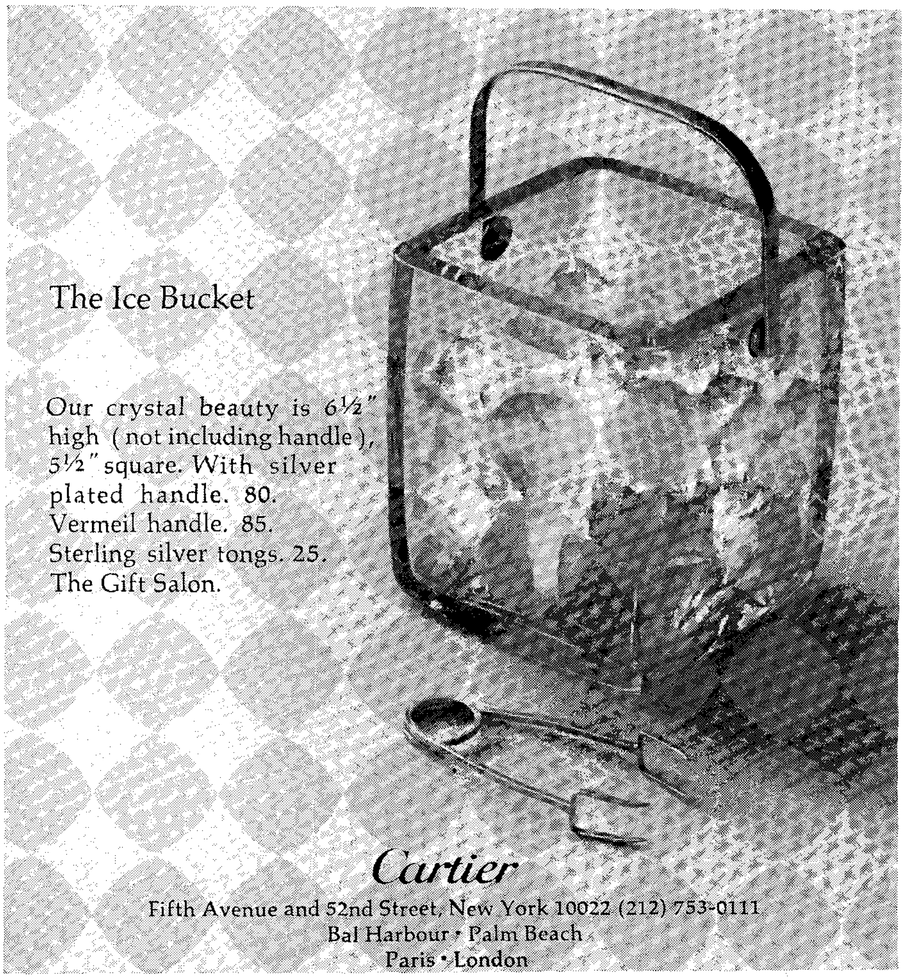

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companies with the world market prices, he found that the Colombian prices for the tranquillizers Valium and Librium were, respectively, eighty-two and sixty-five times the world prices. The price charged for the antibiotic tetracycline was almost ten times the world price. These special prices, which are not limited to the drug industry, are passed on to local consumers—whose per-capita income is about three hundred dollars a year. Transistors sold in Colombia cost eleven times their United States price. A certain TV amplifier is sold for two and a half times its United States equivalent. In Chile, Vaitsos reports, overpricing ranges from thirty per cent to more than seven hundred per cent. According to a study by Pedroleon Díaz, who is also an economist on the staff of the Andean Pact, overpricing in Peru ranges from fifty per cent to three hundred per cent, and in Ecuador from seventy-five per cent to two hundred per cent. Such overpricing obviously diverts foreign exchange and tax revenues from poor countries. Vaitsos estimates that in 1968 overpricing in the drug industry alone cost Colombia twenty million dollars in foreign exchange and ten million dollars in tax revenues.

There are several other advantages to a corporation in manipulating import and export prices. Minimizing local profits is often an essential public-relations strategy. Moreover, some countries—Brazil, Chile, and Ecuador among them—have at times imposed a percentage limitation on the repatriation of profits. Overpricing imports is a good way to repatriate more profits than the local government allows. All this makes good business sense, but its impact on the economy of poor countries is cruel. It is one more example of the basic conflict in outlook, interest, and goals between multinational business and nations trying to solve the problems of poverty, unemployment, and inequality.

The various profit-maximizing strategies of the global corporations give us a glimpse of the true profits earned by the companies in underdeveloped areas. Thanks to the magic of modern accounting, such figures bear little relation to those the companies report either to the local government or to the United States Treasury. To get a true picture of the annual return on investment that a global corporation based in the United States derives from its subsidiary in, say, a Latin-American country, it is necessary to calculate the overpricing of imports and the underpricing

If television only played favorites, you wouldn't see many of these programs.

If television only wanted to reach for the biggest audiences every night, it would be easy enough.

It could simply feed people a steady diet of the most popular program types. Situation comedies, suspense and police dramas.

But to do this would sap the vitality of a medium that can satisfy many tastes.

The weeks ahead would bring you no Shakespeare or Arthur Miller. No documentaries on the relationship of men and women, on Renaissance art, on Anwar Sadat, on drinking water and on safety standards. There'd be no prime-time specials for children.

Whatever your preferences, television seeks to serve them with novelty and variety. With attention to special needs. With awareness that, for many, television is the only avenue to history and drama and information.

To illustrate this point—and help the selective viewer—here is a sampling of entries for December and January.

The Wild Places. Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward are guides in majestic natural areas. Monday, Dec. 2 (8-9 pm).

The Red Badge of Courage. Stephen Crane's Civil War novel. Tuesday, Dec. 3 (8:30-10 pm).

The American Parade. Portrait of General George C. Marshall. Thursday, Dec. 5 (9-10 pm); The Case Against Milligan. Sunday, Jan. 19 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Caution: Water May Be Dangerous to Your Health. CBS Reports on health hazards in drinking water. Thursday, Dec. 5 (10-11 pm).

My Fair Lady. Lerner and Lowe musical. Saturday, Dec. 7 (9-11 pm); Monday, Dec. 9 (9-10:45 pm).

The Year Without A Santa Claus. Based on Phyllis McGinley novel, with voices of Shirley Booth, Mickey Rooney. Tuesday, Dec. 10 (8-9 pm).

After the Fall. Arthur Miller's play with Faye Dunaway, Christopher Plummer. Tuesday, Dec. 10 (8:30-11 pm).

Out to Lunch. Family comedy-variety produced by Children's Television Workshop with Elliott Gould, Barbara Eden, Sesame Street Muppets. Tuesday, Dec. 10 (9-10 pm).

ABC Afterschool Special. Magical Mystery Trip Through Little Red's Head; Pssst! Hammerman's After You!; The Runaway. Wednesdays, Dec. 11, Jan. 8, Jan. 22 (4:30-5:30 pm).

NBC News Presents. UFO: Do You Believe? Sunday, Dec. 15 (10-11 pm); The Navajo Way. Monday, Dec. 23 (10-11 pm).

Ben Franklin. The Whirlwind. Tuesday, Dec. 17 (9:30-11 pm); The Rebel. Thursday, Jan. 9 (8:30-10 pm); The Statesman. Tuesday, Jan. 28 (8:30-10 pm).

The Missiles of October. Dramatic account of U.S.-U.S.S.R. confrontation. Wednesday, Dec. 18 (8-11 pm).

Anwar Sadat. ABC News Action Biography of Egypt's President. Thursday, Dec. 19 (10-11 pm).

1974: A Television Album. CBS News survey of year's major events. Sunday, Dec. 22 (6-7 pm).

Scrooge. Musical with Albert Finney, Alec Guinness, Edith Evans. Monday, Dec. 23 (8-10 pm).

GE Theater. I Heard the Owl Call My Name. Monday, Dec. 23 (8:30-10 pm); Miles to Go Before I Sleep. Wednesday, Jan. 8 (9:30-11 pm).

The Politics of Safety. ABC News Close-Up on lax safety standards in transportation. Thursday, Dec. 26 (8-9 pm).

Antony and Cleopatra. ABC Theatre—Royal Shakespeare Company production of Shakespeare's tragedy. Saturday, Jan. 4 (8-11 pm).

Golden Spring. Renaissance art filmed in Venice, Florence, Rome. Sunday, Jan. 5 (3-4 pm).

Year-End Report. NBC News correspondents review year's highlights. Sunday, Jan. 5 (time TBA).

Beavers of the North Country. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau. Monday, Jan. 6 (8-9 pm).

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men. ABC Theatre—Negro Ensemble Company in drama set in Harlem. Monday, Jan. 6 (9-11 pm).

Antonio and the Mayor. Effect a boy's new bicycle has on rural Mexican community. Wednesday, Jan. 8 (8-9:30 pm).

Rikki Tikki Tavi. Rudyard Kipling tale. Thursday, Jan. 9 (8-8:30 pm).

Adventure in America. ABC News explores forest fire threat. Thursday, Jan. 9 (8-9 pm).

NBC News Special. Explores basic, revolutionary transformation under way in relationships between men and women. Thursday, Jan. 9 (8-11 pm).

The Count of Monte Cristo. Bell System Family Theatre—New production of Dumas novel. Friday, Jan. 10 (8-10 pm).

Stowaway to the Moon. Boy's adventure on space flight. Friday, Jan. 17 (8-10 pm).

Queen of the Stardust Ballroom. Maureen Stapleton in drama of widow's struggle. Thursday, Jan. 23 (9-11 pm).

Be My Valentine, Charlie Brown. Tuesday, Jan. 28 (8-8:30 pm).

Smithsonian: Flight. History of aviation. Friday, Jan. 31 (9-10 pm).

A Girl Named Sooner. Drama of girl abandoned by parents stars Lee Remick, Richard Crenna, Cloris Leachman, others. Friday, Jan. 31 (9-11 pm).

ABC News Close-Up. Investigates illegal immigration. Date and time TBA.

MOSTLY FOR YOUNG VIEWERS

Santa Claus is Coming to Town, Thurs., Dec. 5 (8-9 pm); **Yes, Virginia, There is a Santa Claus,** Fri., Dec. 6 (8-8:30 pm); **The Man Without A Country,** Fri., Dec. 6 (8:30-10 pm); **The Count of Monte Cristo,** Sat., Dec. 7 (4-5 pm); **A Christmas Carol,** Sat., Dec. 7 (8-8:30 pm); **The Point,** Sat., Dec. 7 (8:30-10 pm); **Frosty the Snowman,** Sun., Dec. 8 (7:30-8 pm); **'Twas the Night Before Christmas,** Sun., Dec. 8 (8-8:30 pm); **The Homecoming,** Sun., Dec. 8 (8:30-10:30 pm); **Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas,** Fri., Dec. 13 (8-8:30 pm); **Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer,** Fri., Dec. 13 (8:30-9:30 pm); **The Borrowers,** Fri., Dec. 13 (8:30-10 pm); **The House Without A Christmas Tree,** Fri., Dec. 13 (9:30-11 pm); **A Christmas Carol,** Sat., Dec. 14 (2-3 pm); **The Little Drummer Boy,** Sun., Dec. 15 (7:30-8 pm); **The Bear Who Slept Through Christmas,** Mon., Dec. 16 (8-8:30 pm); **A Charlie Brown Christmas,** Tues., Dec. 17 (8-8:30 pm); **A Dream For Christmas,** Sat., Dec. 21 (8-10 pm); **Aesop's Fables,** Mon., Dec. 23 (8-8:30 pm); **A Child's Christmas in Wales,** Wed., Dec. 25 (3:30-4:30 pm); **Dr. Seuss' The Cat in the Hat,** Fri., Jan. 31 (8-8:30 pm); **The Little Mermaid,** Fri., Jan. 31 (8:30-9 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company/Zoom/Villa Alegre

Saturday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Yogi's Gang/Emergency+4/Land of the Lost/Valley of the Dinosaurs/Sigmund and the Sea Monsters/Korg: 70,000 B.C.!/Harlem Globetrotters Popcorn Machine/Star Trek/Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Comedy Show/U.S. of Archie/These are the Days/GO/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/CBS Children's Film Festival/The Reasoner Report/Weekend

Sunday: In the News/Schoolhouse Rock/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make a Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/The Wonderful World of Disney/Nova/Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Specials/Weekend

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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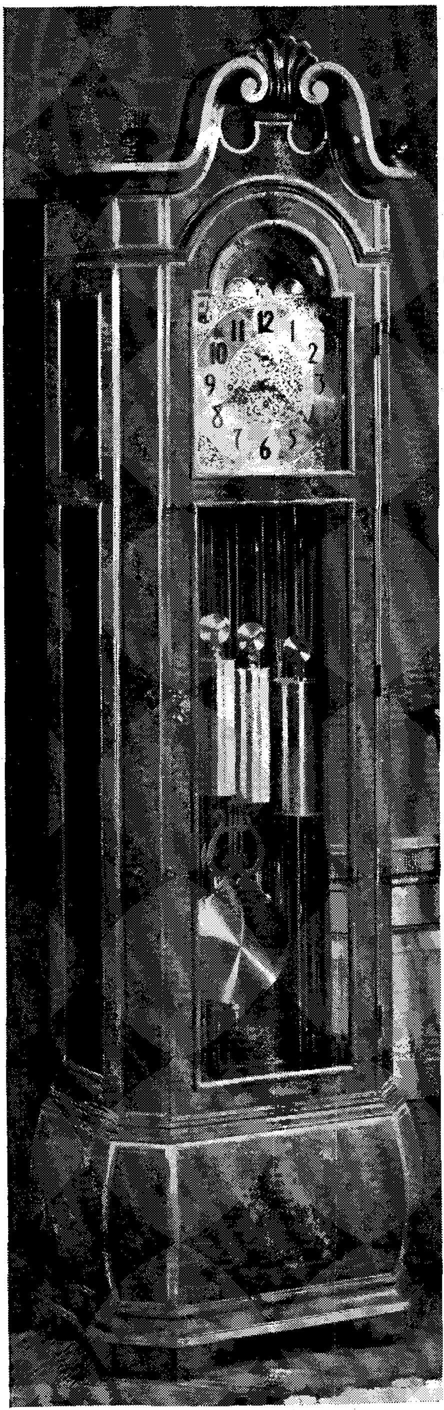

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of exports as well as reported profits, royalties, and fees repatriated to headquarters. To calculate the actual rate of return, this total is then divided into the declared net worth of the subsidiary. Vaitsos performed this exercise for fifteen wholly owned United States and European drug subsidiaries in Colombia for the year 1968. He found the annual rate of return ranging from a low of thirty-eight per cent to a high of nine hundred and sixty-two, with an average of a hundred and thirty-six per cent. That year, the average declared profit submitted to the Colombian tax authorities was six and seven-tenths per cent. In the rubber industry, on the average the effective profit rate was forty-three per cent, the declared rate sixteen per cent. Vaitsos's investigations are corroborated by other studies, which conclude that during the Decade of Development the minimum rate of return of American-based manufacturing corporations in Latin America could not have been much below forty per cent. But even these estimates understate the actual profits. For example, neither the work of Vaitsos nor that summarized in the Rand Corporation report "Latin America in the 1970's" could take account of the underpricing of exports or the fact that a subsidiary's declared net worth is usually considerably overvalued. Economists at the University of Lund, Sweden, in an analysis of sixty-four mining operations of American companies in Peru between 1967 and 1969, found that while the companies reported to the local government total profits of sixty million dollars, the declarations to the United States government on the identical operations showed profits of a hundred and two million dollars. In 1966, the Peruvian Parliament established an investigatory commission to study the double-accounting methods of the American-controlled Southern Peru Copper Corporation. For the years 1960-65, the investigation found that Southern Peru had reported net profits to the Peruvian government of sixty-nine million dollars, whereas to the United States Securities and Exchange Commission they had filed net profits of a hundred and thirty-five million dollars.

These are some of the reasons that led the Boston University economist Shane Hunt, in a chapter that he contributed to the Rand report, to conclude that the "calculation of country-specific profit rates . . . presents a statistical challenge that the U.S. Department of Commerce has failed to meet, at least up to the present." A Colom-

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	Costa Mesa	Pace Setter
	Gilroy	Leedo Gallery
	Pasadena	*Port O'Call*
	Sacramento	Grebitus & Son
	San Diego	Jessop's
	San Francisco	Shreve's
	San Marino	Logan's Sally Bohannon Shop
	Santa Ana	*J. Herbert Hall Jewelers*
	Santa Barbara	Hunt's
	Santa Monica	Pearson's Brentwood
	Westwood Village	Delphi Jewelers
Colorado	Aurora	Habitat
	Denver	Cricket Ltd.
Connecticut	New Haven	Michaels Jewelers
	Stamford	Douglas Gallery
	Westport	Douglas Gallery
Delaware	Wilmington	J. E. Caldwell
Dist. of Col.	Washington	Garfinckel's
Florida	*Boca Raton*	*Sobering's*
	Coral Gables	Balough Jewelers
	Lakeland	George L. Gaines
	Miami	Mayor's
	Naples	Holland Salley
	Orlando	The Golden Cricket
	Palm Beach	Douglas Lorie
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Georgia	Atlanta	Gifts for Men
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	Columbus	V. V. Vick Jewelers
	Thomasville	The Gift Shop
Illinois	Arlington Heights	Persin-Robbins Jewelers
	Barrington	Wenzel Jewelers
	Chicago	C. D. Peacock
	Decatur	The Ginny Lee
	Elgin	Kolberg's
	Joliet	Liebermann's
	LaSalle	C. A. Jensen
	Peoria	Willownook
Indiana	Evansville	Kruckemeyer & Cohn
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Kentucky	Louisville	C. H. R. Lyon
	Shelbyville	Wakefield-Scearce Galleries
Louisiana	*New Orleans*	*Coleman E. Adler*
Maryland	Annapolis	Sign O' The Whale
Massachusetts	Boston	Shreve, Crump & Low Co.
	Springfield	Albert Steiger's-Hall Galleries
Michigan	Ann Arbor	John Leidy Shop
	Bloomfield Hills	Wiggs
	Detroit	Charles W. Warren
	Lansing	Liebermann's
	Muskegon	Krautheims
Minnesota	*Minneapolis*	*J. B. Hudson*
Mississippi	Jackson	Fridge's Fireside
Missouri	Clayton	Schirmer's
	Columbia	Buchroeder's
	Kansas City	Halls
	St. Louis	Byron Cade
	Springfield	Gift Gallery at H. J. City
Nebraska	Omaha	J. B. Hudson
Nevada	Las Vegas	Bertha's
New Jersey	Englewood	The Burrows Gallerye
	Shrewsbury	International Arrivals
	Trenton	Liberty Gifts
New Mexico	Albuquerque	Tellman's
New York	Brooklyn Heights	Summa Gallery
	Buffalo	*Jenss Decor*
	New York	Mayhew-Copley
	Pittsford	*T. H. Osprey*
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	Nashville	Michael Corzine
Texas	Arlington	The Finishing Touch
	Dallas	Serendipity Shop
	San Antonio	Accents
	Wichita Falls	The Pavilion
Utah	Salt Lake City	Crawford & Day
Vermont	Manchester	The Orvis Company
Virginia	Charlottesville	Keller & George
	McClean	Mesmeralda's Ltd.
	Richmond	Schwarzchild Jewelers
Washington	Spokane	Dodson's
Wisconsin	Eau Claire	Lasker Jewelers
	LaCrosse	Edwards China Shop
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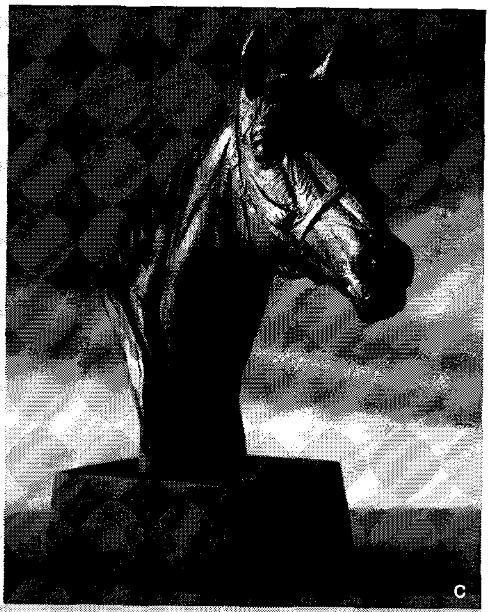
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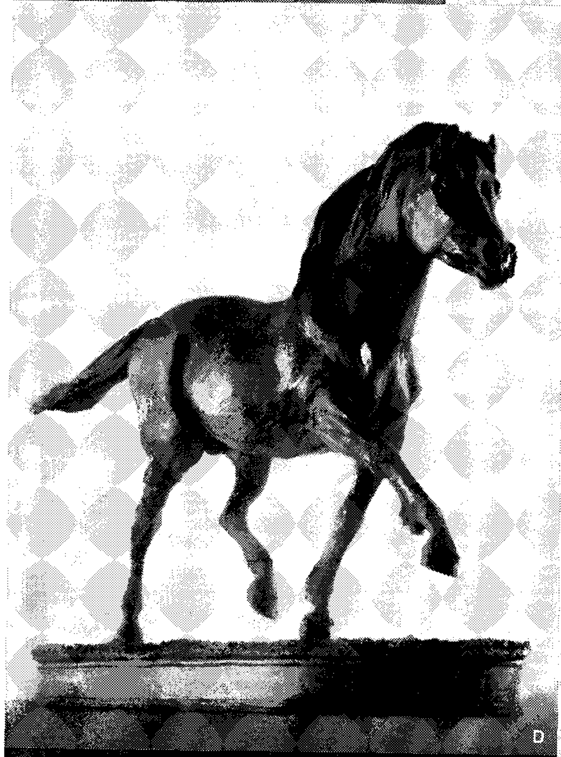
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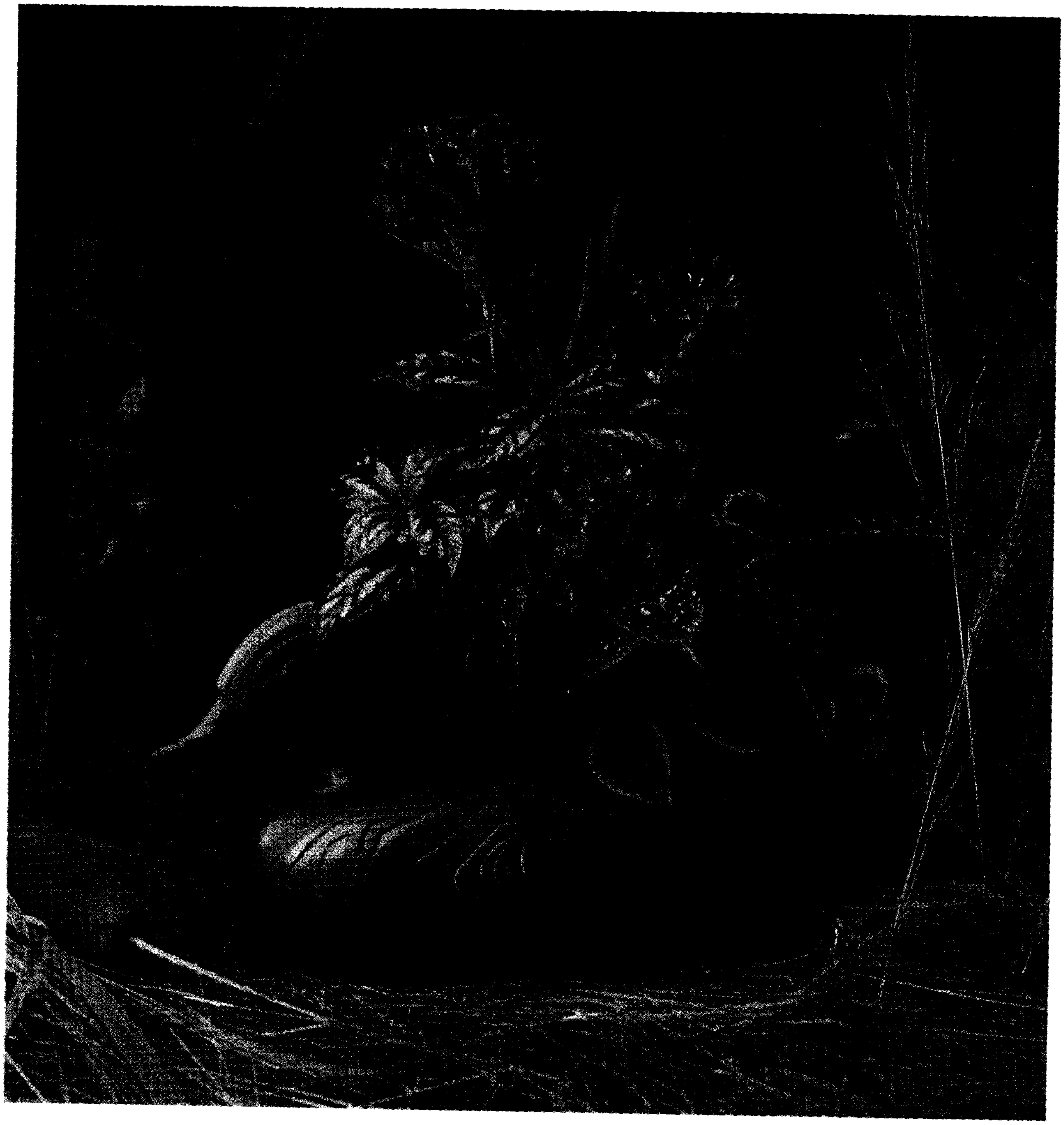
bian economist, Dario Abad, has pointed out the meaninglessness of officially declared profits by noting that between 1960 and 1968 the average reported rate of return for global corporations in all manufacturing sectors of the country was 6.4 per cent. He found it "difficult to accept" that these corporations would continue to enter Colombia at this reported rate of profitability while national firms were showing higher returns and the interest rate in financial markets was running between sixteen and twenty per cent. Abad's views are reflected in those of an assistant to the president of a large United States-based global corporation operating in Latin America, who has said it was "no problem" to maintain real rates of return of from fifty per cent to four hundred per cent a year. An analysis of the widespread practice of transfer pricing, however, makes it clear that these "benefits" are accruing elsewhere than to the poor countries, and thus making the capital outflow from Latin America even worse than these statistics suggest. The Guatemalan economist Gert Rosenthal, calculating the "financial contribution" of global corporations to the Central American Common Market countries, has found that while net capital inflows increased in the years between 1960 and 1971 by three hundred and forty-four per cent, outflows rose nine hundred and eighty-two per cent.

THE second great contribution to development that global corporations claim they are making, in addition to providing finance capital, is the transfer of technology. According to the conventional development wisdom of the past generation, American, European, and Japanese corporations can help close the gap between rich and poor by sharing their advanced technology with underdeveloped countries so as to help them increase productivity, on which rapid economic growth depends. There is no doubt that the import of technology has had a major impact on poor nations. But, as in the case of foreign capital, foreign technology has not had the positive effects claimed for it. Once again, the suppliers and the recipients have conflicting interests, and the bargaining power has been on the side of the corporations. The global corporations are for the most part oligopolies, and their enviable position usually rests on some piece of exclusive technology that they are not eager to make available to actual or potential competitors. At the same time, if they are to operate globally they must spread their technology. Their strategy is to maintain maximum control in the process.

The conditions under which these companies transfer technology create problems for poor countries. A United Nations study of four hundred and nine technology-transfer contracts between global corporations and their subsidiaries, or between foreign corporations and local domestically owned licensees, in Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru, Chile, and Colombia shows that more than eighty per cent of them effectively prohibited the use of the transferred technology for producing exports. Similar studies in India, Pakistan, the Philippines, Mexico, and Iran indicate the same widespread use of what the United Nations calls "restrictive business practices." In a few cases, the contracts are more liberal—the local company is permitted to export to neighboring markets too small to be of interest to the giants, or to distant markets that are beyond their reach. The interest of the global corporation in restricting competition is obvious; the adverse effect on poor countries seeking to earn scarce foreign exchange by exporting manufactured goods is equally obvious.

Technological dependence on foreign corporations enormously enhances the power such corporations can wield —power that, as everywhere, is abused when it is not checked. According to José Epstein, the administrative manager of the Inter-American Development Bank, "One of the most important failures of Latin-American-based mineral and oil producers was the lack of development of domestic-research capability which would allow them to discontinue their overwhelming dependence upon outside research." Many problems associated with nationalization efforts in Mexico and Chile, to take two examples, have arisen because these countries lacked technological capability. In part, this lack is due to specific policies of global companies aimed at keeping local people from acquiring certain key technological skills. Moreover, because poor countries lack bargaining power, the technology that global corporations transfer is often obsolete and overpriced. This phenomenon is easy to verify in the case of consumer goods. Refrigerators and washing machines from the nineteen-fifties are standard items in Bangkok and Accra department stores. Distributing last genera-



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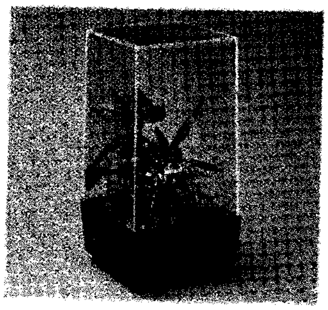

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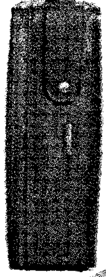

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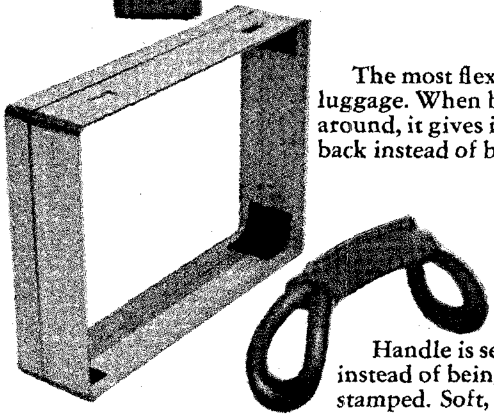

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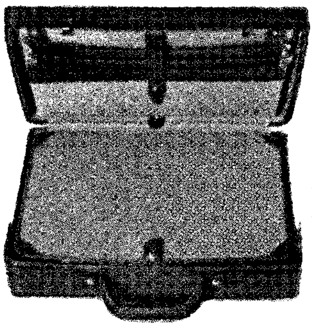
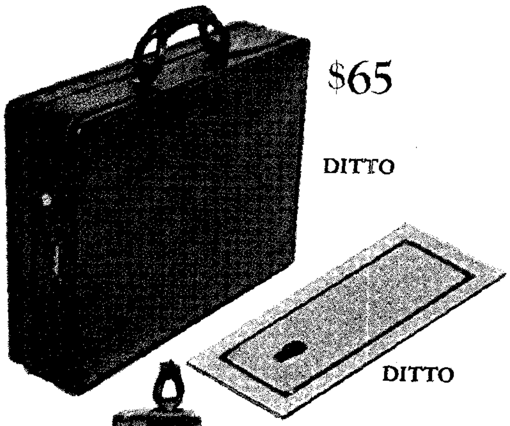


Interior crafted and tailored by hand and completely backed. Edges are turned and bound. Removable desk and file sections. Zepel® treated lining repels stains.

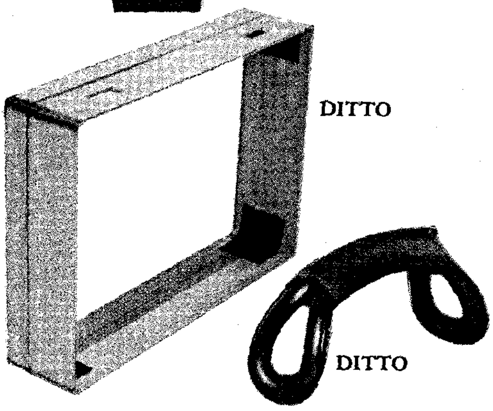


$65

DITTO

DITTO

DITTO



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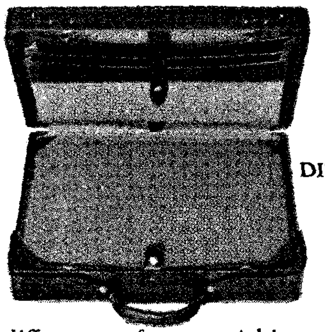

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tion's technology to poor countries is a good way to prolong its marketable life.

At the same time, the corporations consistently overcharge for the technology they transfer to subsidiaries in poor countries. Detailed investigations in Colombia have revealed overpricing of technology in every case. In one instance, a global corporation was selling machinery to a subsidiary at a price thirty per cent higher than it was charging an independent Colombian firm. In another, a subsidiary of a global paper company applied to a government agency for a permit to import used machinery, which it valued at more than a million dollars. The agency solicited international competitive bids for new models of the same machinery and found that the going price for the new models was fifty per cent less than what the company was charging its subsidiary for used models. (Obsolete machinery thus transferred usually has no value on the parent books, since it has been fully depreciated for United States tax purposes.) Managers of these subsidiaries admit that overvaluing of technology is "standard practice." One motive for overvaluation, of course, is to produce politically attractive financial statements. It is an easy way to make one's investment look bigger and one's profits look smaller. But this practice helps to explain some of the mystery about why poor countries are not "closing the gap."

A more fundamental criticism of the global corporation's role in technology transfer is that it provides the wrong kind of technology. Having been developed for the needs of industrialized societies, expensive and complicated technology does not solve—and may aggravate—the problems of poor countries. René Dumont, the renowned French agronomist, has pointed out that what most of the world needs is not gas-devouring four-wheel tractors, which are expensive to buy, operate, and repair, but better hoes and ox plows. While Ford, British Leyland, and Honda have all developed relatively inexpensive small tractors, the major effort of the global corporations is to push their standard models. On the whole, the corporations have not been inventive about tailoring technology to the needs of the Third World. A principal reason, of course, is that they define these needs in terms of American and European criteria—a heavy emphasis on individual consumption, private cars, individual refrigerators, expensive medical technology. Another reason is that there are much greater

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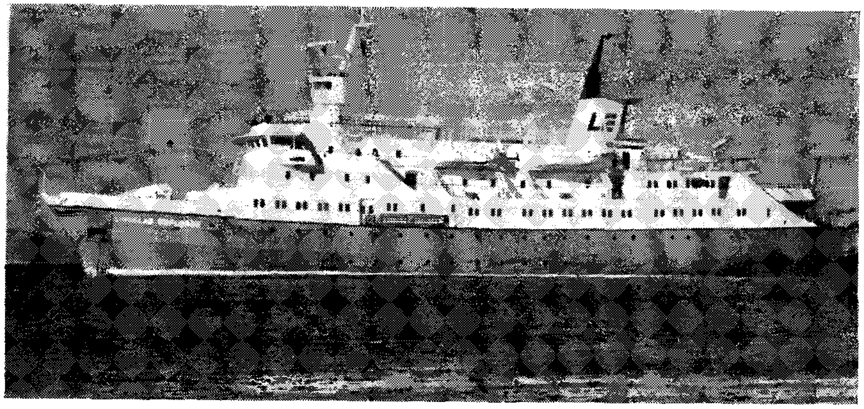

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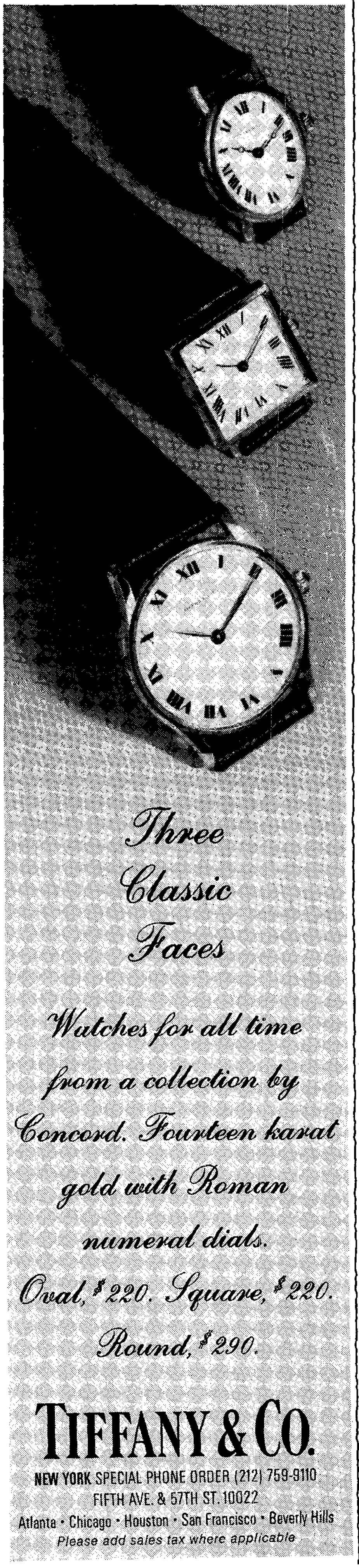

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possibilities of quick return if a company attempts to create a market for private-consumption technology in the nonindustrialized world than if it takes the risk of experimenting with new technologies specifically designed for development needs.

The characteristic of corporate technology with the most devastating consequences for poor nations is its tendency to destroy jobs. Typically, these countries abound in human resources, yet the sort of technology that global corporations offer them is capital-intensive and labor-saving, because it is what the corporations have developed in the United States as a response to high labor costs. Instead of making efficient use of the manpower of the Third World countries, such transferred technology tends to convert their human resources, which are their biggest assets, into social liabilities. In 1960, the United Nations estimated that twenty-seven per cent of the labor force of the Third World was unemployed. By the end of the sixties, this figure had risen to thirty per cent. Erik Thorbecke, a professor of economics at Cornell University, has estimated for the International Development Bank that forty-three per cent of the Peruvian labor force is "not needed in the production of that nation's national product." The unemployment rate in Colombia is about thirty-six per cent. In 1960, the last year for which such comparative figures are available, unemployment ranged from twenty-two per cent in Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico to forty-two per cent in the poorer countries of Central America and the Caribbean. James Grant, president of the Overseas Development Council, has calculated that the number of people fully unemployed approximately tripled between 1950 and 1965.

The corporate managers claim that they hold the key to the unemployment problem, and there is no doubt that global corporations do employ an impressive number of people. But the statistics, inadequate as they are, demonstrate that the global corporations have not even begun to solve the global unemployment problem, and are, in fact, making it worse. The expansion of the corporations has contributed to world unemployment, even in countries such as Mexico and Brazil, where there has been heavy foreign investment. This is not to say that the global corporations are alone responsible for the growth in unemployment, but certainly their policies offer no solution. Furthermore, it is possible to document

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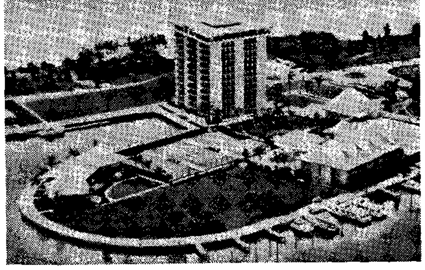

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the job-destroying impact of their technology. Even the construction industry, once an important source of employment for poor countries at a stage of rapid industrialization, will no longer absorb as many new workers as it once did, because cranes, bulldozers, and other labor-saving machinery are being substituted for manual labor. The mechanization of agriculture has had an even greater effect on the work force. The trend toward large, mechanized farms controlled by agribusiness—the application of technology and management techniques originally developed in the industrial sector to agriculture—has dramatically increased crop yields, but it has not absorbed labor. Huge farms produce an average of four hundred times what small farms can produce, but they employ only fifteen times more workers. The trend is obviously toward the use of less labor for each unit of output.

According to the development theory of the global corporations, an increase in a country's economic growth rate is all that is needed to keep the unemployment rate at an "acceptable" level. However, as the economist Raul Prebisch has shown, in a 1970 report to the Inter-American Development Bank, Latin America as a whole would have to grow at a yearly rate of six per cent, without allowing for any new additions to the labor force, just to maintain the 1960 unemployment levels, which can hardly be considered acceptable. It is clear that economic growth alone will not solve the employment problem, because a nation's economy can boom through an industrialization process that actually employs an ever-smaller percentage of the labor force. The technology transferred by the global drug corporations, for example, is so capital-intensive that no more than three and a half per cent of total investment represents labor costs. In the Venezuelan oil industry, according to the Jamaican economist Norman Girvan, who is senior lecturer in economics at the University of the West Indies, the labor force was reduced by thirty-three per cent from 1950 to 1966, and in the Dutch Antilles by seventy per cent. In the chemical industry, according to Charles Levinson, who is Secretary-General of the International Federation of Chemical and General Workers' Unions, in Geneva, there have been "dramatic falls in unit labor costs." (In most of the industry, he estimates, labor accounts for no more than ten per cent of total costs.) The rapidly expanding use of capital-intensive technology has an obviously

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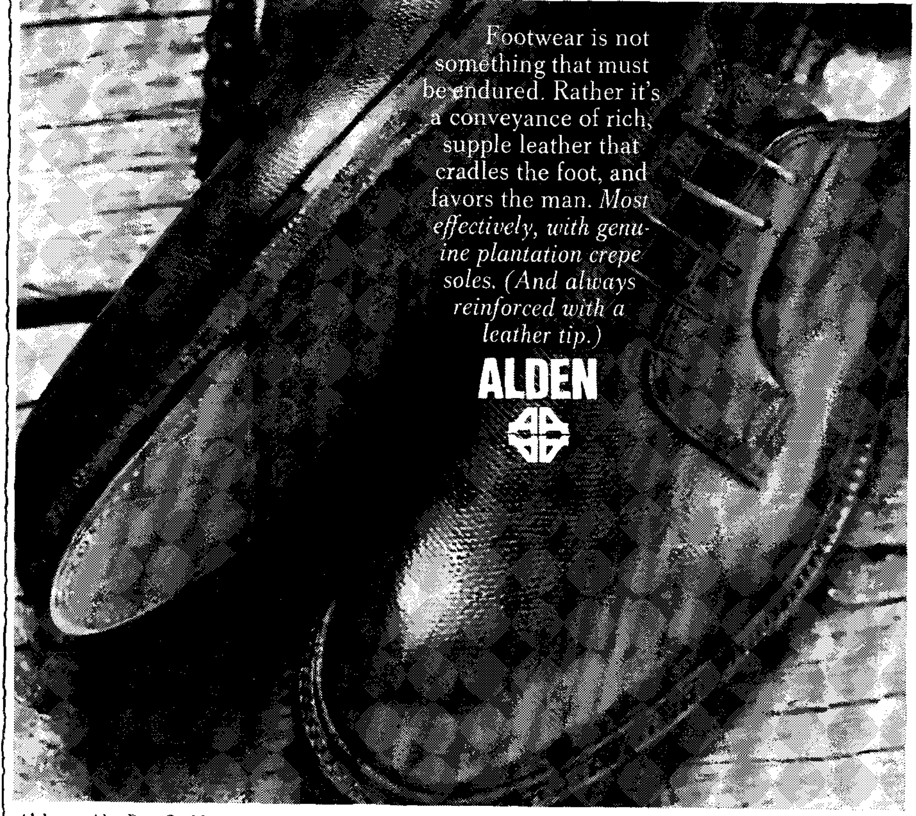

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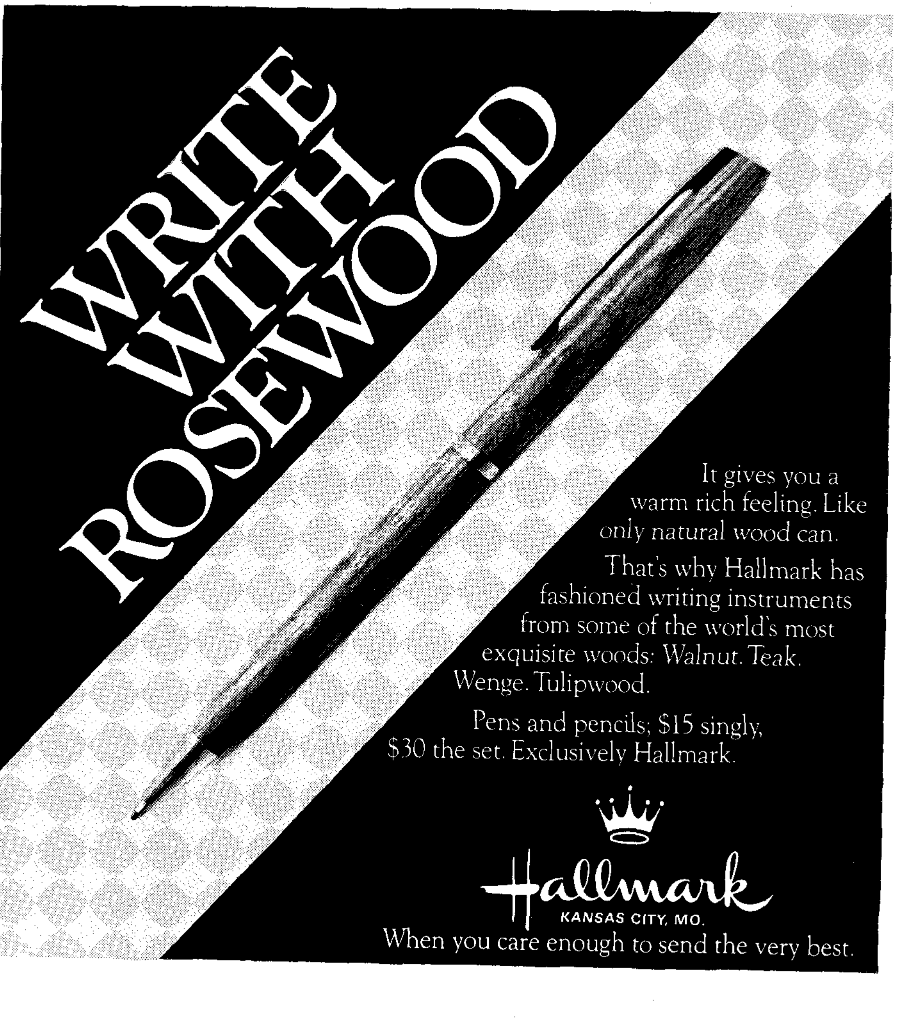

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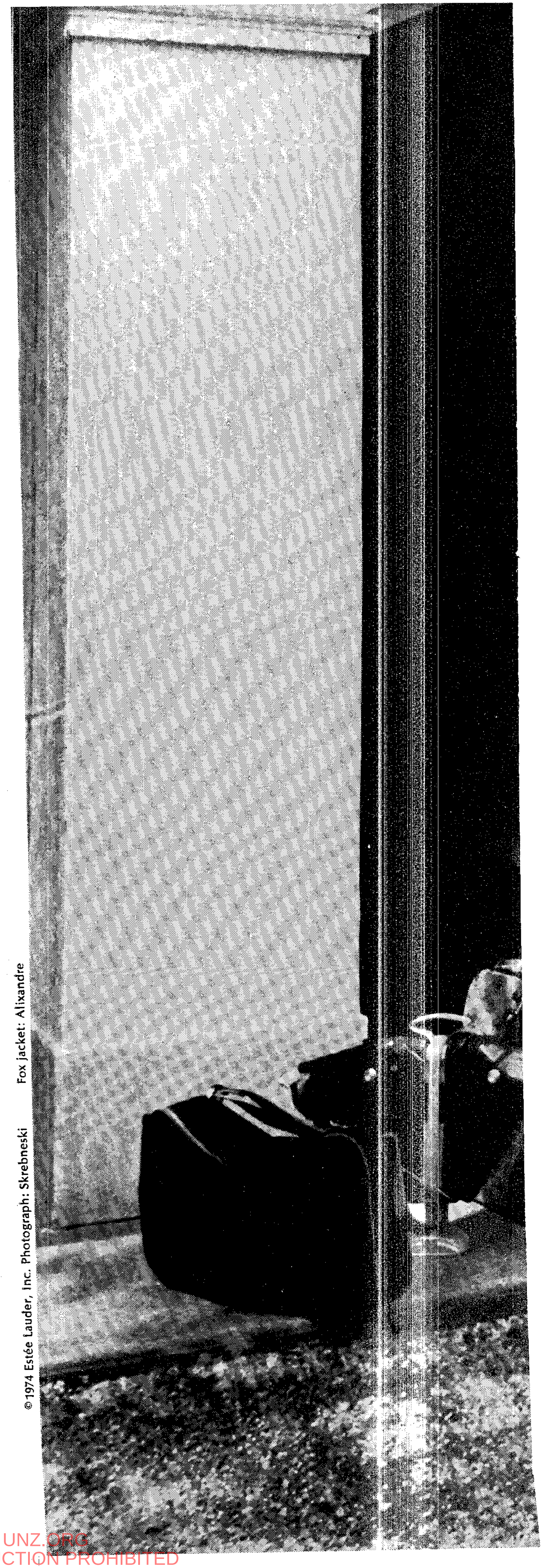

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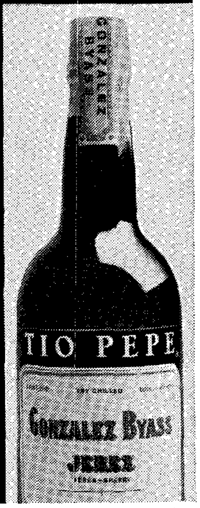

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adverse effect on income distribution. The returns on privately owned resources go to the owners of those resources—either to foreign companies and their foreign shareholders or to a tiny group of domestic investors, who, typically, already receive more than forty per cent of the country's income. As the technology of global corporations operating in poor countries has become more sophisticated, the investment needed to employ a single worker, particularly in the chemical, machinery, paper, rubber, and food industries, where corporations have concentrated their operations, has tripled. Dudley Seers, the British development theorist, who was commissioned by the International Labor Organization in 1970 to study high-technology industry in Colombia, found that whereas it took forty-five thousand pesos to employ one worker in 1957, by 1966 it took a hundred thousand 1957 pesos. A more recent study of two hundred and fifty-seven manufacturing corporations throughout Latin America shows that global corporations use almost half the number of employees per ten thousand dollars of sales as do local companies. From 1925 to 1970, the percentage of the Latin-American work force employed in the manufacturing sector actually decreased.

James Grant has pointed out in a paper that the job crisis is a consequence of the "artificial cheapening of the price of capital and the artificial increase in the price of labor." Poor countries (prompted by American corporations and development officials, he might have added) "have encouraged 'modern' urban-oriented factories and large-scale, mechanized farming as the fastest route to modernization at a time when the latest machines use less and less labor." Yet poor countries are actually losing valuable tax revenues because of their inability to control transfer pricing. At the same time, the modest improvements in minimum-wage laws, fringe benefits, and union bargaining power mean higher labor costs for global corporations, which often pay more than the traditional sectors of the economy. Thus, global companies have every incentive to buy more machines and to employ fewer workers.

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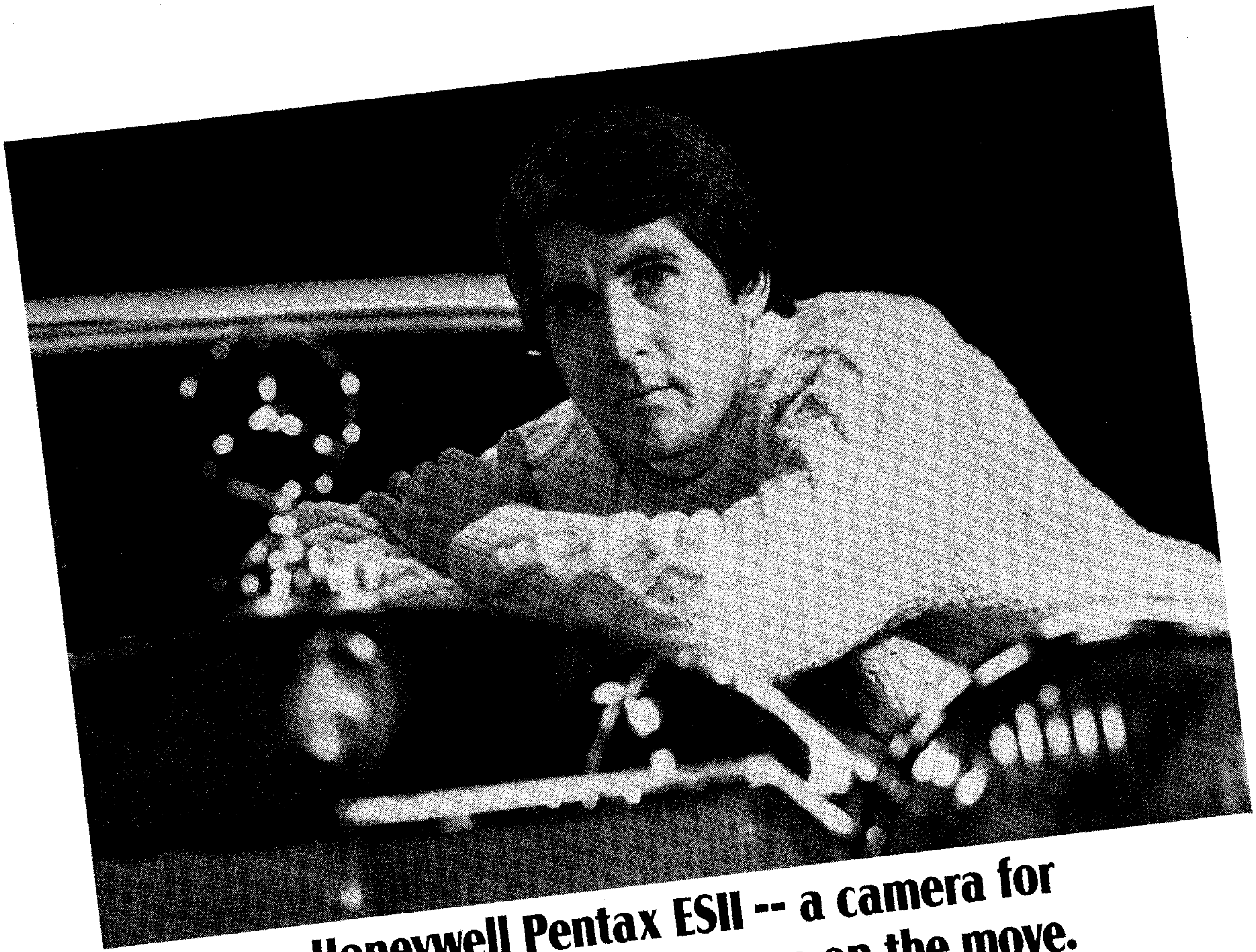

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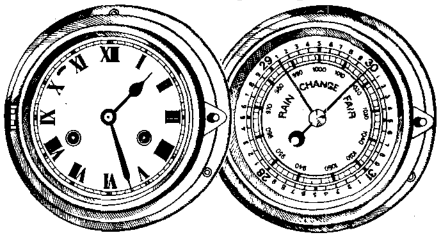

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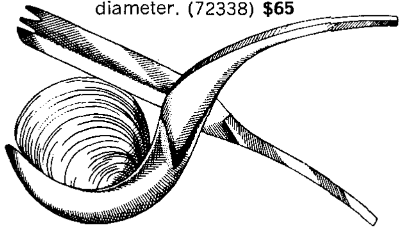

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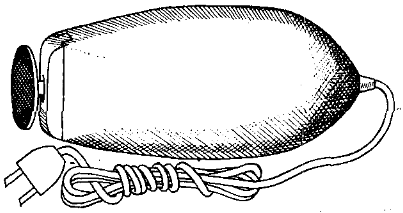

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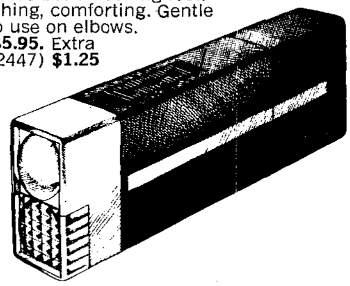

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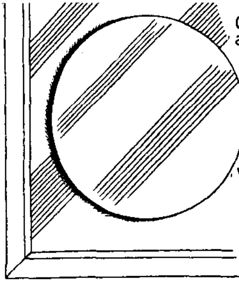

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tionably exert more continuing influence on the minds of the bottom half of Mexican society, to take one example, than either the Mexican government or the Mexican educational system. In 1968, the nation's officially admitted illiteracy rate was twenty-eight per cent. Contact with school is, for the vast majority of the population, fleeting, but exposure to TV and the transistor radio is lifelong. Nor can government propaganda match the power of advertising. On some of the main thoroughfares of Mexico City, government slogans exhorting the population to cleanliness compete for attention with huge billboards advertising beer, cosmetics, smart clothes, and other symbols of the good life. These billboards offer Technicolor fantasies of luxury, love, and power which no message from the Department of Health, however uplifting, is likely to disturb.

Throughout the underdeveloped world, global corporations are successfully marketing the same dreams they have been selling in the industrialized world. Stimulating consumption in low-income countries and accommodating local tastes to globally distributed products are crucial to expansion of a global shopping center. The corporate managers argue that they are cultivating tastes and educating for progress. Holding out the lure of becoming a "man of distinction" who knows and drinks good whiskey, of exercising power on the highway at the wheel of a new Fury, or of escaping to the South Seas via Pan Am offers poor people the incentive to better themselves. Telling poor people about products they have the money to buy right now, such as Coca-Cola and I.T.T.'s Twinkies (made by the wholly owned subsidiary the Continental Baking Company) is a public service. How, the corporate managers argue, can the transfer of the consumption ideology, which had so much to do with the expansion of the United States economy, be bad for poor countries?

Whether this transfer of the marketplace ideology is good or bad for development depends once again on what one means by development. If the aim of development policy is to alleviate mass poverty, unemployment, and inequality, then one must conclude that the transfer of the ideology of the global corporations to poor countries has had several disastrous impacts. First, despite Jacques Maisonrouge's claim that the global corporation is a great leveller and a great equalizer, corporate strategy actually reinforces the sharp class cleavages that

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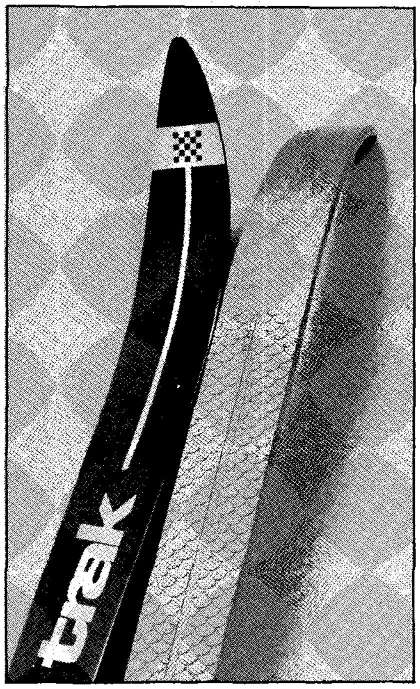

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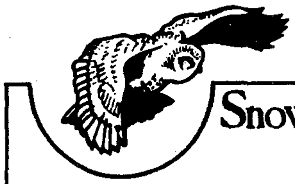

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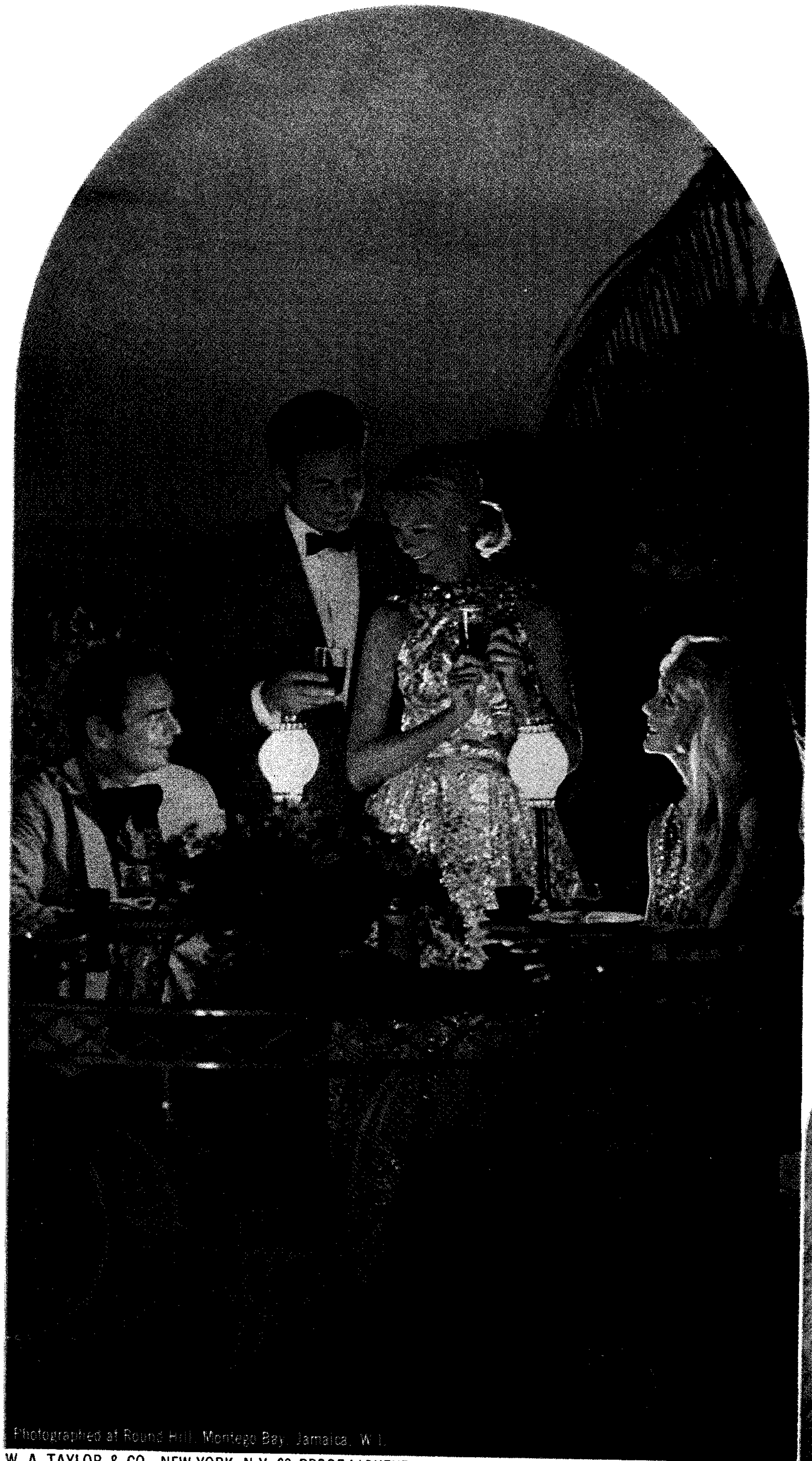
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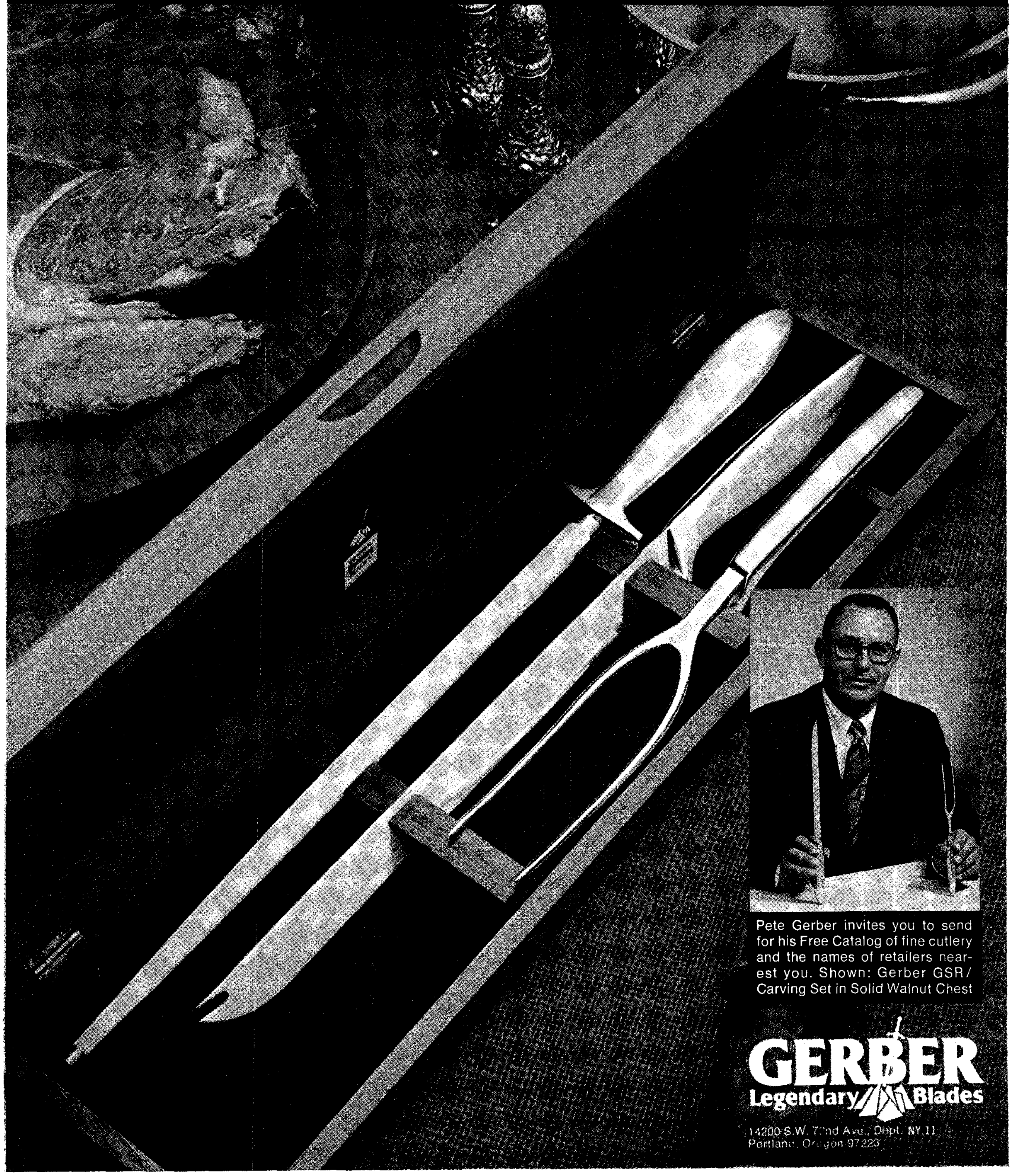

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exist in all poor countries. Most global corporations aim at the enclaves of affluence within destitute societies. Peter Drucker, the father of the global shopping center, points out that within the "vast mass of poverty that is India" there is "a sizable modern economy, comprising ten per cent or more of the Indian population, or 50,000,000 people." Obviously, expensive goods such as automobiles, and luxuries such as fine watches and cameras, are available only to a few in underdeveloped countries. These items are frequently imports, and they deplete scarce foreign exchange. The mobile minority, encouraged by advertising to adopt the eating, wearing, and travelling habits of the American upper middle class, live imported lives. So alienated from their own cultural roots are the Latin-American upper classes that they will buy such traditional items of dress as ponchos and sarapes only after the garments have had a certain vogue in New York.

Quantitative evidence of the impact of advertising on the bottom forty to sixty per cent of the population in the Third World is meagre, for these are not the people whom the advertising agencies are ordinarily paid by clients to canvass. There has been little research, and most of it has been impressionistic. But what there is suggests that the "communications explosion" to which corporate managers often allude has not had the revolutionary impact that some feared in the nineteen-fifties but, rather, the opposite. Evangelina Garcia, a specialist in "social communication" at the Central University of Venezuela and a consultant to McCann-Erickson, J. Walter Thompson, and other large American advertising agencies, says that the "most revealing and continually reconfirmed" finding of her studies of advertising is that the *marginales*—those who are barely hanging on—have "lost their perception of class differences." They think that there are, to be sure, rich and poor, she explained in an interview, "but that all have access to the same consumer goods" they hear about on the transistor radio or see on the TV screen. It is a matter of luck whether they have the money to buy them, and luck can change. Johnson's Wax conducted a survey of the *marginales* and found that a common reaction in hovels with dirt floors was "I don't have a floor to wax, but I can buy the wax if I want to." The by-product of advertising campaigns is to give families without the bare necessities of life a spurious feeling of being middle class. Another important impact of imported

This unusual drum-shaped cocktail table perfectly expresses the theme of Henredon's Circa 76 Collection.
The mood of informal elegance is exemplified in pieces for bedroom as well as living room. To see the entire Circa 76 Collection send $1.00 for illustrated brochure to Henredon, Dept. NY 12-274, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

Henredon

You can buy a little AM/FM clock radio for thirty bucks. So why spend $149.95?

Obviously so you can wake up to high fidelity rather than something that sounds like it's coming through a paper cup on a string. The KLH Model Twenty-One CL is a serious high fidelity radio for serious music listeners who also want to know what time it is. It has an incredibly accurate digital clock with all the necessary alarm and wake-up features. But most important, it has a truly uncanny sound. A powerful sound with highs that sing and lows you can actually feel. The FM section pulls in stations you didn't even know were on the dial. And the AM makes even traffic reports, time checks, "pop forties" and "moldy oldies" sound good.

In short, it's a neat, compact AM/FM clock radio that wakes you up, keeps terrific time, and delivers an astonishing amount of sound.

Now you might think it takes a lot of nerve to charge $149.95 for a little clock radio.

Not really.

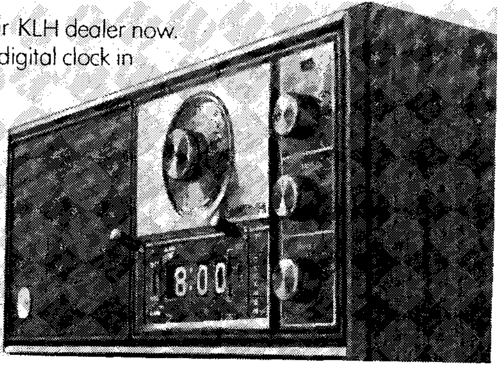
What it takes is a lot of clock radio.

The KLH Twenty-One CL is at your KLH dealer now. See it soon. (Also available without digital clock in AM/FM or FM only models.)

For more information, write to KLH Research & Development Corp., 30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

KLH®

KLH RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT CORP.
30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139
A subsidiary of Eastern Air Devices, Inc.



Hansel & Gretel never had it so good!

Watch your kids' eyes light up when they see this magical, do-it-yourself Knusperhaus! It's the original old-fashioned "Cookie House" the whole family can build for the holidays, enjoy as an eye-catching centerpiece and party decoration, and delight in eating up after the festivities are over!

Everything you need to make your own large (it's 18" x 15"!) Knusperhaus comes in Bahlsen's handsome gift box. Including house forms, red paper for windows and doors, powdered sugar, easy-to-follow instructions and four bags full of delicious cookies (with and without chocolate; gingerbread, crisp speculaas and anise cookies) — from Bahlsen, world-famous importers of fine baked goods.

The unique Knusperhaus is the perfect holiday gift for your kids or anyone else's. Look for it at fine stores everywhere. Or write to Bahlsen of North America, Inc., 34-39 56th Street, Woodside, New York 11377 for the name of a store near you.

The Knusperhaus Kit includes over 200 Xmas cookies . . . 4 bags full!

Knusperhaus

Knusperhaus

Bahlsen

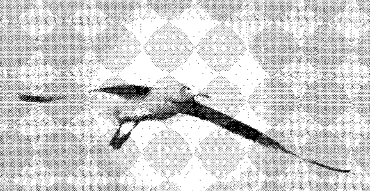
advertising campaigns, Professor Garcia asserts, is in the creation of a psychological dependence. One's personal sense of self-esteem is determined by what one buys. Advertising is popular among the very poor in Latin America. While a few intellectuals and nationalist politicians worry about the effects of scientific huckstering, most people appear to accept the rationale that the advertising agencies give for their activities—the advertiser is like a friend who tells you about all the wonderful things in the world that you didn't know even existed.

"The factory girl or the salesgirl in Lima or Bombay (or the Harlem ghetto) wants a lipstick," says Peter Drucker in "The Age of Discontinuity." "There is no purchase that gives her as much true value for a few cents." The fact that she is in all probability malnourished and without a decent place to live does not mean that she is spending foolishly, advertising specialists like to argue. Who are we to say that she should be spending the money on proteins for health if she wants to spend it on lipstick and Coke? Albert Stridsberg, an "international advertising specialist," writing in *Advertising Age* in September of 1969, says that we must rid ourselves of "the conventional range of ideas about what will minister to the poor man's physical needs," and goes on, "The psychological significance of his spending his money on a transistor radio may be more important than the physical benefit generated by spending the same money for basic foodstuffs." It is an interesting theory, especially when applied to countries like Peru and Chile, where many babies are in danger of suffering irreparable mental retardation because of malnutrition.

EVIDENCE has been accumulating in the last few years that the diet of the bottom forty to sixty per cent of the world's population is actually getting worse. In a 1973 Brookings Institution study of world nutrition problems, Alan Berg, who is a nutrition expert on the staff of the World Bank, notes that whereas the production of beef in Central America increased dramatically during the nineteen-sixties, the per-capita consumption of meat in those countries either increased only slightly or declined. In Costa Rica, to take the most extreme case, meat production increased ninety-two per cent from the early sixties to 1970, but per-capita consumption went down twenty-six per cent. The meat, Berg says, is "ending up not in Latin-

The Innocent Island®

Somewhere in the Atlantic, not very far from Nassau and Freeport, there's an island where wild horses still run free. ✖ An island with absolutely great people on it. And one of Dick Wilson's great golf courses, with hardly any people on it. ✖ An island where the beach is so long it disappears out of sight. ✖ An island with three excellent restaurants, ten championship tennis courts, and a first-rate marina. ✖ An island with maybe the most delightful hotel rooms and family villas in the Bahamas. And maybe the most delightful guests in the world. ✖ You really should read our brochure.



Treasure Cay Beach Hotel and Villas

Abaco, Bahamas

See your travel agent, or mail the coupon.

Treasure Cay Beach
Hotel & Villas
P.O. Box 3941, Main Office,
Miami, Florida 33101

NY

Gentlemen: Please send me your brochure.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State__________Zip__________

Treasure Cay Beach Hotel is represented by Hetland & Stevens, Inc.

Childcraft improvises.

She'll blow her own horn once she assembles all the colors and shapes that make up a Floota Toota. A first adventure in sound for boys and girls. $6.95.

CHILDCRAFT CENTER

150 East 58th St. · 155 East 23rd St.

You can help save Serita Rimini
for $15 a month.
Or you can turn the page.

The Rimini family
lives in a small stone house
nestled among olive trees and vineyards.
But this idyllic scene belies their tragic story.
Serita's father is dead.
Her mother, blind from glaucoma.
Serita wants to remain in school.
But she will have to leave to help support her family.
And she is only eight years old.

You can give a child like Serita that education so that she can grow up to live, not just exist. For $15 a month, through Save the Children Federation you can sponsor a child in many countries around the world and here at home. And a portion of your $15, combined with money from other sponsors, can help all the people in her community. With a desperately needed new school, child-care services, and vocational training. In simple terms, help a proud, hardworking people help themselves. This is what Save the Children has been all about since 1932.

For you—educated, involved, and in touch with your own heart—there are many rewards. Correspond with a child. Receive a photo and progress reports. Reach out to another human being. That's how Save the Children works. But without you it can't work. So please: clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation is indeed proud of the handling of its funds. An annual report and audit statement are available upon request. Registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:

☐ **Where the need is most urgent**
☐ Appalachia (U.S.)
☐ Bangladesh
☐ Chicano (U.S.)
☐ Colombia
☐ Dominican Republic
☐ Greece
☐ Honduras
☐ Indian (U.S.)
☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
☐ Israel
☐ Korea
☐ Lebanon
☐ Mexico
☐ Southern Black (U.S.)
☐ Tanzania
☐ Vietnam

Enclosed is my first payment:
☐ $180 annually
☐ $90 semi-annually
☐ $45 quarterly
☐ $15 monthly
☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $__________
☐ Please send me more information.

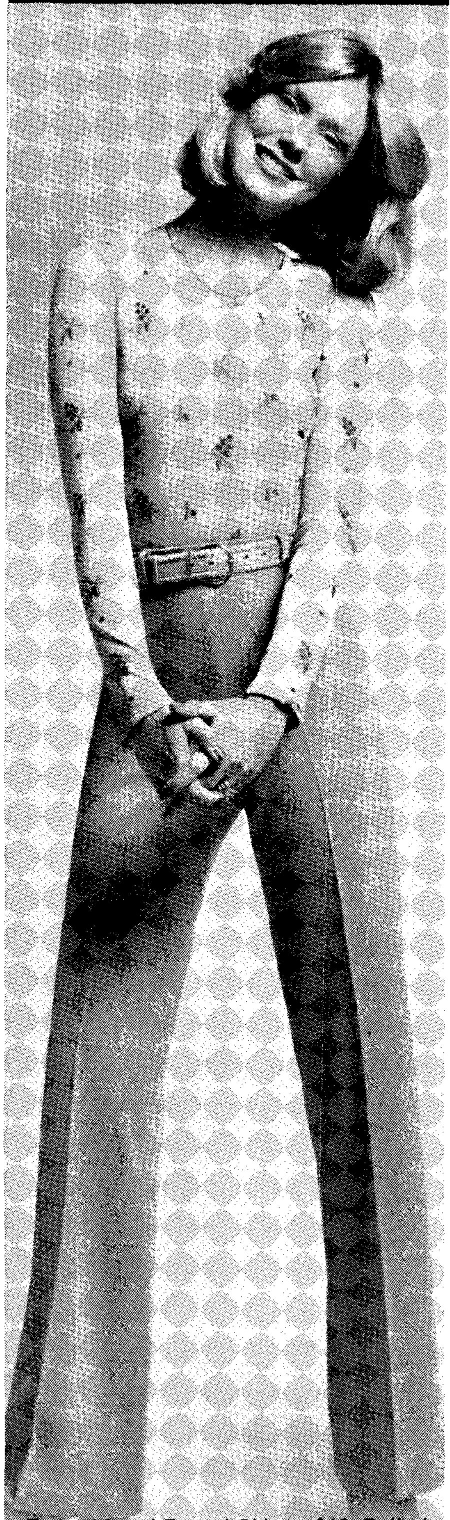
NAME____________________ TEL. NO.__________

ADDRESS______________________________

CITY__________ STATE__________ ZIP______

David L. Guyer, Executive Director
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
345 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017
NY 12/2/4

eccobay
kokobay



Embroidered Fortrel Skivvy. $13. Belted Pants. 85% Creslan® acrylic fiber/15% polyester. $16. Available at: Lord & Taylor, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Famous-Barr, St. Louis.

Creslan®
Creslan is the registered trademark of American Cyanamid Company for acrylic fiber.

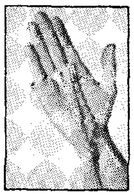
American stomachs but in franchised restaurant hamburgers in the United States." There has been a per-capita decline of production and consumption of milk in India. Since eggs cost anywhere from forty cents to seventy cents a dozen in poor countries, they cannot be used as a source of protein. (In 1969, the average American consumed three hundred and fourteen eggs, the average Indian eight.) The decline of real purchasing power among the world's poor and the flight of the "marginal" forces to the city mean that more people are eating worse than ever before.

The deadly effects of the world hunger problem are obvious. In Brazil, children under five constitute less than a fifth of the population but account for four-fifths of all deaths. Malnutrition is the primary or contributing cause of death in fifty-seven per cent of all deaths in parts of Latin America among children one to four years old, according to Berg's study. The high infant-mortality rate has a great deal to do with the high birth rate characteristic of poor countries (and of poor families in rich countries). People produce more babies in the hope that some will survive. Berg estimates that about a billion and a half persons in the world today suffer the effects of malnutrition. The United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization has declared that more than three hundred million children suffer "grossly retarded physical growth" because they don't get enough to eat. And the pediatrician Myron Winick, director of the Institute of Human Nutrition, at Columbia University, says, "The evidence is becoming more and more weighty that malnutrition in infancy permanently affects the minds of the children."

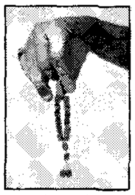
Students of the world's hunger crisis, like Joaquín Cravioto, who is a specialist in pediatric nutrition with the Mexican School of Public Health, now recognize that the achievement of good nutrition needs to be treated as an ecological problem; that is, malnutrition is a consequence of a subtle interplay of social, economic, and dietary imbalances. It turns out to be impossible to improve diet without also doing something about income distribution, employment, and sanitation. Thus, some of the conventional development wisdom of the nineteen-sixties is being slowly revised in the light of new findings. For example, it used to be assumed that mothers in Latin America gave their babies low-protein gruel instead of milk because they did not

Now that everyone's worrying about everything all the time, Greek worry-beads might be something for your worried friends, family or self. So we present,

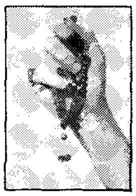
A Condensed Guide to Greek WORRY-BEADS



Purists': amber-colored beads let you pass for an old Greek villager. For slow, ruminative worrying. **$4.00**

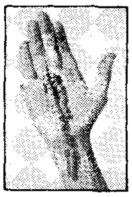


Executives': discreet black, mock-amber or tortoise fit in change-pocket, wood-paneled rooms. **$4.75**

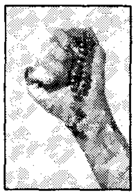


Politicians': square marbleized beads slide easily in any direction; activated make meaningless sounds. **$5.50**

Optimists': crystal clear beads spiced with clouds of mauve, yellow or white plus an anti-evil-eye bead. **$7.00**



Classicists': white or black beads, each with Greek-key meander. For musing on Golden Ages Past, Passing. **$6.50**



Bosses': solid brass balls for aggressive, authoritative clicking. Nice heft, polished gold look, cool feel. **$8.00**

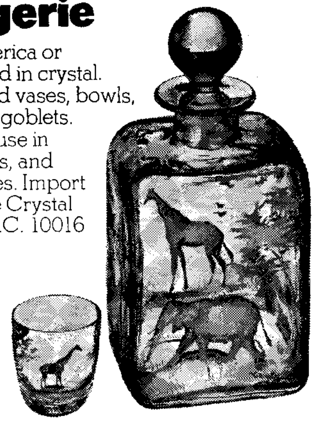
☐ After several thousand mostly worrisome years, Greeks seem to continue to derive some solace from fondling their worry-beads. Maybe it is only a silly activity; but then, again, if it helps a little?

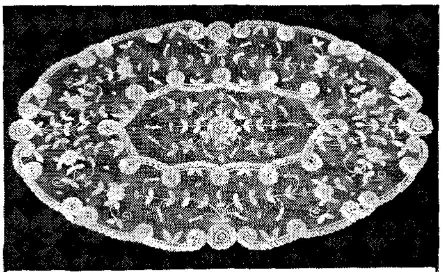
Ordering by mail, add .50 per unit.

GREEK ISLAND LTD.
215 E. 49th St., New York 10017
And at E. Hampton, W. Harwich. Catalog available

The Crystal Menagerie

Wildlife of America or Kenya captured in crystal. Hand-engraved vases, bowls, decanters and goblets. At Carlton House in Houston, Texas, and other fine stores. Import of Queen Lace Crystal 3 E. 27 St. N.Y.C. 10016





ITALIAN OVALS. . . a pretty, lacy looking practical vinyl mat set. They look like the old lace from which they were adapted. Slightly off-white. 11 x 17". Set of 8 is $14.00 including postage.

Add $1.00 if sent gift wrapped.
N.Y. State residents add 56¢ sales tax.

Edith Chapman ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24
ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N.Y. 10913

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

22% HIGHER GAS MILEAGE: 1975 CHEVELLE.

If you're seriously looking for a mid-size car this year, this ad is written for you.

It is clear. It is informative. It is to the point.

In a time when people like yourself are comparing new car models and prices and efficiencies more carefully perhaps than ever before, Chevelle is America's favorite mid-size car.

This ad will tell you several reasons why.

801 fewer gallons of gas to go 50,000 miles.

Let's compare a 1975 Chevelle (standard 350 V8 engine) with its 1974 counterpart.

Based on Environmental Protection Agency Urban Mileage Tests, which emphasize stop-and-go city-type driving, a 1975 Chevelle using unleaded fuel with our new Chevrolet Efficiency System shows a mileage improvement of 28% compared to a '74 model using leaded fuel. Our own proving ground tests, which emphasize suburban-type driving conditions, show a mileage improvement of 22%.

Even using this lower percentage figure, this would amount to at least 801 fewer gallons of gasoline over 50,000 miles, or about four years' average use.

What you could save in fuel.

If you paid 56¢ per gallon, allowing 1¢ per gallon increase for unleaded fuel as permitted by Federal regulation, this would represent a net savings of $404 (calculations could vary, of course, higher or lower, depending on the prices of leaded and unleaded fuel in your area).

$754 less operating expense.

Again, let's compare our '74 and '75 models over a 50,000-mile period.

While parts and labor costs will vary throughout the country, we've used current list prices for parts and a figure of $11 an hour for labor and found this: If you follow the Owner's Manual for recommended service, a 1975 Chevelle could save you nearly $350 in parts, lubricants and labor over a '74 model using leaded fuel.

Now do this: Add this $350 savings to the $404 just mentioned.

And now do this: Keep that total of $754 less operating expense in mind as you consider our final few paragraphs.

A serious invitation.

We invite you, right now, to inspect and test drive a 1975 Chevelle for yourself. We mean it. There's so much more to Chevelle this year than an advertisement can communicate.

There are surer starts and smoother engine performance.

There's comfort. Room for six. Good ride. Easy handling.

There's a wide choice. Malibu Classic is our most distinctive Chevelle (shown above). Laguna Type S-3 is our sportiest Chevelle. And Malibu is once again the lowest-priced intermediate in the country. The Malibu Sedan with a six-cylinder engine is the lowest-priced four-door, at $3415.* The Malibu Coupe with six cylinders is the lowest-priced two-door, at $3420.*

Highest used car values in years.

There is one other thing you may find extremely valuable to know: the trade-in value of your own car. You see, most used car trade-in values have risen dramatically these past months. So your actual cost difference with a trade-in on a new Chevelle may be less than you think.

Chevelle. America's favorite mid-size car.

See all the reasons why, at your Chevrolet dealer's.

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price, including dealer new vehicle preparation charge. Destination charges, optional equipment, state or local taxes are additional.

CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA

Chevrolet

For people who are still individuals...

the Irish country hat

Each Irish country hat is handcrafted with pride by skilled artisans on the wild, western coast of Ireland. These hats are created by individuals, not production lines, and are designed to become an extension of your own personality.

Benedicte Boullet, Paris, France

Shape your Irish hat to suit yourself

The style of your hat can say a lot. That's why the Irish hat leaves the final shape up to you.

Peter Christian, London, England

The hand-woven tweed is extra thick, and fully lined in the crown. It sheds rain, protects from the wind, and can give you a comfortable shade from the sun.

Irish country hats are made exclusively for Norm Thompson, and come in distinctive gray or brown tweed mixes. Sizes 6½ to 7⅝ Each **$15.00.** Two for **$29.00.** You have full return privileges.

Norm Thompson
Dept. D-2
1805 N.W. Thurman
Portland, Ore. 97209

Order toll free any time: (800) 547-6712
(Excluding Oregon, Hawaii & Alaska)

Irish Hat(s)	Qty.	Size	Brown	Gray
Men's: 6½-7⅝				
Women's: 20¼-25				

☐ Check enclosed. ☐ Charge to my BankAmericard. ☐ Master Charge. (Include all raised letters and numbers on card.)

Card No.

Signature X

☐ Send free 80 page color catalog, *"Escape from the ordinary"*

Name

Address

City

State Zip

know any better. The obvious solution was a house-to-house "drink more milk" campaign. Yet, Dr. Cravioto points out, the Indian women in rural Mexico had a better sense of what to do to insure their children's survival than the well-meaning doctors who were advising them. The mothers were reluctant to give their babies milk because many died of diarrhea. Proteins such as milk, eggs, and meat are excellent breeding grounds for bacteria, while protein-poor substances such as gruel are not. Cravioto concludes that the price of survival for the *marginales* in a society unable or unwilling to improve sanitation is malnutrition.

The global corporations have compounded the world hunger problem in three ways. First, they have contributed to the concentration of income and the elimination of jobs. Second, through its increasing control of arable land in poor countries, agribusiness is complicating the problem of food distribution. It is good business to grow high-profit crops for export rather than to raise corn, wheat, and rice to support an indigent local population. In Colombia, a hectare devoted to carnations brings a million pesos a year, while wheat or corn brings only twelve thousand five hundred pesos. As a result, Colombia, like most other poor countries in Latin America, must use scarce foreign exchange to import basic foodstuffs. The policies of the global corporations feature increased production of luxury items such as strawberries and asparagus. But the money does not flow to the hungry majority, and those who used to subsist on local fruits and vegetables now find them priced beyond their reach. Mexico is about to face a critical food shortage, the agricultural expert Rodolfo Stavenhagen, of the International Institute for Labor Studies, in Geneva, warns, because agribusiness, which controls an ever-increasing share of production, uses not proteins and calories but dollars as the test of what to grow. Finally, the companies' control of ideology through advertising has helped to change dietary habits in unfortunate ways. By 1966, the major food companies had begun research on low-cost protein foods—baby cereals, soft drinks, imitation milk, candies, snacks, soups, and noodles—and by 1968 a dozen such products were on the market. Berg questioned a number of food and pharmaceutical companies seeking to introduce such products in India and found that "corporate image was the most important general factor influencing their decision to become involved." While there was also a

Kreeger & Son
HIKERS' EMPORIUMS

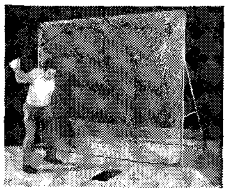
OILED WOOL SWEATER

Made in England by Peter Storm, this sweater is woven from the finest wool with the natural oils retained for water repellency. As such, it's the perfect sweater for warmth during hiking, skiing and boating. Crewneck Style in Navy & Beige. **The Price $32.00 (ppd.)**

Doug Kreeger prop.

WESTCHESTER: 130 Bedford Rd., Armonk (914) 273-8520
NEW YORK CITY: 30 West 46 Street (212) 541-9704
(MAIL ORDERS TO ARMONK STORE PLEASE)

STOP BY OR CALL FOR LATEST BROCHURE
N.Y. RES. ADD SALES TAX



LOWER YOUR SCORES! IMPROVE YOUR SWING!

with your own private home practice range

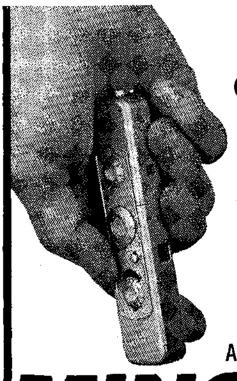
Johnston's Original Ny-Lo-Sco® Net comes with a new stronger steel frame. Easily **assembled**, no tools needed. Same gentle trapping of ball. **Wee St. Andrews** Golf Range for yard, game room, garage or basement includes 9'x7' DuPont nylon Net, Frame, Back Stop Net, Astrotee for irons, 3 Rubber Disk Flip Tee Holders for woods and 20 page illustrated booklet, "Tips on Golf Practice at Home" . . . all for **$49.95.**

Postpaid USA. Satisfaction guaranteed, or return for refund.

Complete Practice Range as above plus Pro-Instructor Driving Mat of artificial turf (3½'x4¼') with guidelines, **$69.95**

Send check, M.O., BankAm., Master Ch. # with expiration date.

JOHNSTON LTD., INC.
P. O. Box 12132 • Dallas, Texas 75225



PALM THIS 4 OUNCE COMPUTER CAMERA

Big sparkling prints and superb color are yours every time you snap. Automatically. Instant load film cartridge.

Gift yourself! Get the picture? At fine camera stores.

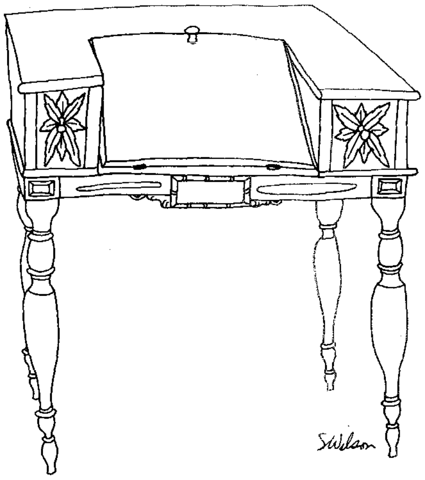
MINOX® C
The electronic camera you never leave at home.

MINOX USA
P.O. Box 1060, Woodside, N.Y. 11377
A DIVISION OF Berkey Photo Inc.

"strong thread of social responsibility" on the part of some executives, reputation was a prime consideration, which meant, Berg concluded, that "corporate contributions to national nutrition are likely to be token."

In his studies of changing dietary habits in rural Mexican villages, Dr. Cravioto finds that the two products peasants want and buy the moment they come in contact with the advertising message are white bread and soft drinks. Bread becomes a substitute for *tortillas*. Depending upon how enriched the bread is, there may be some gain in protein and vitamins, but there is a loss in calcium. The most important effect of this shift in eating habits in poor villages is that it takes a much greater share of the virtually nonexistent family food budget. Coca-Cola, nutritionally speaking, is a way of consuming imported sugar at a high price. People like the taste, but its popularity, as Albert Stridsberg points out, comes from the advertising campaigns of the global giants. "It has long been known that in the poorest regions of Mexico, where soft drinks play a functional role in the diet, it is the international brands—Coke and Pepsi—not local off-brands, which dominate," he notes. "Likewise, a Palestinian refugee urchin, shining shoes in Beirut, saves his piastres for a real Coca-Cola, at twice the price of a local cola." The result is what the nutrition expert Derrick Jelliffe, former director of the Caribbean Food and Nutrition Institute and now a professor of pediatrics and public health at the University of California at Los Angeles, calls "commerciogenic malnutrition." It is not uncommon in Mexico, doctors who work in rural villages report, for a family to sell the few eggs and chickens it raises to buy Coke for the father although the children waste away for lack of proteins.

The companies say they are not to blame if primitive people want to in-



SEBAGO
The American CLASSIC
Sebago, Inc. Westbrook, Maine 04092

The contemporary, classic good taste of the beefroll moc. A confident complement to any leisure fashion. Unique support sole construction and handsewn quality by Yankee craftsmen.

Sebago Classics available at **McDuffee's**, New York; **Strawbridge & Clothier**, Philadelphia; **Hess Shoes**, Baltimore; **Imperial Shoes**, New Orleans; **Harmon's Shoes**, Columbia, S.C.; **Juster's**, Minneapolis; **Hemphill's**, Alhambra & Newport Beach; **Village Bootery**, San Francisco; **Sherman Shoes**, Birmingham, Michigan; **Monnig's**, Fort Worth; **E.M. Eddins**, Austin and other fine stores.

INCOMPARABLE
24K
Ventura
Ms.& Mr. Executive Attache
DU PONT ZEPEL®
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dulge their taste at the expense of their children and their own health. Whenever they try to sell food as being "good for you," executives claim, no one buys. The reality is that companies are investing heavily in campaigns to sell nutritionally questionable food to poor people. To take a single example of what Berg calls the "anti-nutrition education" of the food companies, a cornstarch ad in Latin America features a robust baby in order to give the false impression that this classic stomach filler of the poor is actually good for one. The villages and tribes of the world, Stridsberg proclaims in *Advertising Age*, "are eager to become 'consumers.' " The problem, he says, "is to find products which can be priced within their financial reach and still pay for branded advertising support and return a reasonable profit." Company campaigns have succeeded in increasing the consumption of white bread, confections, and soft drinks among the poorest people in the world by convincing them that status, convenience, and a sweet taste are more important than nutrition. Thus, the global companies have used their capital, technology, and ideology to create a global shopping center in which the hungry of the world are invited to buy expensive snacks and a global factory in which there are fewer and fewer jobs. The corporate manager's vision of one world turns out in fact to be two distinct worlds—one featuring rising affluence for a growing transnational middle class, and the other featuring increased misery for the great bulk of humanity.

THE élites in poor countries, whatever their ideologies or their politics, are under mounting pressure to change the rules of the game in their dealings with global corporations, and they are coming to see that their own political survival may depend upon it. The inability of local governments to use more of the finance capital generated by foreign corporations on their territory for local sanitation facilities, improved agricultural technology, internal communications, housing, education, and medical services has dramatized the fundamental flaw in the development model of the corporate managers. When too large a share of the earnings of foreign subsidiaries flows out of a country, the resulting economic crises—unemployment, stagnation, inadequate services, and income inequality—become political challenges for its leadership. Paul Rosenstein-Rodan, who is professor emeritus of eco-

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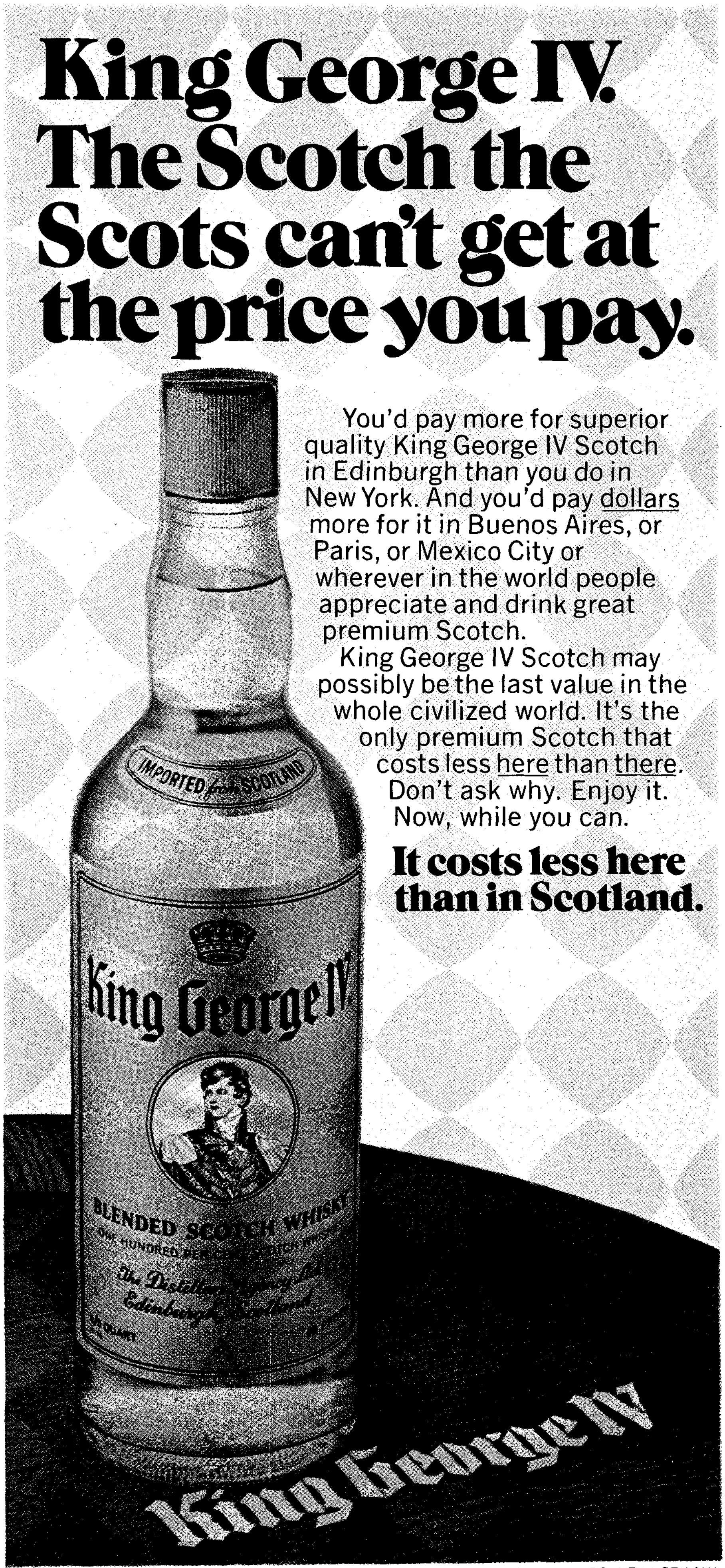
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nomics at M.I.T., points out that in 1900 people in poor countries had a per-capita income of about half that of people in rich countries. By 1970, the per-capita income in poor countries was about a twentieth of that in rich countries, measured in 1900 dollars (or a fortieth in 1970 dollars). Most people in the world put up with very great inequalities, but when these inequalities appear to be increasing without prospect of being reversed, and when they *mean famine*, epidemic, and certain death for millions of people, they cease to be merely aesthetic problems and acquire the status of political crises.

We are accustomed to thinking of left-wing governments, such as those in Cuba or Chile (under Allende), as antagonists of global corporations. But we are now beginning to see some of the most right-wing regimes embarking on a nationalistic course designed to keep more of the profits earned by global corporations inside the country and available for urgent development needs. Brazil, a country that has produced a special sort of "economic miracle" by converting itself into a welcome mat for foreign corporations, provides an excellent illustration of the changes in the wind. Much as the Brazilian generals may like foreign corporations, and much as they may personally derive from the presence of the corporations, their jobs depend upon keeping a hundred and five million people reasonably pacified. From the point of view of a group of ambitious generals who have found the palace more congenial to their temperament than the parade ground, putting the squeeze on global corporations is sound political strategy. The alternatives are extraordinarily limited. In Brazil, as the New York *Times* summarized it in January of 1973, "the regime clings to power by using systematic and brutal repressive methods against all opposition." But there comes a time when large numbers of people can no longer be terrorized into accepting the certainty of misery. For regimes like those of Brazil and Iran, or for relatively more benign one-party oligarchies such as those in Mexico, Kenya, and Perónist Argentina, the radical redistribution of income along the lines of what has been done in Cuba or Tanzania is not an acceptable cure for hopelessness. There is, however, another alternative. If more of the income generated by global concerns could be kept within the various countries, it would be possible to make some needed public investment in schools, tractors, and houses, and even to raise wages somewhat for the poor without disturbing the standard of living of the rich.

There are several indications that the Brazilian generals are embarked on just such a policy. The 1971 Patent Law, which requires that the owner of a patent must prove effective use or forgo patent protection, is the toughest and most sophisticated piece of legislation in the hemisphere for controlling the transfer of technology. A 1972 law bars further entry into the Brazilian economy of foreign commercial banks, encourages the merger and strengthening of Brazilian banks, and limits foreigners to a thirty-per-cent interest in investment banks—all measures designed, in the words of former Finance Minister António Delfim Neto, "to give a larger operational scope to the Brazilian economy." In 1973, Brazil passed a law creating huge trading corporations, which will help to make sure that Brazil does not overpay for imports or underprice its exports. Other measures that force world corporations to conduct more of their research-and-development activities inside Brazil and that encourage competitive bidding and diversification of financing sources and trading partners form part of an emerging pattern of economic self-protection that shows the changing bargaining power between the global companies and the generals.

To buy social peace by taxing well-heeled foreign guests, especially ones that for years have been draining local resources, is an irresistible strategy for nationalist regimes of all sorts. Corporate managers see danger signals from countries as diverse as Indonesia, Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela, and Saudi Arabia which suggest that the global company is now regarded by Third World politicians not only as a convenient whipping boy but also as a useful, if reluctant, partner in reform. The big question is whether poor countries have the power to make such a strategy work. Much of the evidence would suggest that they do not. If one focusses on the nineteen-fifties through the late sixties, the picture that emerges is one of effective corporate control of all the principal levers of power in these countries—banks, communications, technology, popular culture, and the loyalty of the upper classes. But the situation is changing. A series of developments in the world economy and in world politics has made it far more feasible than in the past for poor countries to cut into the power of global corporations.

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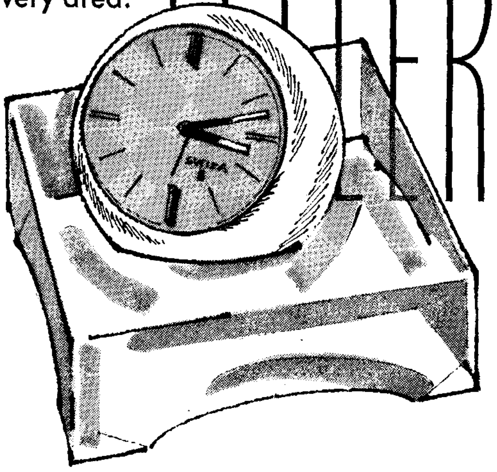

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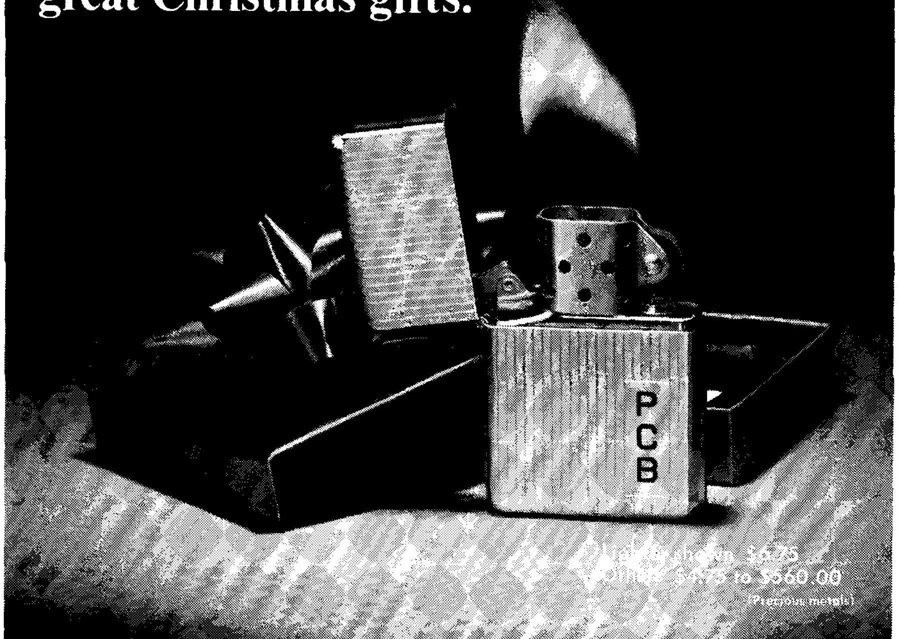

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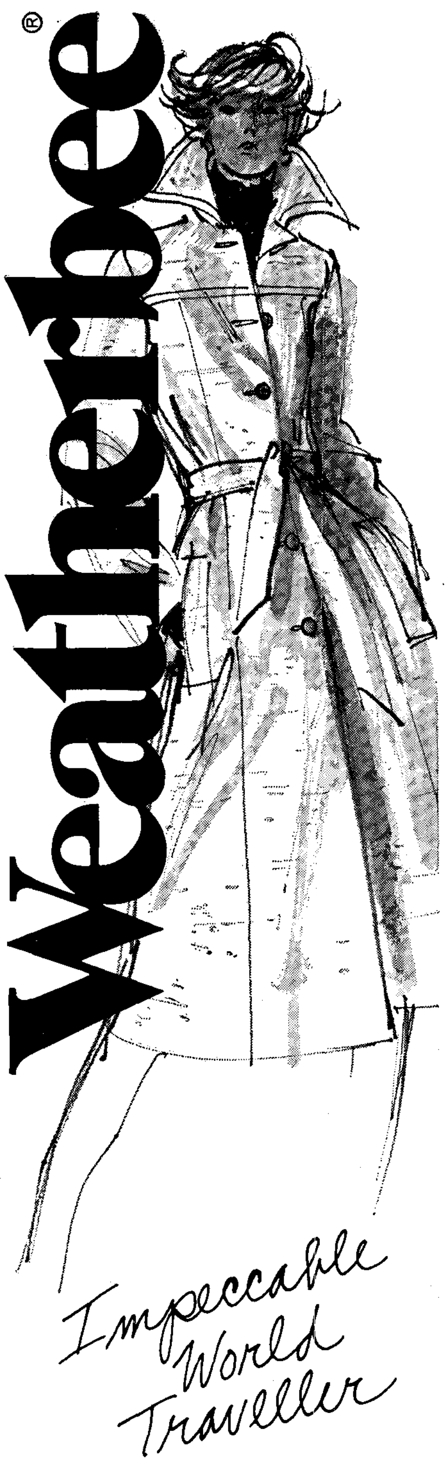

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relative bargaining power of foreign corporations and political leaders in poor countries is knowledge. The historical advantages of the companies have all been derived, in one way or another, from their possession of information, skills, and techniques unavailable to underdeveloped governments. But new factors are producing a global redistribution of knowledge that is working to the benefit of poor countries. One such area of knowledge is the information on which each party bases its assessment of how much the other needs what he has to offer. To the extent that they understand the dependence of the companies on the resources and cheap labor within their territory, the poor countries increase their bargaining power. Not so long ago, the most striking characteristic of the governments and corporations of the great industrial powers was their near omnipotence. In the era of United States political hegemony and seemingly boundless affluence, there were no obvious limitations on the power of the industrial giants to take, on their own terms, what they wanted from the poor countries—or to exclude those countries from the twentieth century. Today, the most spectacular characteristic of the great powers is their vulnerability. It has only recently been widely perceived that despite their still extraordinary hold on the world's wealth, the three great industrial powers—the United States, the Soviet Union, and Japan—are beginning to look, each in its own way, more like pitiful, helpless giants. Japan is nearly devoid of natural resources to run her industrial machine; she must import almost all of her energy requirements. The Soviet Union cannot raise sufficient food to support its population or to supply it with the consumer trappings now deemed essential for the success of its peculiar brand of Socialism. And the United States is almost totally dependent on foreign imports of manganese, tin, and chromium.

These circumstances mean that the rich countries now need the poor countries as much as, if not more than, the poor countries need them. This is a new stage in world power relationships. In the age of imperialism, the exploitation of the colonies was a convenience for the European powers, but Marxist critics always had a difficult time demonstrating that it was a necessity. In the present era, marked as it is by increasingly intense competition among the industrial giants for scarce resources, for "export platforms" (cheap-labor enclaves from

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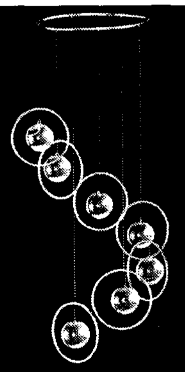

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which to export to the industrialized world), and for undeveloped markets, the Third World takes on something close to the crucial importance in global industrial planning that Lenin prematurely proposed for it in 1917. The poor countries' growing awareness of the vulnerabilities of the rich means some increase in bargaining power for the Third World. The change in power relations is assisted by the growing realization that the giants can no longer help themselves to what they need through military power with the same abandon that characterized the pre-Vietnam world.

Another crucial bit of information that is changing power relationships to the advantage of poor countries is the increasing awareness that the industrial world is no longer a bloc. In the Cold War years, poor countries tried, often successfully, to play the United States and the Soviet Union off against each other, exchanging political allegiance for foreign aid. But the strategy had limitations, because in the end both the United States and the Soviet Union lost interest in buying political support with economic-development funds. (Military aid for maintaining friendly or innocuous governments in power is another matter, and still plays an important role in the strategy of both countries.) The present competition for resources and profits among the United States, Japan, and Western Europe is infinitely more exploitable by sophisticated political leaders in other nations, which now have a choice of customers. The United States, Germany, and Japan are becoming ever more serious competitors for access to raw materials and labor, because they are becoming ever more alike. In 1955, when the average American earned roughly six times what the average Japanese earned and four times what the average German earned, the United States was virtually unchallenged in its consumption of world resources. But by 1973 the per-capita income in the United States was less than twice that of Japan and almost equal to that of Germany, and the gap is still narrowing. There has been a corresponding jump in the energy consumption of the other industrial powers, with the result that there is now keen competition among them for the fuel on which to run their increasingly similar industrial systems.

All of this portends shifts in the balance of power between developed and underdeveloped countries. As global companies increase their share of the total trade of the advanced nations, the

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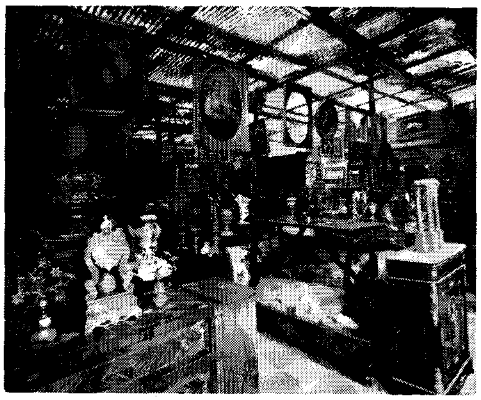

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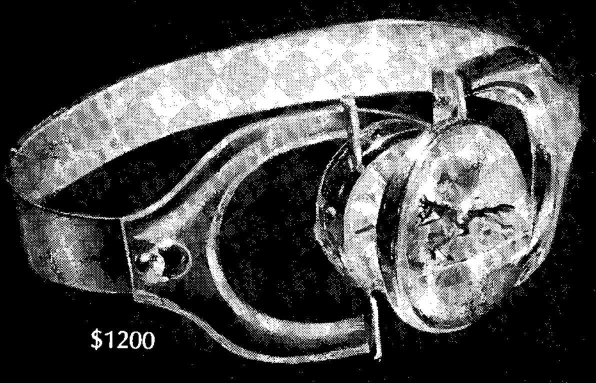

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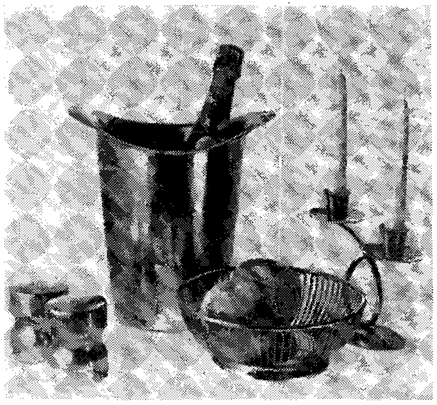
dependence of the rich on the poor will grow. The process is accelerated as more countries convert themselves into export platforms. In 1960, there were only four underdeveloped countries that were significant exporters of manufactured goods. By 1968, according to the studies of Hollis Chenery, a World Bank economist, there were thirty. Beginning with low-skill industries such as textiles, these countries had by the mid-nineteen-sixties moved on to electronics, chemicals, and steel. Rising energy demands throughout the industrialized world, the intensifying competition for cheap labor, and the frantic search for out-of-the-way places to locate contaminating factories are all translatable into increased bargaining power for the Third World. Countries like Brazil and Indonesia, while traditionally members of the United States political orbit since their military coups of the mid-nineteen-sixties, are nevertheless seeking to diversify their customers. Brazil has been encouraging and receiving substantial Japanese investment. Iran, though designated a deputy peacekeeper for the eastern Mediterranean under the Nixon Doctrine, is nonetheless negotiating with China for the sale of oil, preserving a degree of economic independence from the United States that can be used to exact better terms.

A third sort of information that is filtering widely throughout the underdeveloped world is technical knowledge about the behavior of corporations—specifically, what terms they have agreed to in other countries. It is still true that, by and large, global companies know much more about the pressures on the politicians with whom they deal than the politicians know about the global companies, but the knowledge gap is narrowing. At the same time, poor countries are testing and improving certain techniques for controlling corporate behavior. News about how these techniques work travels swiftly. When a country concludes an advantageous contract with a company or makes a successful effort to police harmful company practices, such victories have a demonstrable effect in countries with similar problems.

THE most dramatic aspect of the new strategy for dealing with global companies is the creation of nation-state sellers' cartels to offset the power of the corporate buyers' cartels that have traditionally dominated the world-resource markets. For most of the century, poor countries were disorganized and easily manipulated by the handful



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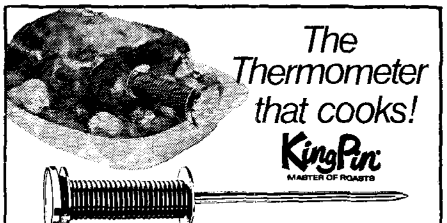

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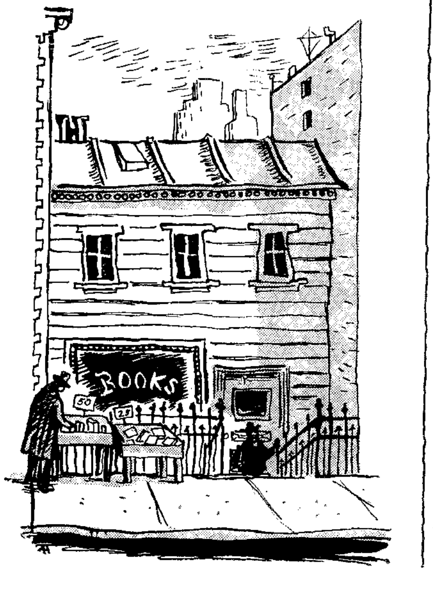
of companies that controlled the major industries. Petroleum was in the hands of the Seven Sisters—Exxon, Mobil, Gulf, Socal, Texaco, British Petroleum, and Shell. And as recently as the late nineteen-sixties seven global corporations, five of them with interlocking directorates, controlled most of the copper production outside the Socialist countries. Because of such concentration in the hands of a few owners and managers, and because of the divisions and rivalries in the former colonial world, it was easy for the corporations to play countries off against one another and thereby keep the price of raw materials down. But overcoming traditional tribal, religious, and political differences in the interest of economic survival is now seen as a necessity among politicians in many poor countries. It is becoming obvious that collective bargaining over the exploitation of natural resources is the key to containing the power of the global corporations.

The first successful use of collective bargaining against the companies was done by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, or OPEC. The coördination of what are principally oil-rich Arab nations has driven the price of a barrel of Middle East oil from one dollar and fifty cents in 1970 to almost ten dollars in 1973. (This is reflected in an increase in the filling-station price of approximately twenty-five cents a gallon.) More significant than the nationalizations themselves are the new relationships between oil companies and host governments once nationalization takes place. These are designed to keep technical knowledge flowing to the producing countries under much more advantageous terms.

What the OPEC experience shows is that underdeveloped countries with



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large reserves of needed resources now understand enough about the world market and world politics to keep for themselves a much greater share of the income from these resources. As the oil-producing nations see it, their higher prices are a form of reparations for years of wanton exploitation by the oil companies. The irony of the situation, however, is that the oil companies in the advanced nations can adjust to the new state of affairs without sacrifice simply by passing the increased costs on to the consumer. The result has been not only a further surge in the rate of inflation but also an equally dramatic redistribution in the purchasing power of total world income—a redistribution that has rapidly reduced the purchasing power of the average consumer in both resource-poor and advanced nations while increasing that of both the OPEC countries and the oil companies. With their increased income, the Saudi Arabians, for example, are beginning to buy significant industrial and real-estate interests in Europe and North America. The oil companies are using their record profit increases to complete their transformation into totally integrated energy oligopolies by buying out coal and natural-gas interests in the United States and elsewhere.

Accelerating inflation and a redistribution of global income are not the only results of the shift in bargaining power from oil-consuming to oil-producing nations. The greatest threat to global interdependence illustrated by the OPEC phenomenon concerns the very foundations of modern capitalist societies—their interdependent banking systems. By the end of this year, OPEC holdings of foreign exchange will exceed fifty billion dollars; by 1980 they will be in excess of four hundred billion dollars, at current prices. The OPEC countries can hope to spend only a fraction of their petrodollars on imports from advanced nations; the remaining sums they are currently holding in the form of short-term deposits and treasury notes in the United States and Europe. The wise, Harvard-trained Arab investor knows that these holdings must be placed in countries that are the least likely to default. Thus, a nation such as Italy, now running a balance-of-payments deficit of a billion dollars a month, and faced with the collapse of its banking system, is most in need of petrodollar deposits but is also the least likely to receive them. At some unpredictable point, Italy's ability to borrow for further financing of its deficit will end, and when that happens a bank panic will ensue. If

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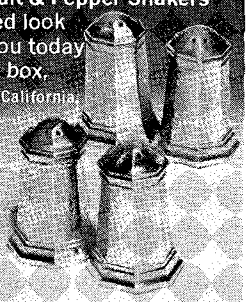

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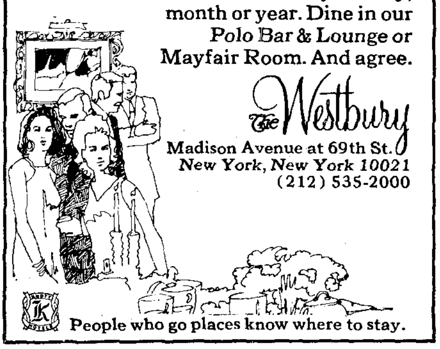

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Italian banks default on outstanding loans, the results will not be limited to Italy, however, for the rise of global banks means that one country's financial collapse can be transmitted overnight into bank panics in many other countries. Because nation-state controls have lagged behind the transformation of national banks into global ones, the likelihood is great that such an event will occur. And if it should, the aftermath can only be a worldwide depression.

The frightening complexities of global interdependence represented by the OPEC phenomenon do not stop with oil. As the economist Fred Bergsten, of the Brookings Institution, points out, the situation is ripe in other strategic raw-materials sectors of the world economy for similar concerted action. The four countries that export about a third of the world's copper—Zambia, Chile, Peru, and Zaïre—have begun to organize along the lines of OPEC. Four underdeveloped countries—Bolivia, Thailand, Indonesia, and Malaysia—export about eighty per cent of the world's tin supply. Four poor nations—Surinam, Guinea, Jamaica, and Guyana—produce approximately a third of the world's supply of bauxite. A few countries dominate the regional markets for timber, which Bergsten terms "the closest present approximation to a truly vanishing resource."

Poor countries are even beginning to develop solidarity across product lines. Copper-producing and aluminum-producing countries are seeking to coördinate their strategy so as to prevent the companies from substituting one metal for the other. Similarly, coffee producers and tea producers are getting together to strengthen their combined hand. Individualistic nationalism is still strong in poor countries, but the overwhelming advantages of submerging their differences and of presenting a common front in economic negotiations are becoming increasingly apparent. Knowledge about the behavior of corporations is being pooled. The Andean Pact—an agreement among Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela to coördinate development policies, lower tariff barriers, assign responsibility for industrial development, and adopt a common stand with respect to foreign private investment—now has a central data-collection unit that puts together information from all the six member countries. Regional bureaucracies may well make it harder for foreign companies to corrupt national bureaucracies, since economics administrators in one coun-

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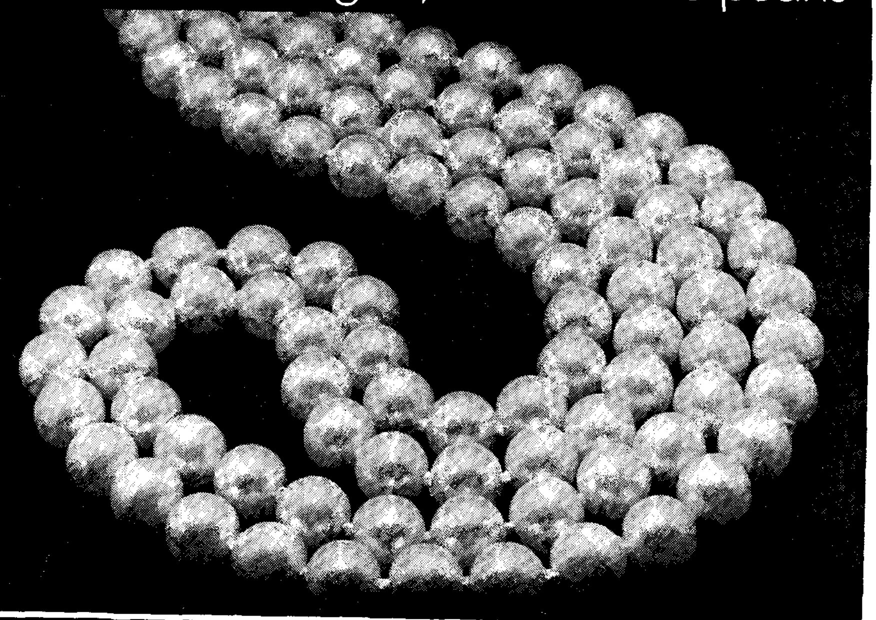

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try will know that officials from other countries are studying what they do.

Global corporations today find that either they must accept less than they would like in order to continue doing business in many parts of the underdeveloped world or they must maintain their profit margins by making consumers in advanced nations pay more. While they naturally prefer the control that comes with total ownership, the companies are more and more settling for management contracts under which they agree to furnish knowledge in return for access to raw materials and cheap labor. The commercial relations with the Soviet Union and other Socialist countries that global companies have eagerly sought as a major growth area have, ironically, created problems for them in the Third World. By 1973, there were about twelve hundred coöperative arrangements between Western capitalist companies and Socialist states. In all of them, the production is state-owned, at least in large part. Samuel Pisar, the author of "Coexistence and Commerce," one of the first manuals on how to make capitalist profits under Socialism, explains, "You can't have dividends or profit participations. What you can have is royalty payment for patents or know-how, engineering fees, management fees, interest, selling commissions." For the Soviet market itself, an enterprising Western capitalist can form a "trans-ideological corporation," which, as long as it is incorporated outside the Soviet Union, can be owned on a fifty-fifty basis by a Soviet state company and a free-enterprise global corporation.

The ease and eagerness with which the pillars of the capitalist economy accommodate themselves to the rules of the game in Socialist countries is not lost on the Third World. As Peter Gabriel notes, in his paper "The Multinational Corporation in the World Economy: Problems and Prospects," politicians in the underdeveloped world can cite these precedents from Eastern Europe when they deal with the global companies. They can ask, "If you went into Hungary with a management contract and no equity ownership, why can't you come here on the same basis?" Increasingly, as the companies feel competitive pressures to make greater use of the poor countries, they will be at a loss for an answer. The "herd instinct," as Gabriel calls it, that causes one corporation to imitate another further strengthens the hand of the poor countries. There are strong competitive pressures on the corpora-

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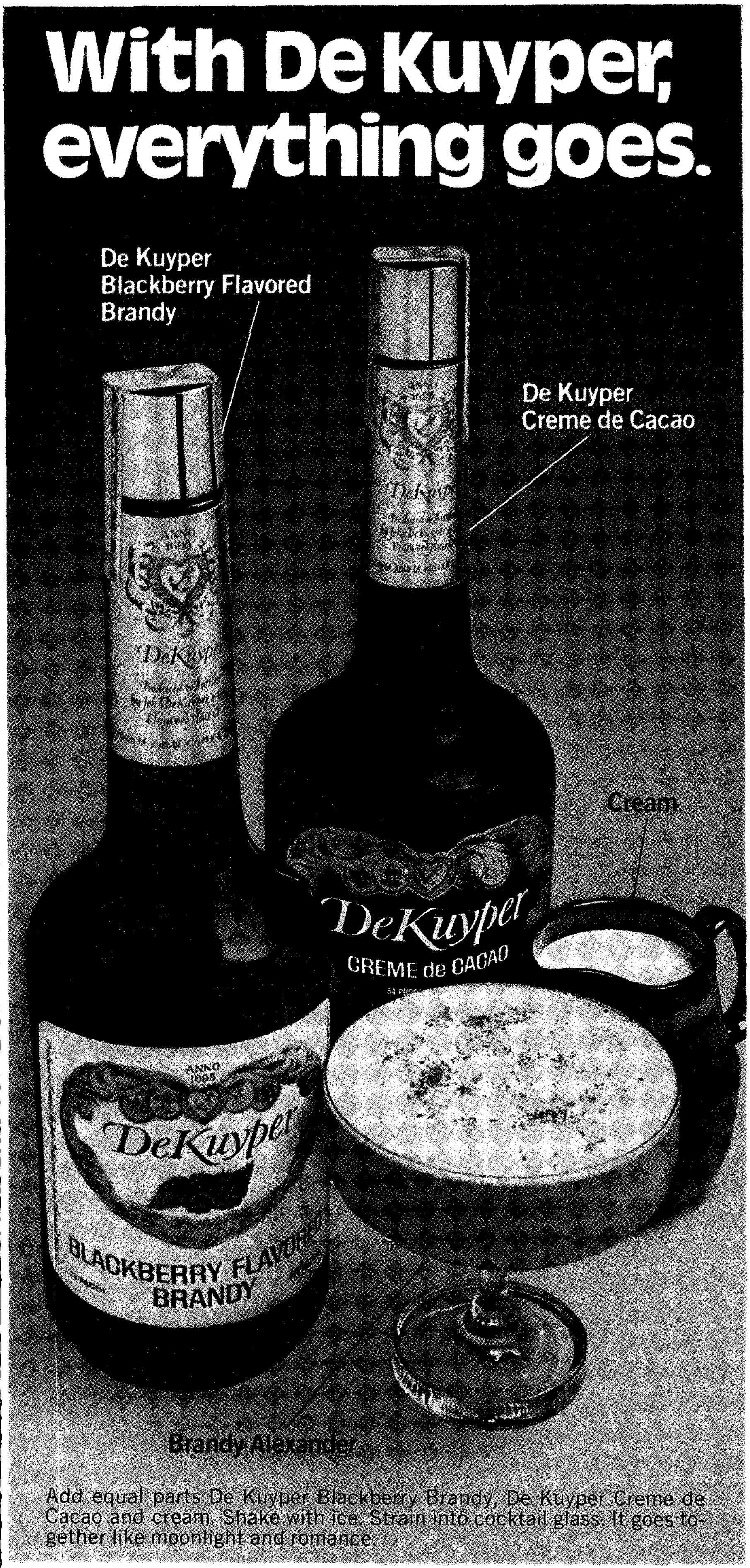
tions to enter into management contracts and service agreements when there is no apparent alternative access to crucial areas. Whereas only ten years ago countries were outdoing one another in making extravagant concessions to attract foreign companies, they are now learning that it is far more advantageous to control the companies than to turn the country over to them.

There are a number of ways poor countries can establish greater control over the global corporations. One is to demand competitive bids. As long ago as 1968, Colombia abandoned the traditional Latin-American policy of allowing free entry to all comers, and announced that only one automaker would be admitted. Renault, because it then had the smallest share of the Latin-American market, offered the best terms. In Chile, after Allende made moves toward nationalizing Ford, Fiat and British Leyland competed for the privilege of entering into a joint venture with the Marxist-oriented government to take over Ford's Chilean operations. The fact that corporations cannot afford ideological solidarity in such circumstances is an advantage of no small import to weak governments.

Competitive bidding is the product of recent developments. Until the late nineteen-fifties or the early sixties (depending upon the region), American global companies dominated foreign investment almost everywhere. But between 1960 and 1971 the growth rate of German and Japanese foreign investment was approximately triple that of the United States. The Japanese have often been able to offer better terms than the Americans. (The Minister of Fuels of one Latin-American country has said that Japanese, German, and East European companies have been bidding for mineral concessions that fifteen years ago would have gone as a matter of course to a corporation in the United States. The Japanese offered much the best terms.) Indeed, it frequently happens that the Japanese, who are significantly increasing their investment in Brazil, among other places in Latin America, are able to outbid the Americans. The World Bank economist Jack Baranson suggests that this is because the Japanese are less impatient than Americans. They are readier to settle for a smaller profit this year or next in the hope of establishing a more stable long-term relationship. In Peru, the Japanese agreed to a time limit on their investment in new ventures, worker participation in management decisions, and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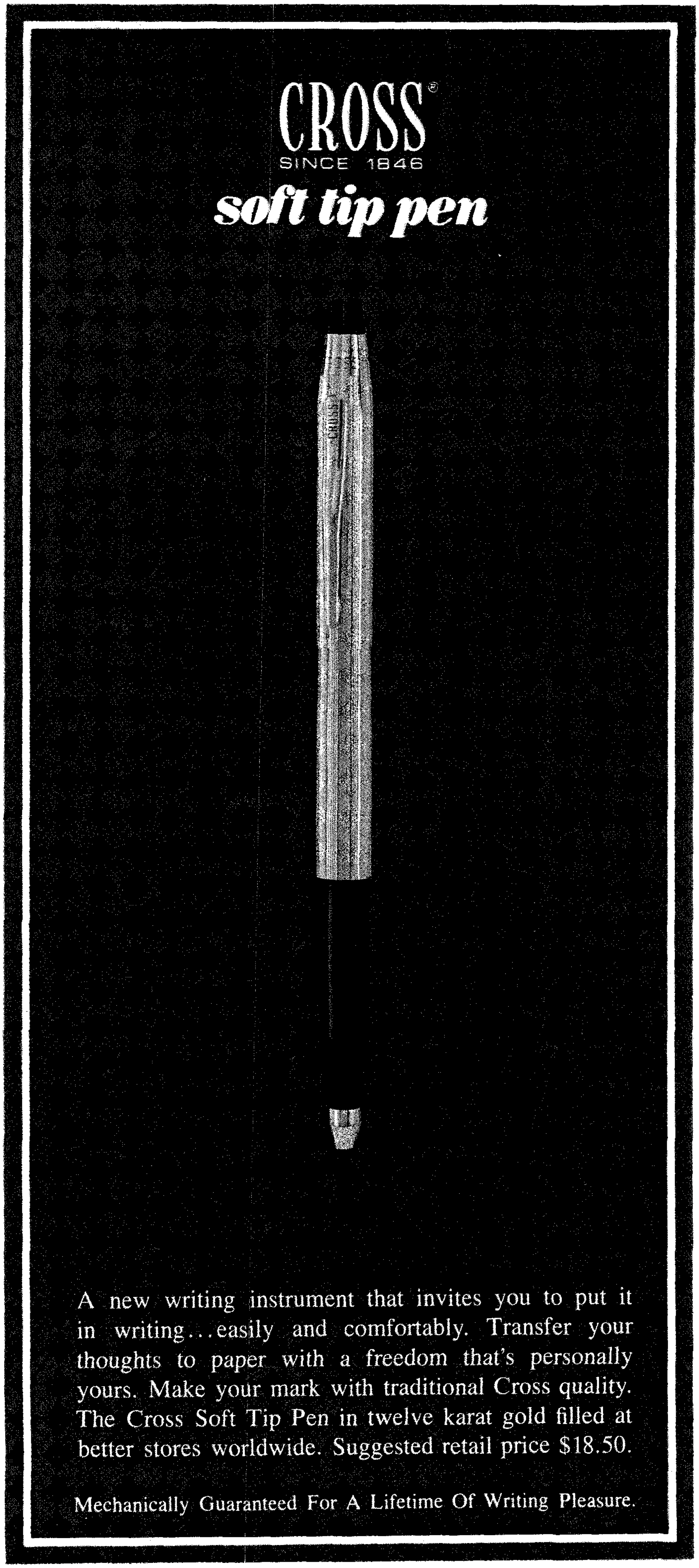

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government control of their pricing and marketing practices. This is but one example of a certain generosity in dealing with a host government which American managers, with an eye on this year's balance sheet, cannot bring themselves to show.

Not only are underdeveloped countries seeking to diversify their sources of investment, they are also making a noticeable effort to diversify their trading partners as well, to avoid the historical dependence of raw-materials producers on a single market. In May of 1973, thirty African countries ratified an accord to "concert and organize" their international-trade plans. Diversification of imports is crucial in the area of technology. Recently, Brazil, with the help of the World Bank, the Inter-American Bank, and lines of credit from the export-import banks of nine nations, including the United States, concluded competitive bidding for nearly two hundred million dollars' worth of steel-making machinery. Non-American global companies won all but two million dollars' worth of these contracts. Mexico is pursuing the same policy with regard to technology, and India is contemplating a similar move. Such countries are also seeking more and more to meet their need for outside capital by selling long-term bonds instead of inviting foreign investment.

In sum, the bargaining power of the poor countries is improving because they are beginning to see that, domestic political differences aside, they share what might be termed common class interests vis-à-vis the rich nations. The end of the United States hegemony and the rise of other rich nations to rival American economic power; the softening of the ideological cleavage between the Communist and non-Communist worlds, which makes it no longer necessary for poor countries to renounce neutralism, as John Foster Dulles used to demand; and, in Peter Gabriel's words, "the growing solidarity among the LDCs [less-developed countries] and the dependence of the industrialized countries on both the supplies and markets of the Third World" now hold out the prospect of a new world economy. And with it comes the distinct probability of an era in which a nation's share of global income will more than ever be determined not by the principles of free trade but by the power game of a new geopolitics.

—RICHARD BARNET
AND RONALD MÜLLER

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

MUSICAL EVENTS

Piano, and Voices

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ' recital in the Metropolitan Opera House two Sundays ago was an occasion both stimulating and disconcertant. The old familiar bravura was there. He began with a Clementi sonata, Opus 26 No. 2, sharply etched, incisively sounded, quirkily phrased as he bent the music into shapes that were captivating and thoroughly "musical." Then came Schumann's "Kinderscenen." Impetuous pieces composed by "Florestan"—"Blindman's Buff," "Knight of the Hobby-horse"—came off perfectly, but the flow of "Eusebius's" dreamy contentment was rudely disturbed; "Perfect Happiness" is surely not such a boisterous state of mind as Mr. Horowitz now conceives it to be. (His old recording was more serene.) Who sits "At the Fireside" jerking and jittery? When the main melody of "Träumerei" is drowned by an inner voice, willfulness has conquered musical sense. Mr. Horowitz lacked simple, easy, domestic warmth (which is what the "Kinderscenen" need) but not arc-light heat, dazzle, and flare; they were abundant in Scriabin's Fifth Sonata. In the Chopin group that formed the second half, boldness often became what must simply be termed banging, and elegance eccentricity. On a Steinway of aggressive timbre when struck hard in the octave below middle C, he sometimes generated a displeasing clatter. Of course, one was excited to encounter again this coruscant wizard of the keyboard—but memory suggested, and recordings confirm, that Horowitz' genius has hardened. His capricious commentary on Chopin's music once was more gently poetic and more persuasive.

IN a program note for the Metropolitan Opera's new production of "Jenůfa," David Hamilton remarks that the postwar decades have added the name of Leoš Janáček to those of Dvořák and Smetana, to form a Czechoslovak nationalist trio. Meanwhile, in the international operatic repertory, Janáček is beginning to take his place beside Puccini and Richard Strauss. In giving direct musical expression to human emotions honestly and quickly felt, he is their superior. The Metropolitan first did "Jenůfa" fifty years ago. Despite Jeritza in the title role and Matzenauer as the Sextoness, the production was dropped after its first season. Ernest Newman, guest critic of the *Evening Post* at the time, wrote a review that later he would gladly have forgotten (but Seltsam's "Annals" keeps it in pickle): "A more complete collection of undesirables and incredibles has never previously appeared in opera. . . . The work of a man who . . . is only a cut above the amateur." Today, "Jenůfa" is much loved, often performed, almost a repertory piece. Chicago and San Francisco are among the American houses that have mounted it, and there have been two productions in New York this season.

The first was put on for a single night, on the stage of Avery Fisher Hall, by Thomas Scherman's Little Orchestra Society. There was no décor, but otherwise there was a completely acted presentation, directed with uncommon finesse by Vlado Habunek. Indeed, three of the characters—Alexandra Hunt's Jenůfa, Naděžda Kniplová's Sextoness, and Gary Glaze's Števa—were more compellingly and completely portrayed than I have ever seen before. Miss Hunt came to international attention when she played another Janáček heroine, Kat'a Kabanová, at the Wexford Festival two years ago, and she has been invited to sing the role in Prague. The young American soprano seems to have a natural affinity with the composer's utterance; each brings out the best in the other, and although Miss Hunt's voice is "useful" rather than especially beautiful, she communicates beautifully, most touchingly and truly, the sense of each phrase. Above the staff, Miss Kniplová's tones are strident, ugly, and insecure; within it, puissant and commanding. Despite the addled climaxes, both the formidable public dignity of the Sextoness and the intensity of her private despair were potently conveyed. Mr. Glaze's Števa, cocky and confident on the surface, part hangdog and part blusterer when taxed, at once charmer and cad, was a keen interpretation. All three acted with voice, gesture, and glance in a way to make vivid the drama between them. Ivo Žídek's Laca was a capable but more routine portrayal. The instrumental timbres were bright, and Mr. Scherman let the music move at its natural speeds.

The Metropolitan version was less successful. The production, directed by Günther Rennert and designed by Günther Schneider-Siemssen, was based on Munich's. (Mr. Chapin might have done better to go shopping in Stockholm for the Götz Friedrich and Reinhart Zimmermann staging.) "Reality" was missing—not so much realistic detail as truthfully observed behavior. One little example: When Janáček's curtain first rises, the old Buryjovka should be sitting at one side, preparing potatoes, while Jenůfa gazes into the distance. After fifty-seven bars, during which Jenůfa voices her fears, the old woman then chides her granddaughter for not helping her. But at the Metropolitan she came onstage and set to work just before singing the reproach—which, as a consequence, seemed quite unjustified. On a deeper level, the domestic background of the tragedy had not been established. Act I was a "Ring" set—craggy cleft beneath a lowering sky—decked with two tiny buildings. The scene for Acts II and III, the Sextoness's living room, might have been the Gibichung palace—a huge space that dispelled the emotional force of the drama. At the close of Act II, not one casement but three crashed open, and handfuls of paper snow were chucked in, as if to make sure we realized that it warn't a fit night out for man nor beast. Botanical detail was peculiar: Does rosemary ever bear carnation-size pink blossoms?

In the title role, Teresa Kubiak had some very touching moments, mingled with others in which her interpretation became merely stagey. The work was sung in the English translation of Otakar Kraus and Edward Downes (slightly revised, not always for the better); Miss Kubiak's command of English is imperfect, so direct, idiomatic utterance of the lines often eluded her. The voice, however, was lustrous. The Sextoness is a role for a dramatic soprano in her mature prime; Astrid Varnay brought the ruins of a once brilliant (though never wholly secure) heroic soprano to bear on it. Moreover, the character escaped her—as it did at Covent Garden nearly seven years ago. It is curious, and distressing, that someone who has been the most exciting Isolde, the most powerful Ortrud, the most passionate Brünnhilde of our day should fail here, and have so little theatrical presence. When Miss Varnay enacted Ortrud in Act I of "Lohengrin," she dominated the stage though

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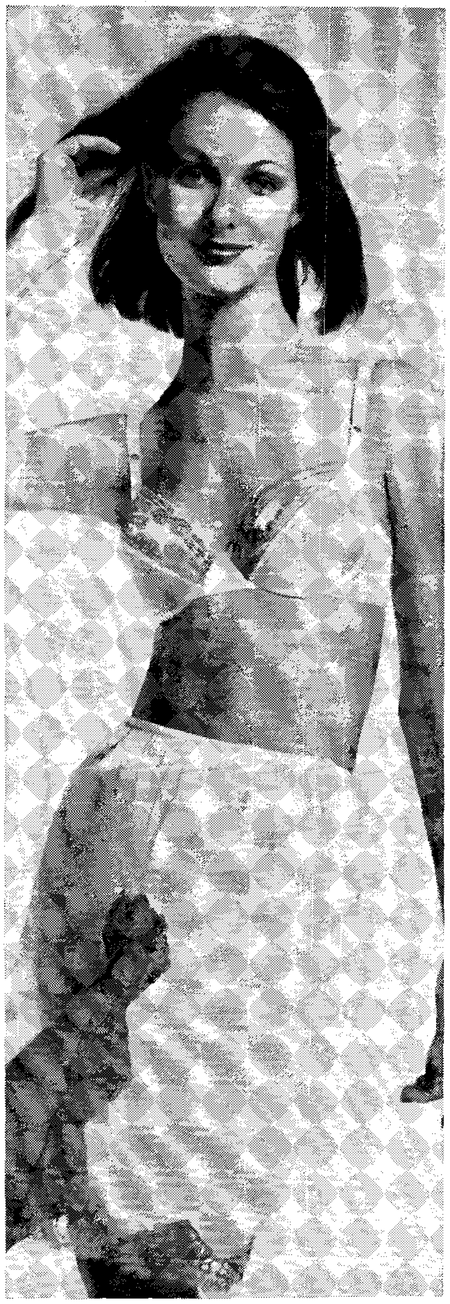

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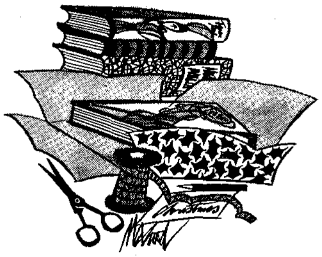
having only a line or two to sing. When the Sextoness steps forward, in Act I of "Jenůfa," to quell the merrymaking, one would expect electric charges to radiate from Miss Varnay, silencing the chorus, setting scalps atingle throughout the house. Instead, nothing much happened. Nor in the last act, where all other Sextonesses of my experience have advanced with tragic dignity, again stilling the turbulent crowd by simple majesty of gait and by force of personality. Miss Kniplová had been tremendous here. But Miss Varnay lurched and lunged into her confession in a hammy, melodramatic manner. Jon Vickers, the Laca, affected a similar lurching deportment. He sang, as always, with forceful expression, but he pushed things to the point of exaggeration. William Lewis was a lean, dapper Števa, looking like a wicked young squire from pantomime rather than a Moravian Turiddu. John Nelson's conducting altogether missed the definition of accent and color that give to Janáček's score its "speaking" quality, and his pacing of the final duet made it an anticlimax, not an apotheosis.



All in all, a disappointing attempt at an opera that usually inspires love and enthusiasm in all who hear it. Maybe in future seasons a Kubelik or a Mackerras can bring the production to life. As for the score, the 1969 edition by Joannes Martin Dürr was used. This embodies cuts and reorchestration by Karel Kovařovic, who conducted the Prague première (1916). The Sextoness's Act I narration, removed by Janáček himself when he revised the opera in preparation for the first vocal score (1908), and recovered by Dürr, was not reinstated. A good case can be made for its inclusion: it does much to explain the Sextoness's character, tells us of her passionate youth, and motivates her determination to save Jenůfa from a marriage such as hers (to Števa's uncle) had been.

BOTH to the ear and to the eye Town Hall remains unrivalled among New York's auditoriums. Artists singing or playing there start with an advantage—heard at their best, seen at their best, and in close, easy contact with an audience predisposed to enjoyment by the pleasant ambience. Last week's joint recital by Evelyn Mandac and Theodor Uppman, in Town Hall's "Encore" series on Tuesday evenings at six, was a happy event.

Miss Mandac is a singer so sensitive, so musical, and potentially so bewitching that it is worth trying to discern just why the promise of that Inès, in Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," described in these pages two years ago, remains—well, promise still and not really fulfillment of all that one had hoped for. I think it is partly a matter of words and partly one of temperament. To each syllable of the line "Let us wander not unseen" (the recital began with a set of duets arranged from Purcell), Miss Mandac gave much the same weight, length, and emphasis. In "Sound the Trumpet," she pronounced "glories" as if it were just another workaday word among many. Singing not keenly responsive to the force and color and speed and stress of language can never be wholly satisfying. But instead of spurring that hobbyhorse around the familiar track, I will simply commend once again the precepts in Plunket Greene's "Interpretation in Song" and the practice to be heard in his and John McCormack's records. To those exemplars may be added: for French songs, Claire Croiza; for German, Elisabeth Schumann; for songs in just about any language, Alma Gluck. And, as a more recent, more readily available, and wholly captivating demonstration of words perfectly valued, weighted, and timed, Joan Morris's Nonesuch album "After the Ball." (How beautifully, in pronouncing the word "elephants," Miss Morris reconciles the dactylic stress and the cretic syllable lengths.) Character is created by the use of words. Miss Mandac has the timbres and technique for Susanna, Zerlina, and Rossini's Rosina, but in singing their music she uttered the lines in the less piquant accents of Pamina and Mozart's Rosina. If I were writing in England, I could describe her as a Jill Gomez without quite the sparkle of personality. But since Miss Gomez (one of England's two most vivid sopranos; the other is Josephine Barstow—and both can be heard in the recording of Tippett's "The Knot Garden") is not yet well known here, let me praise quite simply a fluent, flexible, and surely formed voice of distinct and most agreeable quality, and an attractive young artist who does nothing wrong and may blossom into an interpreter doing everything exquisitely right. Two songs from Miss

Mandac's native Philippines; pure, finely spun cadenzas in the "Zauberflöte" duet "Bei Männern;" and a glamorous, creamy "Vilia" (a "Merry Widow" medley was the encore) were exquisite already.

Mr. Uppman's talents are familiar. Lively words and a lively, winning personality mark his performances. In "Dunque io son," the Rosina-Figaro duet from "Il Barbiere," his divisions were less exact than Miss Mandac's—but then he had already pleaded some throat trouble. Both Miss Mandac and Mr. Uppman are fair to look upon; all the same, there may have been people wanting to spare a glance at texts in that song lover's vade mecum Philip Miller's "The Ring of Words"—so it was unkind to switch off the lights in the hall.

THE "Turandot" put on recently by the New Jersey State Opera in Newark's Symphony Hall for a single night represented a kind of opera performance that is now rare even in Italy, its natural home—a special event at which the enthusiasm of the audience, largely local but swelled to capacity by eager pilgrims (my PATH train to Newark took on the aspect of an Opera Special), becomes a positive element in the drama of the evening, and where, around a visiting celebrity, local talent fills the stage. (Nearly everyone seems to have a cousin in the chorus, or at least a friend carrying a spear.) A "Lucia" of the kind was recalled by E. M. Forster in "Where Angels Fear to Tread." ("Italians don't love music silently, like the beastly Germans. The audience takes its share—sometimes more.") A few years ago, I encountered such a "Mefistofele" in Piacenza. But the New Jersey "Turandot" was exceptional in having, in all three principal roles, stars of international renown: Birgit Nilsson as the ice-girt Princess, Licia Albanese as Liù, and Placido Domingo as the Unknown Prince. The décor, by Anthony Stivanello, was bright and colorful and, within the limits of the modestly equipped stage in Symphony Hall, fulfilled Puccini's requirements. The chorus, directed by James Lucas, acted and reacted like billy-ho; such B-movie intensity of gesture and expression as theirs is preferable any day to tired routine. The orchestra, under Alfredo Silipigni, played with spirit. It was a show with never a dull moment. When Calaf struck the gong, the audience broke into cheers. I intend nothing patronizing in the account. The style of presentation is not what one would enjoin on the Metropolitan; nor is it "what opera is all about." But an excited, participant audience is at least one of the things that opera of this kind is "about," and in "Turandot" even those overzealous fans who would rather make their own appreciative noises than listen to all the composer's music prove less infuriating than usual. The social and sexual premises of the drama do not bear dwelling on today; the score has marvels of musical skill but was calculated to bear interruptions.

Miss Nilsson, as is her wont, omitted Turandot's second aria, "Del primo pianto," and this spoiled the shape of the last act. Her presence was grand, her singing very powerful. Even though the nonpareil voice showed some signs of wear (some notes were mispitched, and some unsteady), that decisive, keenly projected tone remained thrilling. To the lingering "L'amor?" that answers Liù's brave "Principessa, l'amor" she gave a poignant, self-doubting, almost wistful expression; there were many such subtleties in her interpretation. Miss Albanese's Liù was honest, direct, and most affecting; I am glad to have seen it. Mr. Domingo was in full, free voice. Harry Dworchak was a sound Timur, and Ping, Pang, and Pong—Russel Christopher, Gregory Isaac, and Modesto Crisci—sang their charming trio without fussiness, as if they meant it. A pleasure, too, to see what is rare in New York—an operatic production not lit from first to last with follow spots on the principals. —ANDREW PORTER

•

St. David's Episcopal Church will recognize St. Francis of Assisi Day at 10:15 a.m. Oct. 6 with an outdoor celebration of the Holy Eucharist and the blessing of animals.

The Rev. E. Boyd Coarsey Jr., rector, will be the celebrant for the service at the parish Altar-in-the-Woods, located on a wooded portion of the church's property.

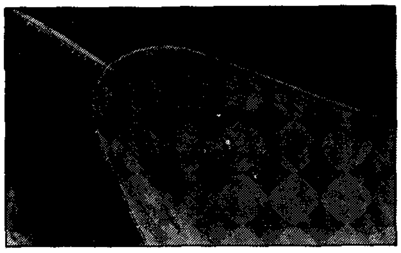
Members of the congregation and the public are asked to bring pets to be blessed. Representing local members of the animal community will be two pumas and three baby jaguars from the Jacksonville Zoo, and a dog and cat from the Jacksonville Humane Society.

To encourage the appearance of native birds, parish children have constructed bird feeders suspended from tree limbs enclosing the altar setting.

The service will include a Litany written by parish children, and singing—in part from the St. Francis-based film "Brother Sun, Sister Moon"—will be accompanied by guitar and autoharp.

Persons attending the service should wear informal clothing, and brings blankets and insect repellent spray.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Florida Times-Union.*

For those blessed mosquitoes.



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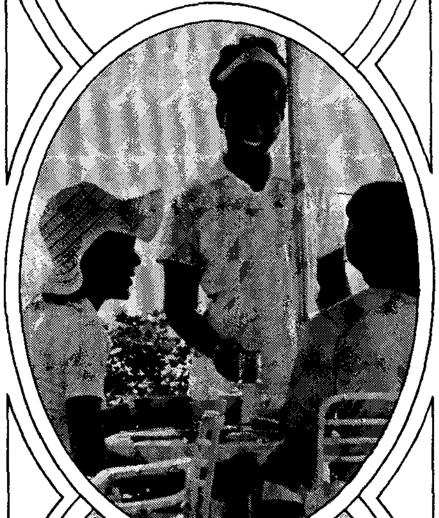
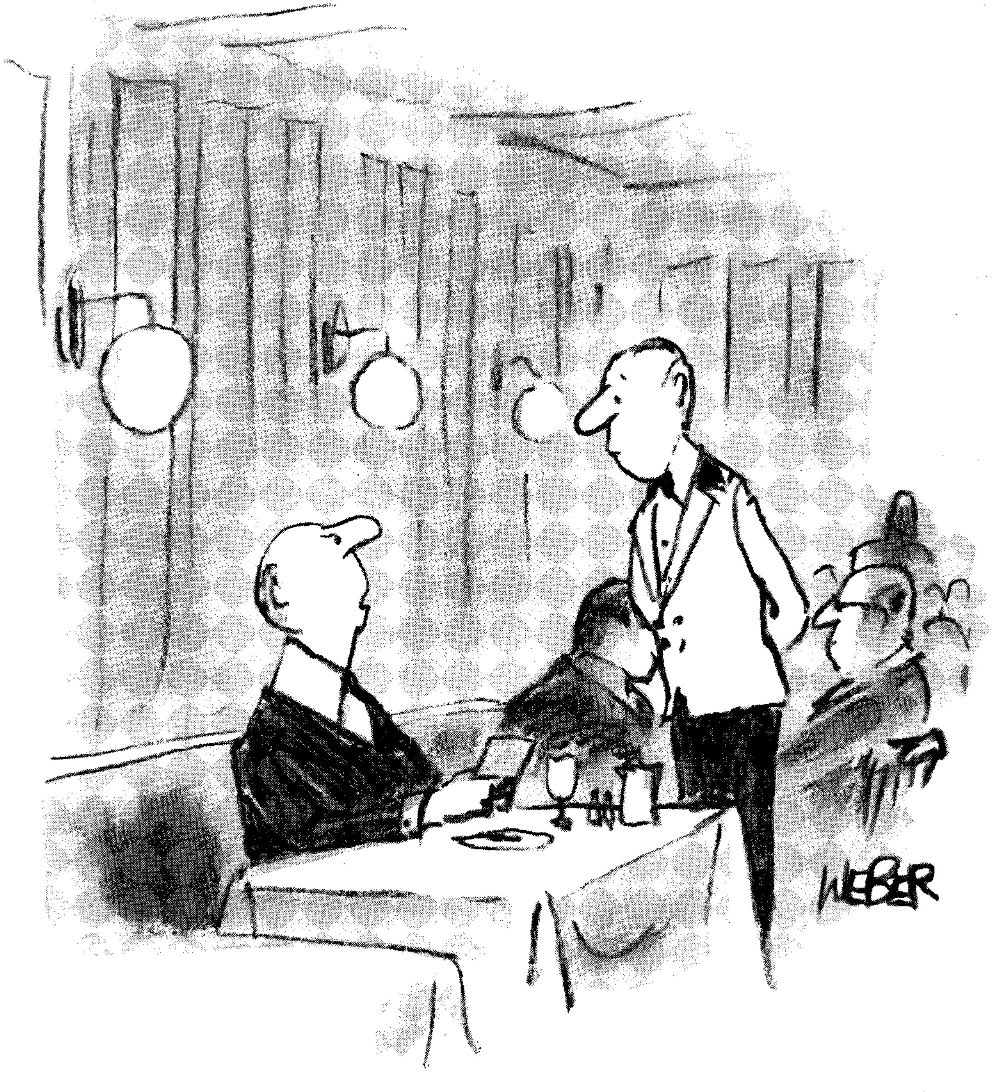


THE THEATRE

BLUNDERS

SOME plays that fail prompt us to feel sorry; others make us angry. Of the second kind, I note for the record that a consummately vulgar little botch of a play called "Fame" opened at the John Golden last week and closed after a single performance. The speed of its passing is all that can be said in its favor. The author, Anthony J. Ingrassia, gave us, under the thinnest possible disguise, his version of the life and death of Marilyn Monroe, and it proved to be a version contumelious in the extreme. To make bad matters worse, Mr. Ingrassia appeared wholly unaware of the crudity of the means he had employed to achieve an end that the pulp movie magazines of my childhood used to relish—that is, to give, as they always sniggeringly promised to do, the inside story of what Fatty Arbuckle had done in that hotel room in San Francisco, or the inside story of what caused the car accident in which Murnau was killed. Even the broadest caricatures in "Fame"—those, say, of Louella Parsons and Louis B. Mayer, under their own names, or of Lee and Paula Strasberg, under the names of Sam and Luba—had the look of being largely unintentional. Broad as they were, Mr. Ingrassia must have considered them almost too subtle for us to take in; otherwise, why, as director of his play, would he have chosen to have his actors and actresses ham up their roles as if they were so many rambunctious children playing "The Bat" at summer camp?

In a play as ill-written as "Fame," it is hard to pass accurate judgment upon the native talents of the cast. Ellen Barber, who played the lead, happens not to look in the least like Marilyn Monroe, and the exceedingly wiggy-looking blond wig she wore called attention to her unlikeness by trying so obviously to deny it. The set, which consisted of a number of oyster-white sliding panels, was designed by Douglas W. Schmidt; the costumes were designed by Jeffrey B. Moss. The lighting, by Martin Aronstein, came as near to blinding me as no matter; watching the stage was like attempting to stare down the headlights of some enormous, rapidly advancing truck. Often I shut my eyes; oftener still, I would have liked to shut my ears.



"If you don't honor American Express, Carte Blanche, or Master Charge, what, may I ask, do *you honor?"*

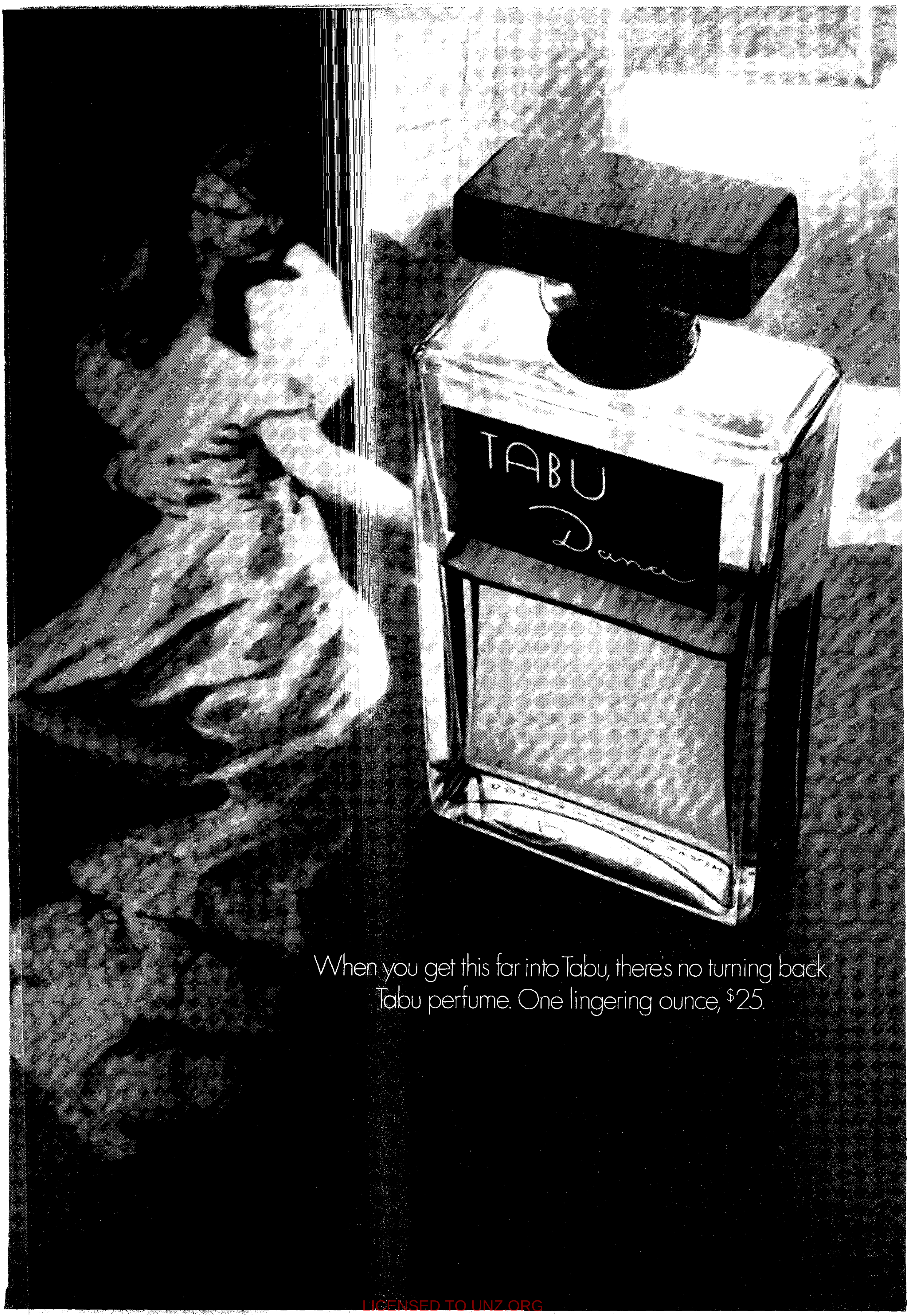
"SATURDAY SUNDAY MONDAY," at the Martin Beck, is the sort of play that one feels sorry for, simply and without anger. It is a domestic comedy by the celebrated Italian playwright Eduardo de Filippo, who is also prominent as an actor and a producer. Mr. de Filippo has written no fewer than forty-six plays, many of them big successes, so it is plain that he knows how to please his countrymen. I suspect that Americans will find his handiwork old-fashioned and self-indulgent; at any rate, this American does. As the title hints, the plot of the play has to do with three days in the life of a bustling, bickering, blustering Neapolitan family, complete with a comic maid, comic neighbors, and a comic tailor. Each day gets an act to itself, which makes for a longer evening than I was capable of sitting through. And this in spite of the many charming people onstage, among them Walter Abel, Sada Thompson, and Eli Wallach. Truth to tell, they are not very plausibly Neapolitan, but they manifestly enjoy practicing their craft, and I'm sure that as far as they are concerned Mr. de Filippo would do well to sit down and dash off a sequel called "Tuesday Wednesday Thursday." The set is by Franco Zeffirelli, who also directed.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Iowa has a highly trained, willing-to-work labor force; a fair and equitable corporate tax climate; stable and responsible government; highly motivated communities and local development corporations; and abundant and competitive plant sites. Iowa's quality of life and its people's openness and honesty are difficult to find these days.—*American Bar Association Journal.*

Yeah. It's the same story everywhere.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PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER

THERE is always a promoter out there, waiting to put it all together. Any human activity that has not been channelled into an industry keeps him up at night, groping for angles. Could it be that the necessity of ridding lawns of leaves in the autumn provides no greater opportunities for commerce than the sale of rakes and motorized leaf-clearing machines? If millions of people hold birthday parties for their children, what about a toy-buying service or party favors by mail or a birthday-cake-of-the-month, or maybe a birthday-party club that offers all of those in a package deal? To an American promoter, the challenge is not to build a better mousetrap but to sell something else to people who were suffering along under the impression that a mousetrap was all they needed to combat mice—meantime compiling a mailing list that can be rented out for the sale of products appealing to people who have exhibited quality-purchasing patterns in extermination equipment. To a non-promoter, the activity that promises millions to the man who puts it all together is likely to seem routine or humble, or even patently noncommercial. But, even at that, who would have ever suspected bass fishing? In the United States, there are far more fresh-water bass fishermen than any other kind of fishermen, but seven or eight years ago their commercial potential was thought to end right there. They were not known as the kind of people who had a lot of loose money ready to be gathered up—like, say, cooking fanatics or collectors of collectibles or, for that matter, tuna fishermen. Bass fishing has always been concentrated in the South, and it was identified with pickup trucks and country music and bib overalls. Trout fishermen, in the traditional view, stood in streams while draped in tweed, and went home to write essays on the strategy they employed to outwit the wiliest of opponents. Bass fishermen sat in johnboats that were powered by five-horsepower outboards, and referred to their quarry as "hawgs" or "lunkers." That was seven or eight years ago. Since then, Ray Scott has put it all together in bass fishing.

"I've lost the will to go home."

Ray Scott, who has always been a fanatic bass fisherman himself, is the president of the Bass Anglers Sportsman Society (BASS)—which differs from being the president of, say, the Audubon Society or the Humane Society in that he is also the owner of the Bass Anglers Sportsman Society. He used to be in insurance—first in burial ("A nickel cheaper, a foot deeper" was one way he described his policy) and then in life. He is in the Southern tradition of the country-boy promoter—alternately humble ("I just went into it like a blind hog") and confident ("I was a tough salesman: I went after 'em, one on one") and familiar with the appropriate Scripture ("Sir Izaak Walton—I have all his books—was a doughball fisherman but quite good with his pen") and down-home ("Rayo Breckenridge is a cotton-pickin' heck of a fisherman"). In the South, country-boy promoters often find their way into politics or religion. They often have the kind of Southern accent that sounds as if they're trying to form the words around an obstacle in their mouths, and their double negatives tend to increase with the proximity of a microphone. They often live well and dress well and make no apologies for either. If a country-boy promoter who has chosen religion as his field is asked whether he thinks it appropriate for a preacher to wear a three-hundred-dollar custom-made double-knit, he is likely to ask in return if a man who brings people the holy word of the Lord should do so while wearing a tacky suit. The assumption is that a smart country boy is entitled to any material rewards that happen to come with service to the Lord or the Democratic Party instead of to some played-out cotton land—an assumption that holds even if the country boy in question is, like Scott, not a self-educated dirt farmer from Hatchechubbee but a university graduate who has always lived in Montgomery. Last year, when a cover story in a Montgomery monthly

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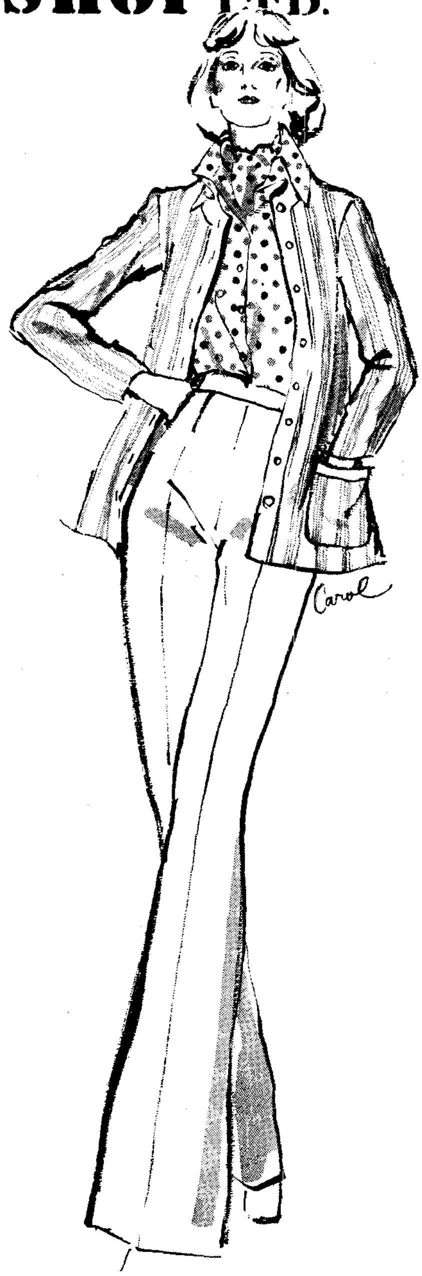

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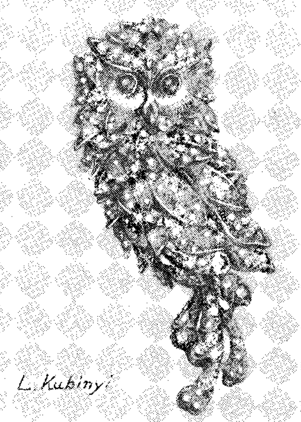
called *Alabama News Magazine* mentioned that Scott had made a couple of million out of bass fishing in the first five years of his commercial involvement, he was slightly embarrassed—but only slightly. "I can't help it"—or, more accurately, "Ah cain't hep it"—he said recently. "What can I do? Frankly, the more good I do, the more I make. It beats hell out of selling insurance."

WHAT must irritate the would-be promoters who permit themselves to dwell on lost opportunities is that, in retrospect, putting it all together in bass fishing seems so obvious. Take the largest group of fishermen in the country. Organize them around activities that American men have usually found irresistible—competing, operating powerful engines, belonging to organizations that set them apart through costumes and jargon, playing with electrical gadgets. Apply modern business techniques. End up with an organization of one hundred and eighty-five thousand members (at an annual membership fee of ten dollars), a mailing list of half a million names, a magazine fat with four-color advertisements, a professional circuit of fishing tournaments, a catalogue-mail-order business (that athletic-looking man modelling the parka is Ray Scott), and a tour business that flies bass fishermen to "hot lakes" in its own eight-hundred-thousand-dollar Beechcraft. Then devote your sunny days to bass fishing and your rainy ones to musing on whether or not the Bassmaster Pro Shop should be franchised.

That all may seem obvious now, but nobody thinks Ray Scott just stumbled onto it like a blind hog. He is a careful merchandiser—"I'll go to the moon if it's profitable," he has said, "but I won't go without testing"—and a gifted promoter. The culmination of the BASS tournament circuit, the BASS Masters Classic, is hardly a spectator event, but Scott gets wide coverage for it by the simple device of treating outdoor writers to a week of fishing with the pros on the ground that each pro must have an "observer" in his boat at all times. The BASS Masters Classic has attracted Miller High Life as a sponsor—the definition of a sponsor in the world of promotion being someone who picks up most of the bills. The drama is provided not only by offering a fifteen-thousand-dollar prize for the winner but by not revealing the tournament site until the planeload of fishermen and "press-anglers" that takes off from New Orleans has actually landed at some unidentified



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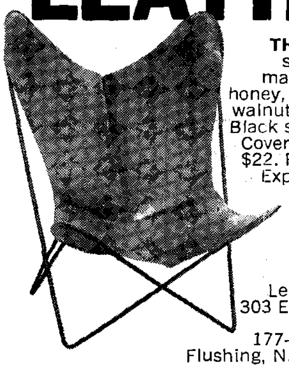

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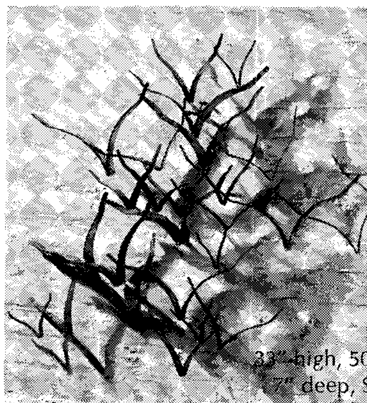

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airport—a device that provides the fishermen with an equal shot at a lake that no one has practiced on and provides the writers with the kind of shipment-by-night and false-registration and double-agent tales that seem to have been inspired by those Second World War films about where the Allies would land on D Day. This year's Classic was held a few weeks ago, and no cry of "Normandy! Normandy!" by a suddenly enlightened member of the German General Staff could have seemed as dramatic as the word that everyone was heading for Wheeler Lake, Alabama. "Ray's a real con man," one of the outdoor writers on the plane said, without sounding at all critical. "And he runs a first-rate organization." Before Scott came along, freshwater fishing tournaments had the reputation of being quickie promotions with flexible rules, flexibly enforced. BASS tournaments have strict rules, and this year Scott made a point of publicizing the suspension of a Classic qualifier who had apparently caught a fish by "other than sporting methods" in a regional tournament. A fisherman who joins BASS receives a patch to put on his windbreaker and a handsome magazine full of fishing tips and the use of an information service that has data on bass lakes all over the country and six dollars' worth of lures when he renews his membership. "I always sold hard and I delivered hard," Scott says. "I give him his ten dollars' worth."

Scott originally had the idea of trying to organize a pro bass-fishing tour that would be similar to the golf or tennis circuit. He began in 1967 by promoting a tournament on Beaver Lake, Arkansas, trying to attract competitors who could demonstrate that bass fishing is a skill and could also pay a hundred-dollar entry fee. He used one of the modern American tools of salesmanship—a WATS telephone line, which gives unlimited long-distance calling for a flat fee. "The technique was the same as I used in insurance," Scott has said. "When I got there, I had four names on three-by-five cards in a little box. I got myself a WATS line for a month, and I started calling. I got names. I got referrals. I wrote this letter, naming the man who had referred me—a personal letter that said 'Call me collect.' When they called, I had the girl say I was in conference, and then I'd call back on the WATS line. I made *them* give *me* references. I turned a couple of them down. Oh, there was a little carny in it. When the WATS line was taken out, I had five hundred names. I felt this throbbing in-

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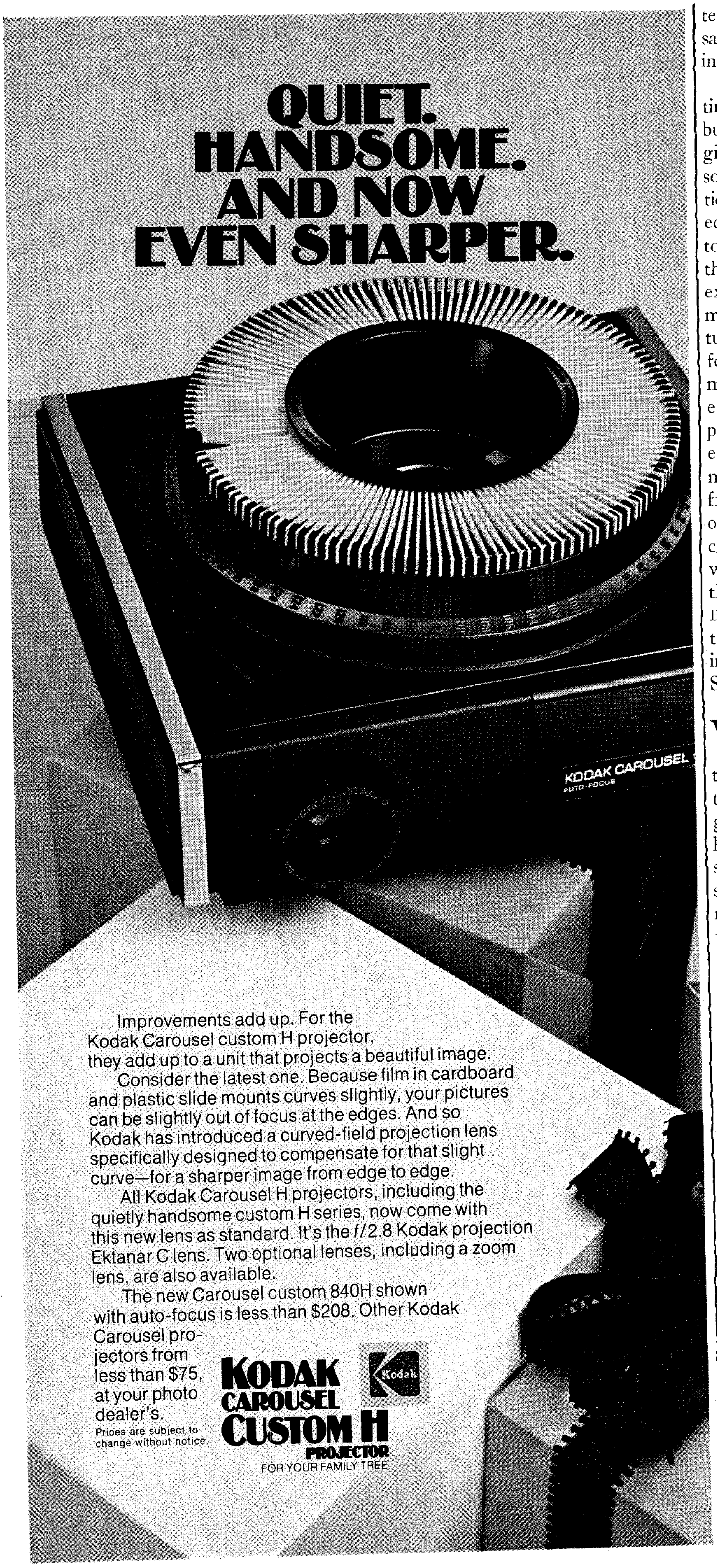

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terest. Before that thing was over, I saw I had a chance to blow this thing into an organization."

As it happened, 1967 was a ripe time to organize bass fishermen. The buoyant economy of the sixties had given people some extra money and some extra leisure time. The completion of some Corps of Engineers projects had given them a lot of new water to fish in. Technological innovations that had the potential of changing and expanding bass fishing had already been made. Someone in East Texas was turning out boats designed particularly for bass fishermen. A man in Oklahoma had invented a practical depth finder. The invention of the plastic worm provided fishermen with a remarkably effective new bait. An electric trolling motor—a second motor attached to the front of a bass boat and often foot-operated—permitted a fisherman to cast steadily down the shore of a lake with no effort and with no more sound than an eerie hum. The formation of BASS helped the various new gadgets to coalesce into a new kind of bass fishing. "We came up with the market," Scott says. "We *are* the market."

WHAT really seems to have put it all together for Scott is the fact that the market and the tournament trail turned out to be interrelated. Regional tournaments sponsored by BASS led naturally to local tournaments sponsored by local bass clubs which inspired more bass clubs which meant more members for BASS. And who would appear for a tournament—as opposed to mere fishing—without some form of the flashy dress and flashy equipment used by the pros? If bass fishing was being shown in the tournaments to be a measurable skill rather than a matter of luck and knowing the lake, it followed that anyone who was serious about catching fish would have to equip himself with the modern fish-finding tools advertised in *Bassmaster* magazine and sold through the BASS catalogue. How could anyone who had merely a johnboat and a familiarity with his local lake hope to emulate Bill Dance, the 1974 BASS Angler of the Year, who is described in the Classic program as "one of the most famous of the new breed of scientific anglers using sonar depth finders, temperature meters, and oxygen probes"? At the Classic, the connection between the tournament trail and the market becomes explicit. Each of the twenty-nine Classic contestants uses the year's official Classic bass boat—heavy with the official eighty-five-horsepower motor and the official electric anchor and the official oxygen meter and the official "suggested retail value" of something like seven thousand dollars. (After the tournament, BASS sells the boats secondhand through its magazine for fifty-three hundred dollars each, a transaction that has proved sufficiently profitable to induce Scott to order an extra thirty or so boats this year.) For a film BASS and Miller's produced about the Classic this year, Dance discussed precisely what water temperature and what oxygen count he had been looking for in Wheeler Lake, after having been told off camera not to worry about the fact that he had not, in reality, been using either his official oxygen meter or his official water thermometer.

Tournament fishermen being interviewed by outdoor writers after a day of Classic fishing talk a lot about establishing a pattern (figuring out, by a system of elimination, what kinds of places the bass seem to be concentrating in and what kind of lure seems to be appealing to them) and varying their retrieve (the way they reel in their lures) and looking for structure that might attract bass (structure is what an old-time bass fisherman would call "something on the bottom of the lake"). Tournament fishermen have not started calling the one that got away an escapee, but they're close to that. Such professional language presumably contributes to what Scott often speaks of as a new sense of self-esteem among bass fishermen brought about by BASS—an organization that has invited their participation in solicitation letters that say carp fishermen need not apply, and has encouraged them to wear BASS jump suits while riding in bass boats that cost four or five thousand dollars. The bass fisherman, Scott often says, used to be considered one cut above a loafer—a man who skulked away early on a Saturday morning and ignored his family and his lawn for the rest of the weekend. Now he need no longer envy his golfing neighbor's country club; he has a club of his own, and it even has tournaments. "Bass fishing is not the barefoot boy in bib overalls anymore," Scott said to those gathered at Wheeler Lake for the Classic this year. "It's a glamour sport."

A lot of the glamour has to do with machines. Inspecting the official Classic bass boats on the dock at Wheeler Lake, someone said to the BASS tournament director, "That's the best-looking boat you've ever had—expensive-looking." The tournament director nodded, and said, "That's the thing—

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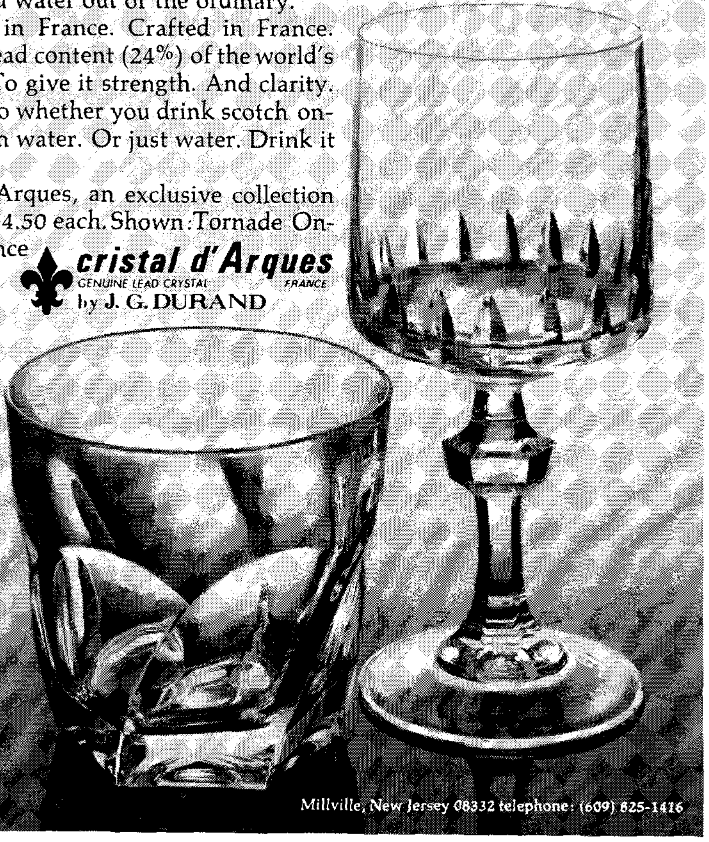

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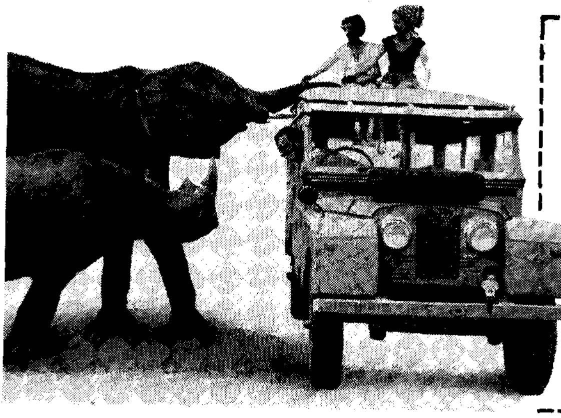

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they have that class, expensive look to ’em.” A lot of the glamour is in clothing. At the awards banquet that ends the Classic, the only award given for anything except catching bass was the Best-Dressed Angler Award—a BASS windbreaker presented to a fisherman who had become noted for his red-white-and-blue jump suit. The bass fishermen participating in the Classic tend to be Southerners who come from towns small enough to make small-town jokes about. (“You probably heard about when that SAC plane crashed in the middle of Murray and all its bombs exploded—did thirty-five dollars’ worth of damage.”) They talk country no matter how far away they are from a microphone or how accustomed to professional jargon, so that they can be heard saying, “There ain’t no structure back yonder.” But some of them have modish sideburns and a lot of them have carefully tailored jump suits. What Scott is selling to bass fishermen is partly the same thing that encyclopedia salesmen are selling to families in small Southern towns—a ticket to the middle class.

THERE are bass fishermen who consider BASS a blight that has nearly destroyed a pleasant pastime. There are people who believe that tournament fishing—particularly the degree of tournament fishing that can result in two or three tournaments in a local lake every summer weekend—puts a strain on the bass population. There are people who, having always thought of fishing as a quiet, noncompetitive way to spend a Saturday afternoon, resent efforts to imbue it with the same kind of frenetic competition and materialism that are part of pro football or the sale of used cars. There are people who don’t want a ticket to the middle class. According to one outdoor writer at the Classic, the bitterest words against BASS heard at his newspaper are heard in the composing room. “They hate being swamped by those bass boats, and they hate those jump suits,” he said. “God, they hate those jump suits.”

A couple of years ago, Scott began a “release-your-catch” program to placate critics who believe that a lake can be fished out by tournaments and the increased fishing they inspire—a belief Scott does not share. He has filed suits against corporations polluting the rivers, and he has helped establish a Bass Research Foundation to sponsor research in ways to conserve bass. Scott says there is nothing to prevent contemplative fishermen from fishing in the

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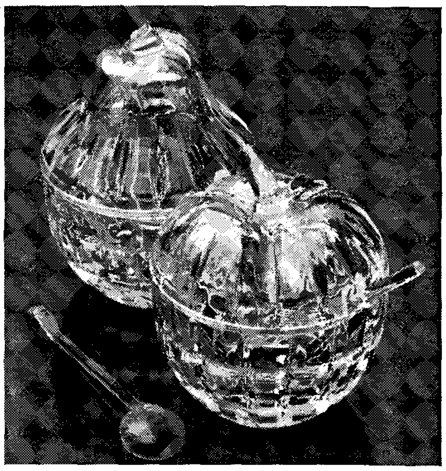

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old relaxed way, although he believes all men to be "competitive by nature." He himself seems to be at the height of his energies during the competition and excitement of the Classic. Under his constant direction, it has a tone that crosses a professional golf tournament with a hardware dealers' convention. There is a different kind of food and entertainment every night, and the same eight hours of fishing every day. At BASS qualifying tournaments, contestants have to pay an entry fee and their own expenses. But those who qualify for the Classic—they tend to be people with fishing-related jobs, like running a marina or representing a lure company or presiding over a fishing show on television—are invited to bring their wives for an all-expense-paid stay at the "mystery lake." The wives at Wheeler Lake spent their days being transported by special bus to the NASA Space Center at Huntsville or to the historic homes of Florence or, on the day of the awards banquet, to the nearest beauty parlor.

Scott seemed to be everywhere, often in a BASS jump suit and a Stetson and cowboy boots. He was out in a boat every morning saying a prayer over a bull mike just before the day's fishing began. He was on the weigh-in platform asking the crowd about the idea someone had of putting radios and scales in the boats next year so the press-anglers could call in a sort of unofficial running tabulation. ("They'll play it on the radio all over the United States. Everyone will hear it. Truck drivers will hear it. Deer hunters will hear it. Everyone will hear it.") He was acting as the judge of applause for fishermen who had taken part in a hula contest. ("Glin Wells done won it, bones and all.") Every afternoon, he stood on the weigh-in platform, microphone in hand, waiting for the boats to come in. "Isn't it pretty?" he said one day. "These boats would retail for more than seven thousand dollars. Isn't it a pretty sight? All Johnson eighty-five-horsepower motors. All Lowrance depth finders. Isn't it pretty?"

—CALVIN TRILLIN

◆

While her husband conferred with Pakistani Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, Nancy Kissinger flew by helicopter yesterday to the hill station of Murree, 40 miles north of Islamabad, Pakistan. Asked how she was bearing up under the rigors of the trip, she replied, "I think you can say I see more of zhenry on trips than I do in Washington."—*Tampa Tribune*.

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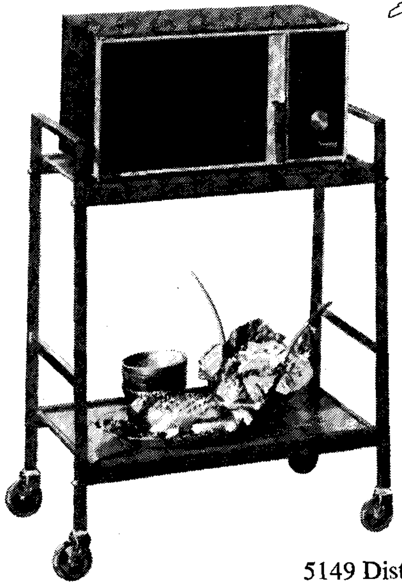

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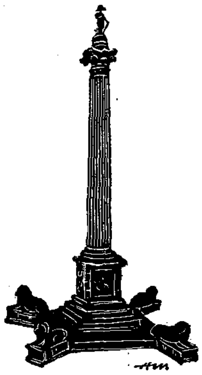
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 20

JUST a month after the Government settled back confidently into place with a small but sufficient mandate to govern firmly, ordinary citizens are nervously feeling that they have been here before and know only too well what is coming to them—except that it was under a different management last winter, of course. The test of whether Mr. Wilson's administration is prepared to be firm or not has arrived very quickly. As expected, the miners are the first of the big organized-labor battalions to serve uncompromising notice that, glad as they were to see a Labour Government returned to power, nobody must make the mistake of thinking that the real power has anything to do with what may be said in faraway Whitehall or Westminster. So the "social contract"—the bargain by which the unions promised to hold wages reasonably steady in return for what the small, expressionless Royal voice reading the customary speech at the state opening of Parliament defined as "social and economic justice"—won the election all right, and has now been torn up, it seems, having served its purpose. Since Labour's return to power, its vocal left wing—doing all the talking, as usual, while the less well-organized, more moderate bulk of the Party listens—has accused the Government bitterly of toning down its side of the contract and making conciliatory concessions to the owner class. Certainly some of Mr. Wilson's recent utterances have seemed practically indistinguishable from Mr. Heath's election-campaign appeals for all-party national unity. At last week's prebudget banquet at the Guildhall, he delivered a clear warning to all sections of the community, which meant the listening City men, puffing thoughtfully at their cigars, as well as any unions that might be contemplating unacceptably ambitious wage demands, that nobody would be allowed to get ahead monetarily in the new round of sacrifices and austerity. Next day, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Denis Healey, gave a bit of the hoped-for fiscal relief to private industry, which had been hammering home its fears of a collapse as a result of his too zealous Socialist squeeze on profits in the March budget. This was a shock to his more impatient supporters, who had hoped that private enterprise would gradually fade away in the glad new dawn of public ownership. The sigh of relief from the hard-pressed middle classes, most of whom had expected a really punishing attack on their pockets and their whole pleasant traditional way of life as soon as the necessary Parliamentary authority was secure, is maybe premature. In a small-print aside to his budget proposals, Mr. Healey mentioned that the indispensable levelling down of the well-off would be continued in his next—in the spring, that is. At the moment, nobody seems able to look that far beyond winter and its likely troubles.



THE Victoria and Albert Museum's big autumn exhibition has a melancholy autumnal subject—"The Destruction of the Country House, 1875-1975." It was designed as an advance contribution to the Council of Europe's European Architectural Heritage Year, 1975, which hopes to work out a plan for preservation of the member countries' historic buildings—provided, that is, that the Community's own structure proves stout and weather-tight in the years ahead. The aim of the exhibition is to alert the public to the probability that a large and irreplaceable part of its particular heritage will disappear if the Government's wealth tax—scheduled for 1975—does not exempt the historic homes and their collections now open to the public. The British country house is an art form, peculiar to this island, that has enormously enriched the tourist industry, and the lives of millions of Britons newly burdened with the problems of leisure, ever since these houses were taken out of their exclusive closed cases and opened up for everybody's enjoyment twenty-one years ago—an idea put in motion by the first postwar Labour Government, incidentally. In an excellent report by John Cornforth, of the magazine *Country Life*, commissioned by the British Tourist Authority and published as a pendant piece to the exhibition, he points out that though most people think immediately of the magnificent showplaces, such as Castle Howard and Wilton, the majority of the houses are generally the less grand ones of the squirearchy that Jane Austen wrote about—in a way, richer storehouses of the past for historians, since they often form compact, complete records of a family through the centuries down to the present owner. The main section of the show is called "The Hall of Lost Country Houses." It echoes with the taped racket of bulldozers and cascading masonry and glass while a sepulchral voice chants, county by county, the death roll of the fourteen hundred or so of these unique houses that have been demolished or have quietly fallen to bits on their own in the last century, when owners have not been able to carry on any longer. But the more cheerful surprise of the exhibition is its showing, in photographs and text, of how many owners are spirited (and young and hearty) enough to tackle the myriad daunting difficulties of a great house, even though there is totally inadequate help to struggle with leaking roofs, staircases cracking under the strain of too many visitors tramping up and down them, and, above all, the absence of trained hands to keep the priceless objects that draw the crowds from fading and decaying unnecessarily. As Mr. Cornforth remarks, the long-vanished butlers and footmen are not missed in these establishments, but the also disappeared key figure of the house carpenter is. The wealth tax will be the final blow to owners who are holding on, with Government assistance, by the skin of their teeth. Even worse, in the museum's disturbed view, the wonderful national heritage of pictures, furniture, libraries, and other treasures that are often an integral part of one particular setting will be broken up. It would be a heartbreaking end for them, and a tragic loss for citizens of all parties, now and in the future.

IT is not surprising that a big theatre hit at the not bright moment is something that makes people laugh their worried heads off. Alan Ayckbourn's three plays at the Globe, shown on consecutive nights and billed under the over-all title "The Norman Conquests," depict the same set of characters as they endure one appalling family weekend in the shabby home, somewhere on the suburban fringe, to which the married son and daughter, with their spouses, unenthusiastically return. Mother lurks upstairs, an invisible bedridden dragon holding captive a hopeless but still chirpy little younger daughter, whose one dim chance of rescue is marriage to the slow-witted local vet. Mr. Ayckbourn's cunning consists of recycling this situation into three different parts of the house—the dining room in the first

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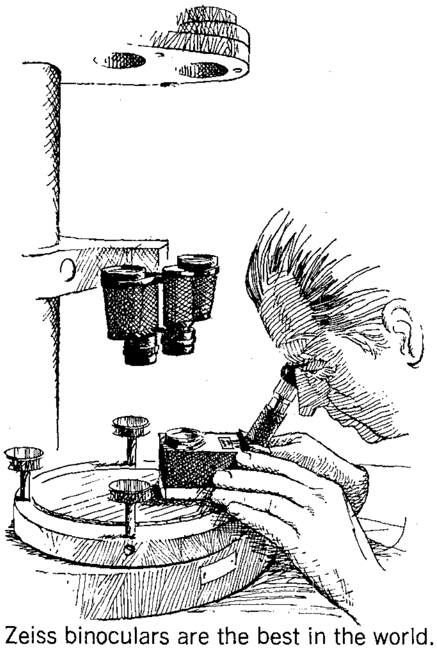

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play, "Table Manners;" the living room in the second, "Living Together;" and, in the funniest of the three, "Round and Round the Garden." Though they can enjoyably be seen separately or in the wrong order, the compulsion to drop in on another installment of the goings on is healthy for the box office. Tom Courtenay is wonderfully funny as the Norman of the title, a gentle, bearded anarchist, married to one of the sisters, and always indefatigably trying, by a mixture of soft guile ("I only want to make you happy"), devastating brotherly candor, and Mother's lethal homemade dandelion wine, to get his sisters-in-law into bed. His amorous skirmishes fail, but he is the disturbing irritant in the dull family dish, making his relatives gaze at him with helpless fascination as well as fury. A tall girl named Penelope Keith almost steals the show with her deadly, perfectly observed performance as one of the sisters-in-law, a bright and bossy young matron who tries to make the fearful visit go by cornering everybody for helpful little chats. Michael Gambon touchingly plays the vet, the only nonfamily guest—a truly good man, who dimly feels that he ought to have been born into the four-legged animal kingdom, where he feels most at home. Mr. Ayckbourn's neat craftsmanship and sharp eye for British tribal mores make these three farces deliver something serious about life, and Eric Thompson has directed them with such timing and polish that the result is exhilarating.

THE vast and glorious Turner exhibition just opened at Burlington House, an advance celebration of his bicentenary next year, is London's most important art event in years, and probably ever. For the first time, the work of the greatest painter Britain ever produced—the only master innovator, whose delineation of light, air, and water affected the currents of European art—can be seen in the retrospective he desired when he left some three hundred paintings and twenty thousand drawings and watercolors to the nation, to be shown in one gallery. The grateful Victorians took no notice of the request. Now the Royal Academy and the Tate Gallery have made a splendid recompense in bringing together at last, like children once more united around their father's table, a selection of six hundred and fifty works, drawn from the collections of the Tate and the British Museum, and from other museums and private owners here and abroad. The National Gal-

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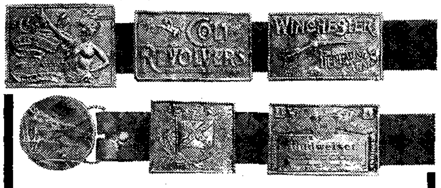

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lery, astonishingly, refused to lend to the feast some of the best-known and best-loved pictures, including "The Fighting Téméraire" and the dazzling "Rain, Steam, and Speed." This ungracious withholding is hardly noticed, however, in the staggering scale of the exhibition. It is arranged in chronological chapters, progressing from Turner's careful academic beginnings to the years when his genius took off into a turbulent apocalypse of rainbow color. Among all the overwhelming riches of the show, the vaporous watercolors of Venice and Switzerland, which seem to be floated onto the paper, are supremely beautiful. A fascinating biographical section traces Turner's life, from his birth above his father's barbershop in Covent Garden. (His mother died insane in the notorious Bethlehem Hospital.) The exhibits include his fishing rods (it was his only pastime, probably enjoyed because it allowed him to stare intently at running water); the spectacles he had to depend on when even those incredible eyes grew weak; and his battered paintbox and palette. He had a long, practical sort of liaison, redolent of carpet slippers and toasted muffins for tea, with a Mrs. Booth, a seaside landlady who became his housekeeper. Two of his paintings turned up rather mysteriously at Christie's in 1865, sold by Mrs. Booth's son by her first marriage. The most touching exhibit is the painting by S. W. Parrott of Mr. Turner on varnishing day at the Royal Academy—a stout little old man in a shabby frock coat and top hat, utterly absorbed as he adds improving touches to one of his already hung pictures, as was his custom. He literally lived for nothing but his art, rapidly recording what he saw or remembered on his travels in two hundred-odd sketchbooks, groups of which are in the exhibition as illuminating documentation to the marvellous finished works. All this winter, until it closes in March, enormous crowds will certainly be packing into Burlington House to warm and cheer themselves at it.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

●

Decline and Fall

I am shocked to learn that smoking is going on in the cockpits of MBTA subways, among the very men charged with enforcing its prohibition among the passengers. Surely our civilization is in jeopardy when motormen lose their moral authority. Let's not forget what happened to the Roman Empire!—*Letter to the editor of the Boston Globe.*

We've always attributed *that* to those horrible little Italian cigars.

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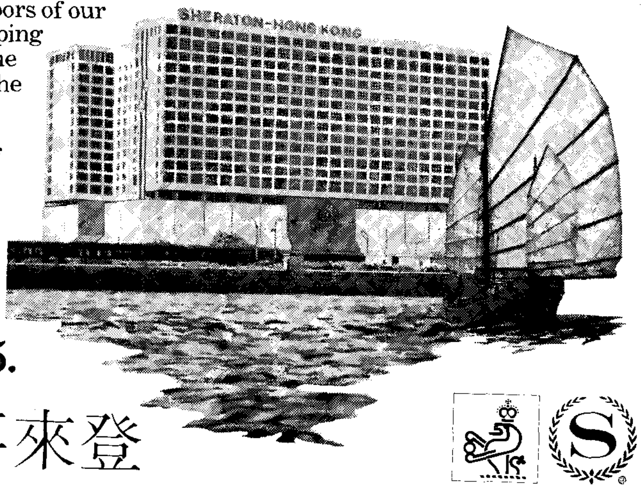

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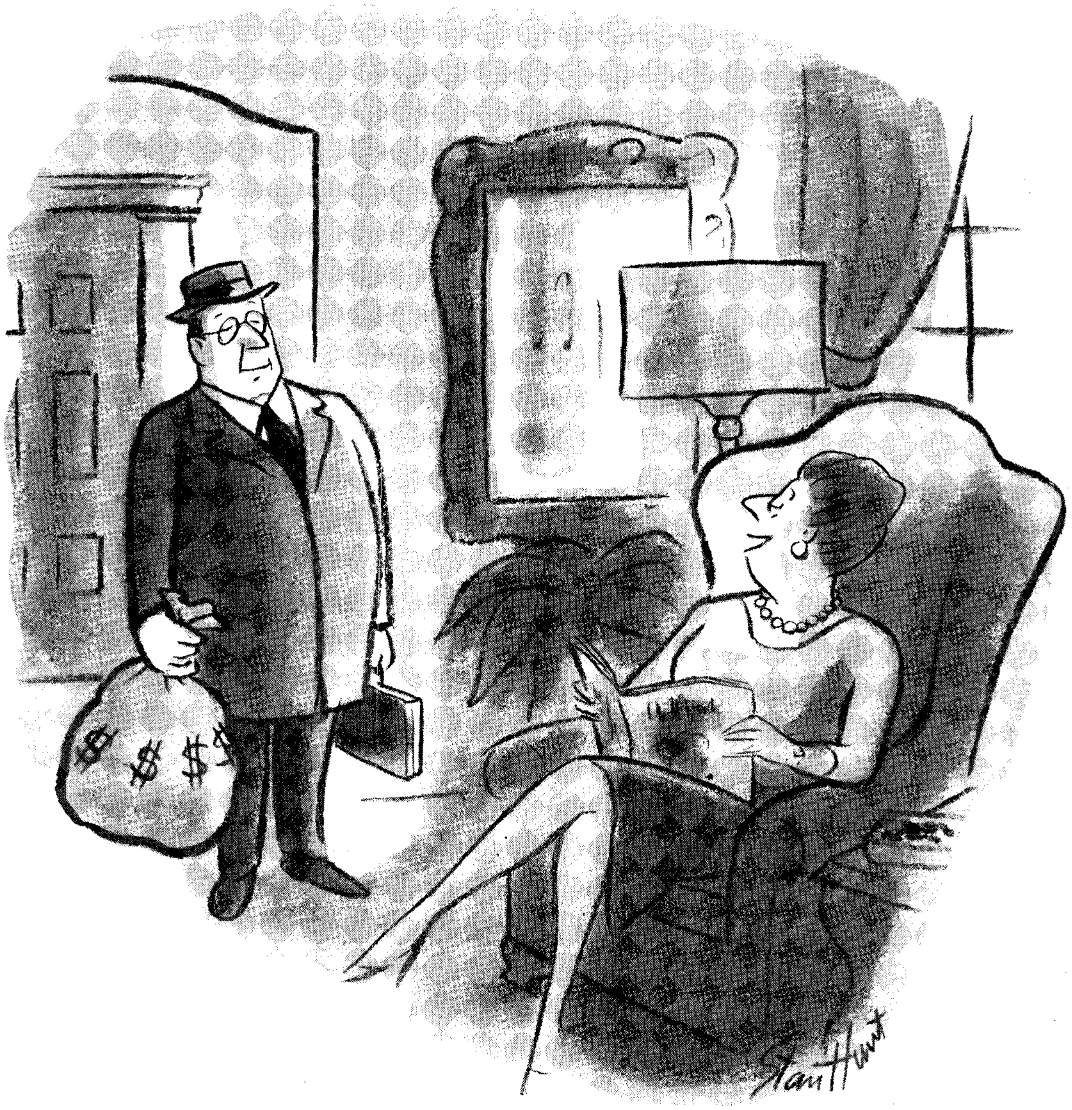
DANCING

Blind Fate

Balanchine's celebrated dictum "*There are no mothers-in-law in ballet*" may have stemmed from his experience producing Stravinsky's "Le Baiser de la Fée." The hero of the ballet is a babe in arms in the Prologue. A fairy bewitches the baby with a kiss and after he is grown to manhood she returns disguised as a gypsy fortune-teller on the eve of his wedding. The young man awaits his bride; when she appears he lifts her veil and recognizes instead the fairy-gypsy, who has come to carry him away with her forever. How to show that the bridegroom is the child of the Prologue and the gypsy the fairy in disguise were problems that appeared to trouble Balanchine more than they did the audience. He has never believed in "mothers-in-law"—in transformations and relationships that aren't clear in visual terms. In "Tyl Ulenspiegel" he showed Tyl and his enemy, Philip II of Spain, growing to manhood by having the two crouch behind a table as children and stand up as adults. In "Baiser" he had to appeal, impurely, to the audience's intellect. But audiences have always known that the baby of the Prologue to "The Sleeping Beauty" is the sixteen-year-old Aurora of Act I and that Odile is not Odette in "Swan Lake." The libretto of "Le Baiser de la Fée," drawn from Hans Christian Andersen, was intended by Stravinsky to be an allegory about Tchaikovsky ("the Muse having similarly branded Tchaikovsky with her fatal kiss, and the magic imprint [having] made itself felt in all the musical creations of this great artist"), and the ballet used elements from the Tchaikovsky ballet classics, including a snow scene that recalled "The Nutcracker," to create a theatrical fantasy as Tchaikovsky himself might have imagined it.



"Oh, good!"

In this sense, there *are* mothers-in-law in ballet—precedents so well established in the mind of the audience that they become part of a choreographer's inheritance. I can understand Balanchine's having reservations about the libretto of "Baiser" in 1937, when he first choreographed the ballet and when American audiences weren't as familiar with the full-length Tchaikovsky classics as they are now, but I can't understand his continuing to have reservations about it or about the staging of the ballet's final scene, which presented genuine technical problems both in 1937 and in subsequent revivals. For this scene, in which the fairy draws the boy farther and farther into her kingdom, Stravinsky composed an extended, slow-moving melody that flows on and on in the manner of one of Tchaikovsky's panoramas, and Balanchine has described the accompanying stage effect that he tried to produce: "The fairy should appear to be suspended and the bridegroom, just below her, must seem to be swimming through space, as it were, to reach her." Balanchine's various attempts to achieve this illusion, including the one that most people remember—the hero slowly climbing a cargo net spread across a giant glacier—met with no success, because the action was invisible to the part of the audience sitting in the upper house, and after 1951 he gave up on the ballet. It seems a pity not to have one more attempt, at a time when Tristan and Isolde sail miles into the sky at the Met and John Neumeier (through American Ballet Theatre) gives us as the finale to his ridiculously encumbered and obtuse production of "Baiser" a tortuous zigzag around some travelling curtains strung on rods. Surely anything Balanchine might think up today would be better than that.

For his revival during the New York City Ballet's Stravinsky Festival in 1972, Balanchine used excerpts from the "Divertimento"—the concert suite Stravinsky made from his ballet score—and staged a suite of dances that had no reference to the libretto except for those who could find in the dances for Patricia McBride and a small female corps echoes of the ballet's bride and wedding attendants,

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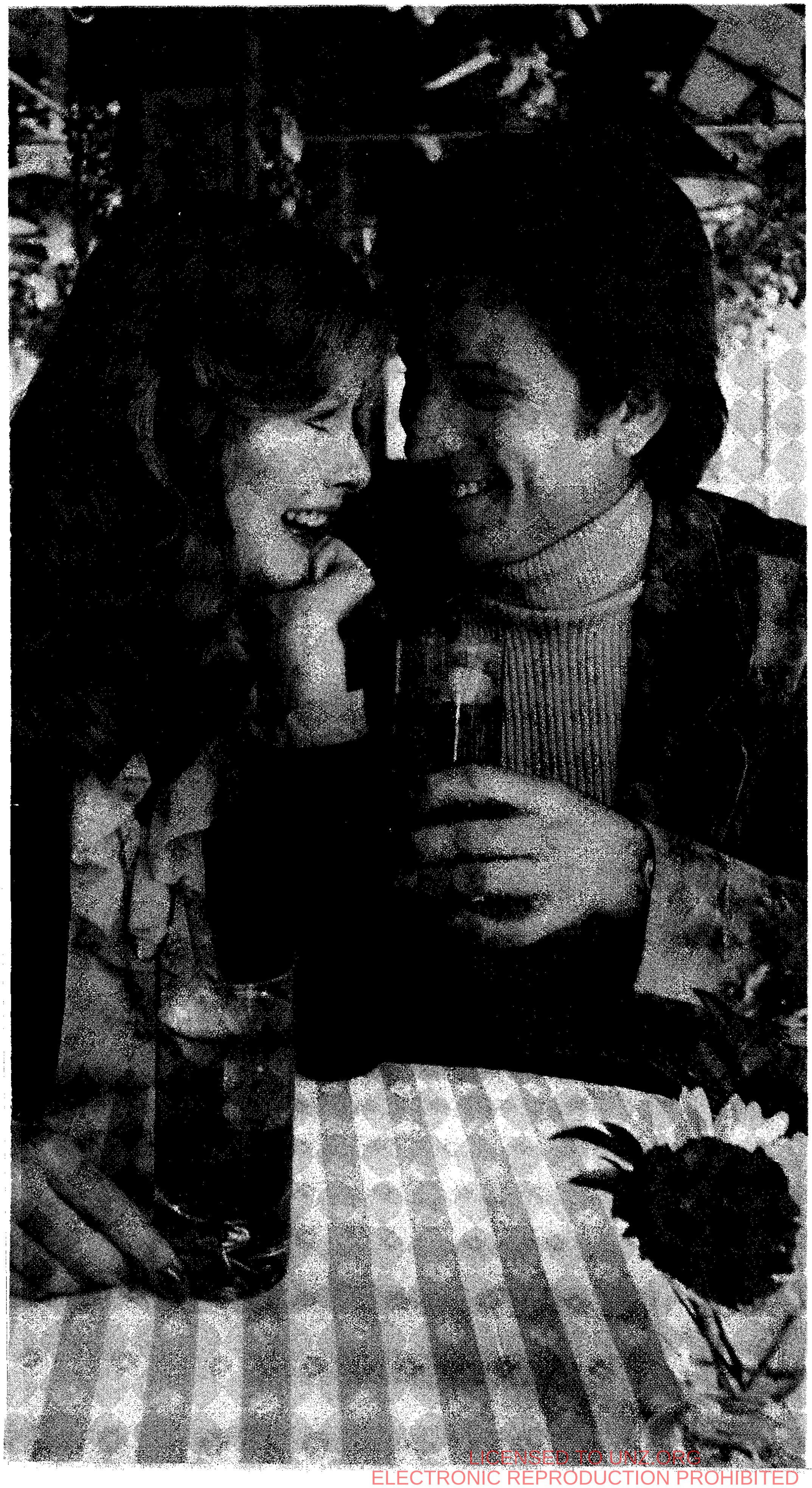

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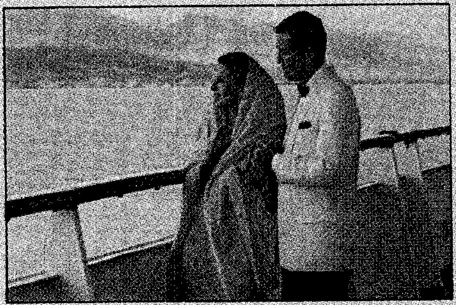

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and in Helgi Tomasson's moody solo an intimation of the hero's tragic destiny. The dances for the girls and the pas de deux are part of the wedding divertissement in the original ballet, and very likely they are what they would be in a full version of the ballet had Balanchine elected to stage it. But Tomasson's dance is something that probably couldn't occur in any other context—a statement that sums up, in non-narrative, emblematic form, the eerie mystery of the ballet as a whole. And the staging of the finale, which Balanchine has added to the "Divertimento" this season, is also something that couldn't occur in the full ballet. For this music, which begins with Stravinsky's lovely setting of "None But the Lonely Heart" and continues into his extended slow "panorama," Balanchine uses only the material of his "Divertimento" ballet—the corps of girls, in their now incongruous peasant dresses, acting as impersonal agents of fate to separate the two lovers, the lovers weaving their way toward each other through the corps's diagonal, passing each other blindly, and, still blinded, backing offstage in opposite directions as the curtain falls. Balanchine has managed this—the hundredth variation on his classic theme of blind fate—more handsomely than I can make it sound. The new scene matches Tomasson's solo in mood; the question is whether it's just a bit of tacked-on drama or an extension into new territory that resets the proportions of the "Divertimento" as we've known it up to now.

After one performance, I couldn't see that anything had really changed, and I couldn't take the expanded mystique of a story, which Balanchine has provided instead of the story itself, any more seriously than the three haunted-ballroom scenes with which he regales us while we're waiting for "Theme and Variations" in the "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." When "Suite No. 3" was first done, a few years ago, all the barefoot dancing and long hair, together with the schematic lighting the piece then had, seemed to mean something in relation to "Theme;" what that was I no longer remember. The sober truth seems to be that Balanchine these days often sets pieces of music he happens to like without making ballets out of them. The "Divertimento from 'Le Baiser de la Fée' " has always been something more than a divertissement and something less than a drama, but within its hybrid structure it had, and continues to have, a formal distinction in the relation of its parts that "Suite

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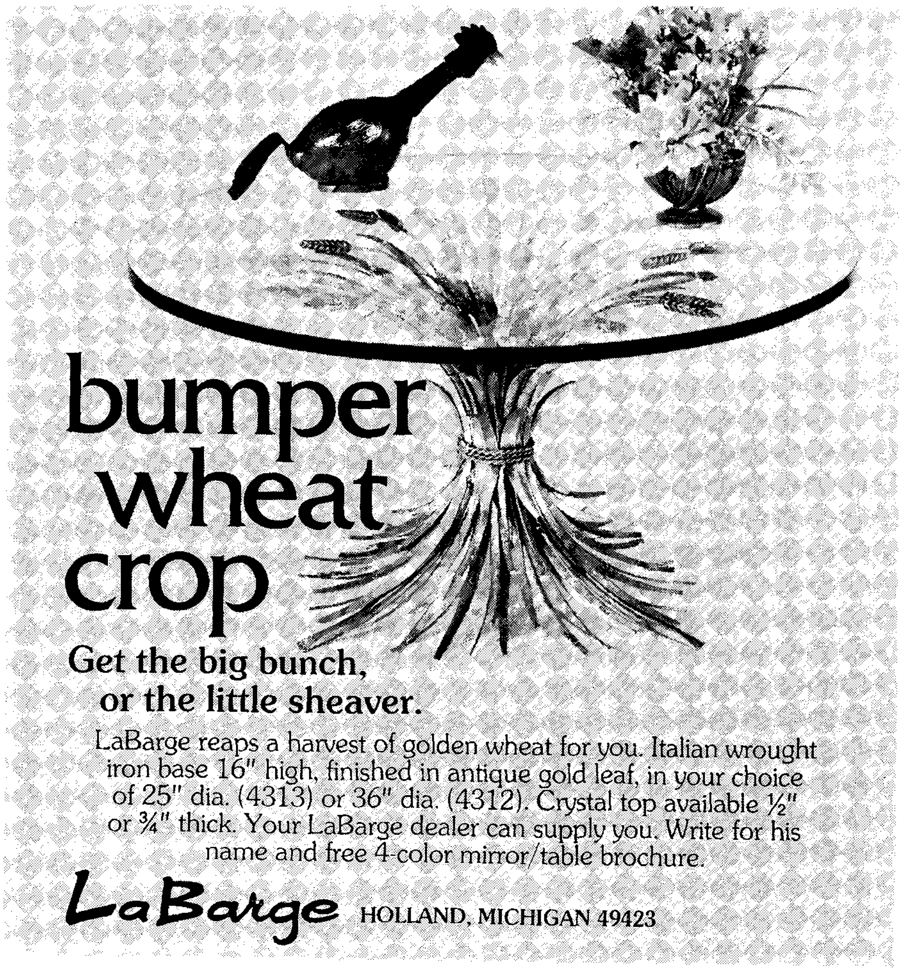

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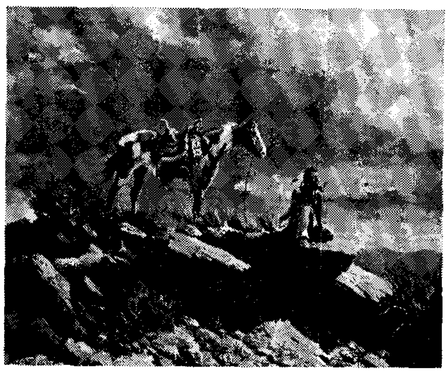

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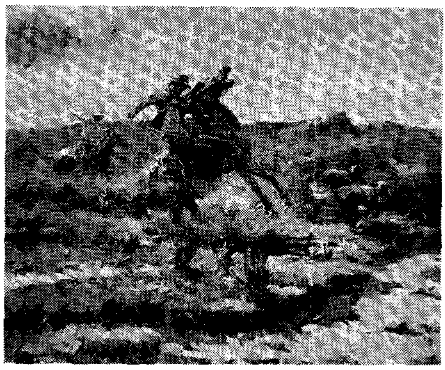

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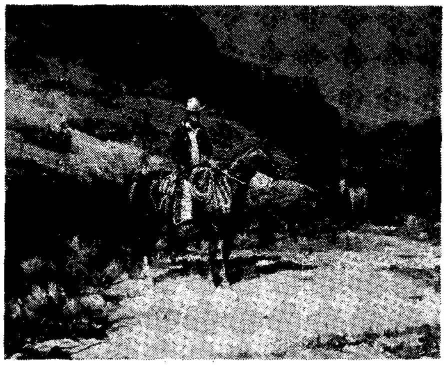

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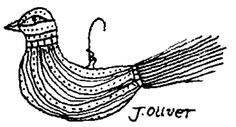
No. 3" lacks. There's a great difference between the blind-fate episode in the "Divertimento" and the one in the first movement of "Suite No. 3" (which, perhaps not coincidentally, also contains a variant of "None But the Lonely Heart"). In "Suite No. 3" it's a stock situation, weak in dance impetus and dangerously close to kitsch. In the "Divertimento" it is developed directly out of Tomasson's earlier pas de deux with McBride. Balanchine has taken McBride's signature attitudes and distorted them slightly to reveal their dark implications. In the earlier duet, she dipped and turned in different directions, pirouetting with a powerful swing of her leg to lock him behind her. Now, in the new scene, she freezes in low-slung arabesque and, as he turns her, gradually knots herself about him until the two are fused. The bride of the original tale becomes the fairy, and this, too, recalls a traditional Balanchine theme—the heroine whose aspect flickers between vampire and goddess. The sinister-sweet elements in McBride's nature are perfect for the role. But if the new developments seem to grow naturally out of what has gone before, I can't see that their refocussing of the piece in the general direction of conventional Balanchine dramatics is any great gift, especially to those of us who would have loved a revival of "Baiser" complete. The "Divertimento" is one of the most superbly crafted pieces that have come from Balanchine in recent years, and McBride, Tomasson, and the girls always perform it with exceptional polish, but it's basically footnote material, a collection of thoughts about a lost work of art.



McBride continues to perform, in "Theme and Variations," a role that doesn't suit her. It was created in 1947 for Alicia Alonso's fully turned-out legs and their bold precision in allegro. McBride, with her thin thighs and lesser turnout, can't be expressive in this demanding piece. The ballerina McBride most resembles (if film can be trusted) is Marie-Jeanne. She's far happier meeting the terrors of "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2"—in a role originated by Marie-Jeanne—but what terrors they are! No sooner has the ballerina entered than a pit yawns at her feet—the piano cadenza to which she must perform pirouettes of utmost difficulty, including several ground-skimming double pirouettes on quarter-point which, in their problems of traction, momentum, and braking, are practically unique in the ballerina repertory. Merrill Ashley, making her début in the role, swept through the cadenza with startling ease and, gaining confidence, went on to have a great success. Ashley is a tall dancer whose main strength is in her legs and in their frank power in big jumps. Because of a long, narrow torso and an oblong, somewhat sharp face, she can sometimes look tight and clawlike. Although her movement is large, it isn't full. Lack of amplitude is at the moment her only deficiency.

Of the other performances I have been able to see so far this season, the most impressive were by Colleen Neary in "Concerto No. 2" and "Serenade," Victor Castelli and Tracy Bennett as Neary's matched pair of partners in "Concerto No. 2," Edward Villella making a welcome return to the Stravinsky "Symphony in Three Movements," and the new Danish dancer Peter Schaufuss, who gave, in "Scotch Symphony," a very finished performance for a company début on short notice.

"Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2" and "Serenade" and "Scotch Symphony" are in good shape this season, with corps work that is unusually well rehearsed and keen-spirited. The ensemble will never be absolutely together, but now their stragglings are threaded through by something that looks like conscience. The mist of inaccuracy has lifted over parts of the "Symphony in Three Movements," that 747 of ballets, and it isn't as irritatingly ticky as it has been, though it *is* as slick and glassy. An irritant that will never die, apparently, is the way the company looks in its putty T-shirts and lollipop leotards. Of all the ballets I saw during the first week, only "Scotch Symphony" and "Western Symphony" seemed adequately designed, dressed, and lit. The "Concerto No. 2," as miraculous a ballet as it was when it was called "Ballet Imperial," is decked out in acid combinations of turquoise and lemon yellow on an arctic stage, a vision that deadens the eye long before the piece is over. The color of "Serenade" is headache blue. Has there ever been a worse-dressed ballet company in the history of the world? Or a theatrical institution of renown that was more careless of the functions of costume and décor? Helgi Tomasson, in the "Divertimento," dances his greatest role in the costume he wears in "Donizetti Variations." There are those who say that the New York City Ballet dances all its ballets as if they were the same ballet—an assertion hard to counter except in individual cases (like Tomasson's). But it certainly can't help dancers to make distinctions in style when what they're given to wear is unstylish.

THE excellent Pennsylvania Ballet brought its production of "Concerto Barocco," starring Joanne Danto, back to the Brooklyn Academy for a brief season, along with a gutsy "Serenade" and three company premières. Hans Van Manen's "Solo for Voice 1" was an attractive semi-Dada arrangement to a John Cage score, with a soprano (dressed like the incomparable Hildegarde) singing the title piece at two dancers in white (Michelle Lucci and Lawrence Rhodes), whose movements were skillfully timed reactions to the pitch and volume of her voice. "Zig Zag," by Lar Lubovitch, used assorted dance shticks and mime shticks in one of those playtime ballets that one doesn't see anymore. Not a bad piece, but not interesting as dance. In "An American Rhapsody," Robert Rodham set a large stage but never succeeded in filling it—the trap that usually awaits choreographers who try to stage the "Rhapsody in Blue." Gershwin's score is full of cues for movement and changes of scene, but it allows no time to build a climax. Rodham, who also appeared in the piece, as a spangled, tap-dancing Uncle Sam, came very close to it, though, and his greatest invention was an impeccably suave Veloz-and-Yolanda-like couple (Joanne Danto, Gregory Drotar) doing backbends to the slow theme while ice mist rolled around their feet. The Art Deco set and costumes, which were of the finest quality, were done by Robert Mitchell and Hal George.

"Serenade," the Balanchine ballet that contains his best-known image of Fate propelling the Poet, was forty years old last June, and I'm glad I was able to see the Pennsylvania version before the anniversary year was out. It differs from the New York City Ballet version in several important and arguable respects—the tempi are slower, the movement is punchier, and it omits the extension of the *tema russo* that Balanchine supplied in 1964—but it is irresistibly well performed by a company that knows in every gesture how it wants this piece to look, and that is at least a workable definition of style. —ARLENE CROCE

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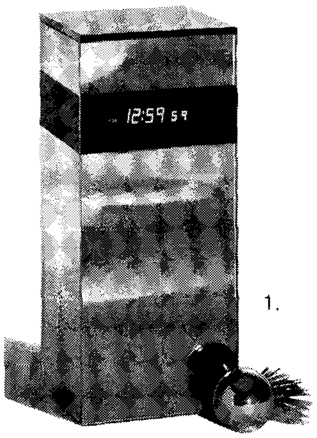

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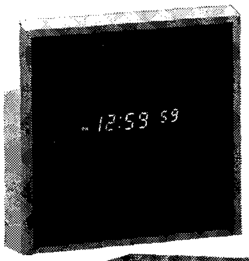

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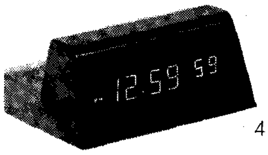

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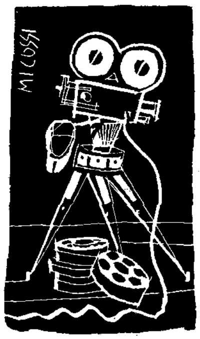
Decadence

THE people who reduced Los Angeles to rubble in "Earthquake" must have worked off a lot of self-hatred: you can practically feel their pleasure as the freeways shake, the skyscrapers crumble, and the Hollywood dam cracks. Nothing in L.A. looks as if it were meant to last anyway; it isn't a city you expect will sustain the ravages of time. When you peer up at glass houses perched on the edge of sandy cliffs, you feel that the people who put them there must have been stoned blind and giggling. Los Angeles, a mock paradise, is so perversely beautiful and so fundamentally unsatisfying that maybe just about everybody there secretly longs to see it come rattling down. In an earlier movie era, when a hurricane struck or a volcano erupted the scriptwriters always made it clear that the natural disaster was God's retribution for the sins of the trapped people. But who needs a reason to destroy L.A.? The city stands convicted in everyone's eyes. You go to "Earthquake" to see L.A. get it, and it really does. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which was cut-rate swill. "Earthquake" is a marathon of destruction effects, with stock characters spinning through. It isn't fun, exactly; it's ejaculatory, shoot-the-works filmmaking carried to the borderline of satire and stopping just short. Universal Pictures, which produced both, is a microcosm of the old Hollywood picture factories, streamlined for TV-age profits and totally cynical. These pieces of contemptuous entertainment might be the symbolic end point of the studio factory system, and there is something peculiarly gratifying about seeing the smoking ruins of the city that movies like this come from.



"Earthquake" is Universal's death wish for film art: these destruction orgies are the only way it knows to make money. The people who work on a picture like this are employees, and you can practically hear the executive producer, Jennings Lang, addressing them: There's no room for talent around here; this is belly-busting hard work, and if you want to make movies, this is what you'll do. And maybe the veteran director Mark Robson got into the spirit. He doesn't seem to want to leave any possible calamity effects for other epics to come, and as the bodies keep jumping, falling, or being shot, buried under walls and girders, or drowned, you begin to feel that he'd really like to kill off the whole cast, along with the thousands of extras. Stars like Richard Roundtree (playing a black, second-string Evel Knievel) disappear in the confusion without so much as a sendoff to eternity. Walter Matthau, serenely swacked throughout, may survive, but the picture doesn't care enough to make a point of it. A lot of well-known people are casually left in the debris.

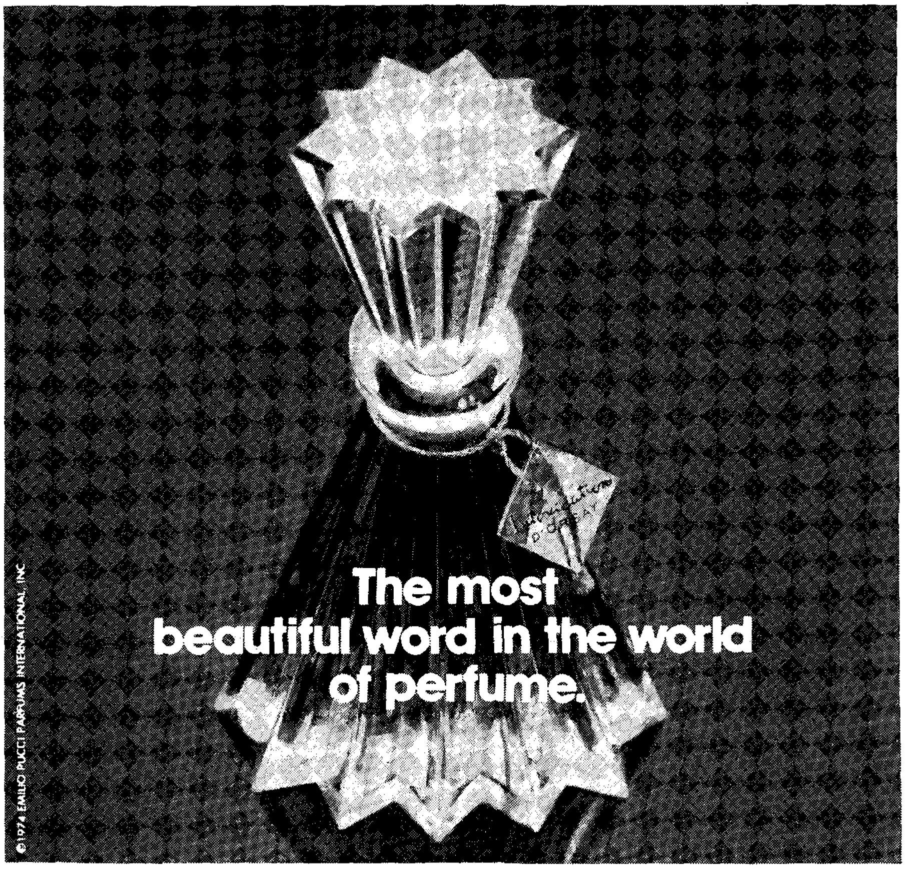
The treatment of the film's two principal stars, Charlton Heston and Ava Gardner, could almost be the in joke of an industry that enjoys the idea of self-destructing. Gardner was one of the last of the women stars to make it on beauty alone. She never looked really happy in her movies; she wasn't quite there, but she never suggested that she was anywhere else, either. She had a dreamy, hurt quality, a generously modelled mouth, and faraway eyes. Maybe what turned people on was that her sensuality was developed but her personality wasn't. She was a rootless, beautiful stray, somehow incomplete but never ordinary, and just about impossible to dislike, since she was utterly without affectation. But to Universal she is just one more old star to beef up a picture's star power, and so she's cast as a tiresome bitch whose husband (Heston) is fed up with her. She looks blowzy and beat-out, and that could be fun if she were allowed to be blowzily good-natured, like the heroine of "Mogambo" twenty years later, but the script here harks back to those old movies in which a husband was justified in leaving his wife only if she was a jealous schemer who made his life hell. Ava Gardner might make a man's life hell out of indolence and spiritual absenteeism, but out of shrill stupidity? "Earthquake," though, isn't the sort of project in which the moviemakers care whether the role fits the performer. They get what they want. Ava Gardner's name lifts "Earthquake" out of the Universal-action-picture category.

Charlton Heston is the all-time king of prestige epics. However, the repressed acting, granitic physique, and godlike-insurance-salesman manner that made him so inhumanly perfect for fifties spectacles have also destroyed his credibility. He's not a bad actor, but he's humorlessly unresilient. He can't open up: his muscles have his personality in an iron grip. When Universal uses him in its action-disaster pictures, which are all really the same movie, sold by the yard, he underacts grimly and he turns into a stereotype of himself. In "Earthquake" Heston plays a big-time engineer who married the daughter (Ava Gardner) of the boss (Lorne Greene) and has fallen in love with a young screen-starlet widow (Geneviève Bujold), and when the city is all shook up he dashes from one heroic deed to the next, rescuing, rescuing, rescuing. He's a dependably heroic joke. No one is expected to believe in the acts he performs: he's a wind-up hero-machine, and ingenious special effects and trick photography can go on around him. At the end, the movie has the embarrassing problem of what to do with him to avoid the catcalls of a jaded audience, so it cynically trashes him along with Gardner and most of Los Angeles.

Heston's fatigued heroism serves a function: it enables us to retain an amused, disbelieving view. So do the shopworn incidents (the chief seismologist being out of town and his young assistant's warnings not being heeded; the workers on the dam lacking the authority to act in emergencies) and a poorly directed mad-rapist subplot involving Marjoe Gortner as a supermarket manager who lusts after Victoria Principal. The B-picture rituals keep everything unreal, so that, despite the "Sensurround" (rumbling noises on the track which make you feel that the vibrations will bring down the theatre plaster), nobody's likely to become involved enough to be upset. And you don't go to this picture for involvement; even those who claim to be scared by it can't mean that in any more than an ooh-scare-me-some-more way. You feel no pang when the various characters get hit: the whole point of a pop disaster epic is for the audience to relish the ingenious ways in which they're brought down. When a drowned man pours out of a flooded elevator, you're meant to gasp at the shock, not lament his passing. I was glad that Gabriel Dell (Roundtree's manager and sidekick) was spared, because his acting had a little snap, but there was really only one person I didn't want picked off—Geneviève Bujold, dressed whimsically, always in pinks—and that was because she had a funny scene at the beginning and I hoped (vainly) that she'd have another. She's a witty comedienne, with a sense of style, and she's able to use her French accent teasingly here (instead of fighting it, as she was forced to do in "Anne of the Thousand Days"). She brings a touch of class to "Earthquake" and lightens the load.

What we really know when we watch this movie is that the destruction orgy on the screen is only a jokey form of the destruction orgy behind the screen, and we begin to take a campy pleasure in seeing the big-name actors and the old plot situations—and the motion-picture capital itself—totalled. L.A. isn't just the city that movies like this come from, it's also the city that movies that mean something to us come from, but Universal's callousness brings out a Roman-circus mentality in the audience, because actually that's the only way to have a good time at this picture. People who wanted to enjoy the degradation of their old favorites used to have to go to the gossip rags, but why should the movie executives let parasites rob them of revenue? Now the movies build that function in. Though you may rather enjoy "Earthquake," you're not likely to applaud it, because you know that it's decadence you're responding to. Nero was considered crazy, but if he'd sold tickets and made money out of his pyromaniac spectacle, would he be considered smart, like Jennings Lang and the other executives who make profits out of financing bowdlerizations of old movies while refusing to finance new ideas?

They're not unaware; they know what they're doing out there. That's why they're rushing to open these disaster epics before the end of the year, fearing the public's interest won't stretch beyond that. Lew R. Wasserman, the board chairman of M.C.A., Inc., Universal's parent company, who has just completed eight years as the chairman of the Association of Motion Picture and Television Producers, was honored earlier this month by his colleagues. Three hundred and fifty top people in the industry gathered to pay him homage, and Gordon Stulberg, the president of Twentieth Century-Fox, who presented Wasserman with a gift from the association—an 1861 Italian "megalatoscopio," to add to his collection of motion-picture antiques—ventured a high-level sick joke: "We've come a long way to 'Earthquake' and 'Towering Inferno.'" It is reported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that the assembled guests laughed like mad.

Antoine de Saint Exupéry's book "The Little Prince"—a reverie about a pilot who crashes in the Sahara and is joined by an imaginative child from another planet—has a small, wan charm, but, translated from French into twenty-eight languages, it has been a world-wide best-seller, and many people have large sentimental attachments to it. The story's not easily definable essence appears to be a quest for purification: the Holy Grail as the holy self. The first of the modern mystic-quest books to become a pop hit, "The Little Prince" inspires the devotion that Tolkien and Hermann Hesse inspire, and that Pirsig's "Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance" may work up. The author-aviator's envisioning himself as a princely child too pure to go on living is a distillation of melancholy, and maybe this movie musical was doomed for the same reason that so many people are drawn to the book—that the material is so close to self-glorifying, masochistic mush. The ineffable may be effective in print and on records, but it isn't exactly the substance of musicals. Possibly something might have been made of the story if Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the script, along with the lyrics for Frederick Loewe's music, had a more delicate feeling for poetic yearning, and if, possibly, he'd finessed the pilot's tenderness with cool contrasts. Could the pilot (Richard Kiley) have been made a more blasé man of his time (the book came out in 1943), and given a sense of irony about his infatuation with the innocent child in himself? However one approaches the material, though, there is nothing to link the man or the child (Steven Warner) to the Big Broadway Sound of the Lerner-Loewe score. The songs—Broadway Academic—might just get by, but the orchestration is clinically insane: Kiley can't sing alone in the desert without an instrumental warmup fit for De Mille's Crusaders meeting the entire Northwest Mounted Police. Might the picture have worked better with a light, Parisian-American jazz sound? The alienation is so thin that it needs some counterpoint, and a sense of unanswered questions and hidden layers under what is given. The poignant, forlorn Saint Exupéry tone could be realized on the screen only if the script had a sensuous verbal line. Instead, it blunts the story, and the put-down humor of the lyrics might have been conceived for

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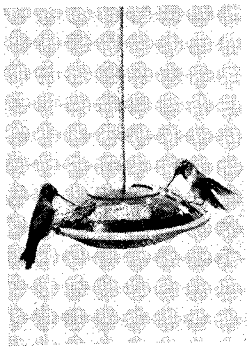

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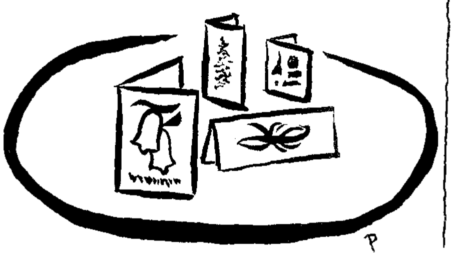
Ethel Merman to whomp out. The director, Stanley Donen, with his background in dance, may have hoped to capture the story's rhapsodic blend of happiness and grief in choreographic terms, but what he worked from was an intractably graceless script. Worst of all, like most Lerner-Loewe musicals, this one lays on the songs and skimps dance possibilities. As in "Paint Your Wagon" and "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," there's no way for a director to bring Lerner's material together, and in this one the director is additionally handicapped by being given too little to work with. The theme of this movie—the loss of imagination—must have paralyzed Lerner.

Donen gets an almost magically bright, glossy look in some of the Sahara scenes—the vast expanses are absolutely clear, as if painted with the purest of pigments—and he has a gentle touch. The desert sequences, which feature the growing affection between the pilot and the boy, set an emotional mood, but this is broken when the Little Prince tells the aviator about his life on his own, cottage-size planet and his visits to other miniature planets, each the domain of one symbolic villain—a king (Joss Ackland), a businessman (Clive Revill), a historian (Victor Spinetti), a general (Graham Crowden). These episodes push dated lessons on the evils of civilization, and Donen's use of fish-eye lenses to bring the villains overpoweringly close doesn't improve matters. A few of the earthly sequences in which the child visits other contacts he has made stand out because their theatricality indicates the direction the movie probably should have gone in. One of the wittiest aspects of "The Wizard of Oz" was the way Bert Lahr's Cowardly Lion seemed to have the burlesque stage right under his paws, and here Bob Fosse, in his dancing role as a snake, suggests a low-down song-and-dance man from the night world of cooch shows. Hooded in a derby, with dark glasses and a cigarillo tongue, Fosse's got wit in his hissing, shifty pimp's menace; his number is a bit extended, but it's the high point of the movie. As a fox who wants to be tamed, reddish



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Gene Wilder has dewy-eyed thoughts about that old standby the wisdom of the heart, and his dance sequence seems too imitative of passages in "The Wizard of Oz," but he triumphs over some of his material, and there's a wonderful shot of him, utterly still, staring at us, in a field of tall wheat.

Steven Warner is an English child who looks like Butch Jenkins come back in a tousled bouffant wig—with a wasting disease, however. He holds the screen affectingly and he seems right for the Saint Exupéry conception; he's very pale and puffy-eyed and lost-kitten frail. Fortunately, he has a lovely, slightly harsh voice—half Cockney, half gentleman. After so many movie-musical disappointments with Alan Jay Lerner's name high on the credits, I've begun to wonder if the energy he fails to put into his scripts goes into sheer hypnotism on the sets. His directors do things that they must know they shouldn't. Before seeing this movie, I would have sworn that Stanley Donen, a man of taste, was incapable of the film's final effect—a Heavenly Choir of bell-like laughter to signify that the Little Prince has ascended. —PAULINE KAEL

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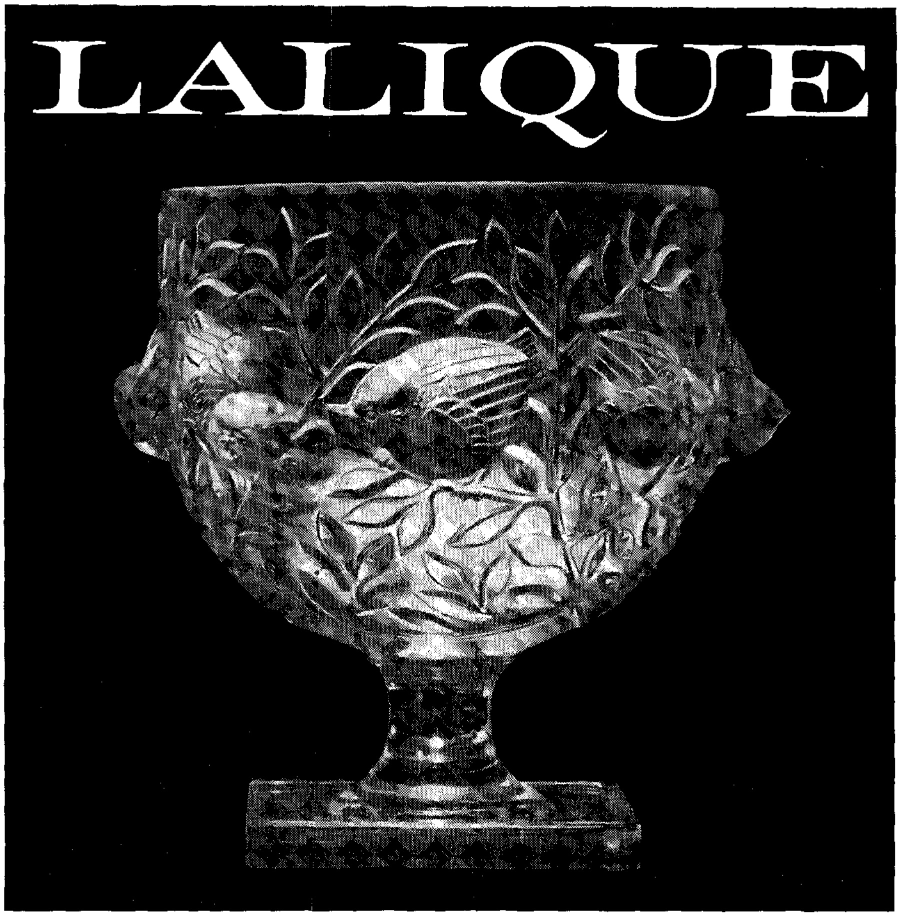
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A DIVIDED PARTY

ON rare but always remembered occasions, millions of citizens suspend their customary activities to watch a dramatic public event unfold on television. Such moments constitute almost the only shared experience of a fragmented society—the electronic equivalent of a national town meeting, so powerful in its influence that in an hour or a week public emotions are established, opinion is formed, and heroes are created or villains are toppled. Later, we are able to recall not so much the event itself as its appearance on the screen. The Army-McCarthy hearings helped to end the career of our most dangerous modern demagogue, and the Checkers speech postponed Richard Nixon's public demise for a generation. The Nixon-Kennedy debates gave us a President whose televised funeral, three years later, provided a collective emotion strong enough to shape historical memory. Nelson Rockefeller and Senator Abraham Ribicoff will always be identified with their moments of confrontation—at their party conventions—with the triumphant Goldwaterites and the ferocious Mayor Richard Daley. And the recent televised hearings of the House Judiciary Committee succeeded in turning public opinion irrevocably in favor of Richard Nixon's impeachment.

While anxious politicians scrutinize the nightly news shows for hints of bias, television, faithful to Marshall McLuhan, has proved itself most powerful when neutral—when its instruments have transmitted words and acts devised by others. Even though conservatives are usually quickest to decry media influence, the Democratic Party has been a principal victim of this power. Television coverage of both the tumultuous 1968 Convention and the exotic 1972 Convention contributed to the defeat of the Democratic Presidential candidates they nominated. The impressions formed from Chicago in 1968 could not be overcome even by the steadily reviving public apprehensions about Richard Nixon. And in 1972 the Democratic Party left the Convention far weaker than it had entered it, although the Thomas Eagleton affair and other disastrous mistakes of political judgment make it seem unlikely that even the most glorious and impressive gathering could have saved George McGovern's candidacy.

Intoxicated by failure, unwilling to wait the traditional four years, the Democratic Party provided its contending factions with an extraordinary occasion to display its divisions and uncover delitescent enmities by scheduling a special mid-term Party conference to begin on December 6th in Kansas City. More than two thousand delegates will attend—those elected from the states, together with, ex officio, all the Democratic senators, representatives, and governors. Until last week, every sign pointed to a third consecutive televised debacle. Foreseeing disaster, more than thirty Democratic governors and governors-elect met with Party officials at Hilton Head, South Carolina, over the weekend of November 16th and formulated a unanimous proposal intended to resolve in advance those disputes that seemed most likely to disrupt the Kansas City conference. They then sought to persuade and coerce leaders of opposing groups to agree with this proposal. As a result, a peaceful, if sullen, compromise seems likely. The risk of open conflict has not been completely eliminated. The compromise itself is fragile. There are other issues, less important, but potential justifications for those still eager to resume the long-continuing struggle for control of the Democratic Party. And last weekend small groups of Party activists held private meetings in Washington, D.C., to discuss the possibility of raising new and hitherto undebated issues at Kansas City. Since the television networks now think the conference is likely to be peaceful, they do not intend to interrupt the football broadcasts with live coverage of an event unique in American political history. (They will provide what they regard as extra coverage on their regular news shows, and one of them will assemble two special half-hour summaries.) They are, however, sending their top reporters, along with a large supply of cameras and equipment, just in case the always unpredictable Democrats yield to their penchant for transforming political discussion into political warfare and thereby justify an intrusion on the public's entertainment.

However, even a relatively uneventful conference at Kansas City will simply be a postponement, a papering over. The events that led toward this mid-term conference indicate that the Democratic Party has begun to move toward a rendezvous with reality—a renewed demonstration that the fissures opened in the late nineteen-sixties have not been healed and may be irreparable. The issues to be resolved at the conference and, more significantly, the fact that serious questions of public policy, being unresolvable, have been deliberately excluded from the agenda will manifest the deep, perhaps fatal uncertainties that have been introduced into the future of the oldest of our political parties.

The mid-term conference—or, for-

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mally, the 1974 Conference on Democratic Party Organization and Policy—had its genesis in the reform movements of 1968 and 1972. It was meant to be a device to broaden participation in Party affairs by concerned Democrats—to "increase communication between disparate segments of the Party and to discuss and adopt Democratic Party statements of policy on various issues." Originally intended to precede the fall elections, the conference was postponed because of soundly based fears that the principal result of a public debate among more than two thousand Democrats would be to strengthen Republican prospects. The principal item on the conference agenda was to be the adoption of a new Party Charter.

That charter is intended as a constitution for the Democratic Party, to establish Party structures and procedures for the indefinite future. It will have little influence on the contest for the Presidential nomination in 1976. The 1976 procedures have already been established by a special Commission on Delegate Selection—created by the 1972 Convention and appointed by the Democratic National Committee—known as the Mikulski Commission, after its chairperson, Barbara Mikulski, a city councilwoman from Baltimore, who has since been defeated for election to the United States Senate. The Mikulski Commission was dominated by what are known as "moderate," or "middle-of-the-road," liberal Democrats, a category reflecting the ideological confusions of the time. They are known to themselves as "liberals," or "real liberals;" thought of as "safe liberals" by the energetic practitioners of the New Politics; and referred to as "radicals," or "softheaded idiots," or worse in the topmost chambers of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. The Mikulski procedures reflected this moderate liberal orientation. They adopted most of the 1972 reforms but rejected some that had become too controversial—such as mandatory quotas for minority groups, women, and so on. Metaphorically, it could be termed a left-leaning compromise. The fact that the charter to be adopted at Kansas City, although changing some aspects of Party structure, will not determine the nomination for President until 1980 is relevant to the significance of the arguments but, seemingly, not to the violence of dispute.

A special Charter Commission, headed by Terry Sanford, former governor of North Carolina, and consisting of a hundred and sixty-seven delegates, representing all elements of the Party, was selected to resolve in advance the complicated and contentious issues of structure and procedure. Last March, the commission, with only about a hundred delegates participating, drafted a document that embodied most of the McGovern reforms but eliminated the controversial quota requirements. That draft was to be modified and approved at an August meeting of the full Charter Commission before being presented to the conference.

Troubled by the memory of 1968 and 1972, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Robert Strauss, acted to insure that the reformers would not run away with the August Charter Commission meeting. Strauss was in general agreement with most of the reforms, including the rules for delegate selection, but he was intent on eliminating a provision of the draft which required that a special Party conference be held between all national nominating Conventions. One Kansas City was enough. And this conviction was shared by large numbers of Democrats, including many liberals, "radic-libs," and reformers. "Safe" delegates—regulars, Party pros, and the like—who had been absent from the March meeting were strongly urged to attend. Those who could not come were asked if they wanted to resign, so that appropriate substitutes could be appointed. As a result, when the commission met, the regulars, led by representatives of the leadership of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., found themselves in control. Mr. Strauss's work had helped to create a meeting that was dominated not by his supporters but by delegates responsive to those on the right who had been fiercely critical of Strauss for his softness and accommodating spirit toward the reformers associated with the McGovern movement. The mandatory Party conference was eliminated as planned. Then, finding themselves in control, memories of their 1972 humiliation still undimmed, the "anti-reformers," or "old guard," overrode Mr. Strauss's desires and began to undo most of the reforms of the past six years by amending the draft charter. Reformers and the many experienced Party professionals who had long since joined in much of the movement for reform watched in alarm as this unanticipated majority gleefully went about creating conditions that would guarantee a savage and politically disastrous battle at the mid-term conference. The break came when a confused labor delegate, struggling to follow her instructions, moved to eliminate the section of the draft charter which provided for proportional representation in the selection of delegates to the national Convention (precluding, for example, the winner-take-all primary). However, the last sentence of that section contained an unrelated provision that abolished the unit rule—a rule requiring all members of a delegation to vote in conformity with the decisions of the majority of the delegation—one of the least controversial and most widely accepted changes in Party procedure. Clearly, there was no serious possibility of reinstituting the unit rule—a symbol of the most dictatorial and discriminatory tactics of the past. There was an almost immediate outburst of angry opposition. Leaders of the regular forces quickly tried to clarify the amendment and explain the mistake. But the occasion for rescue had been created. A black delegate from California, State Assemblyman Willie Brown, led a walkout of angry and confused delegates, in which members of minority groups and reformers were joined by several political professionals who wanted no part of a confrontation that was rapidly becoming uncontrollable. Fewer than half of the delegates remained in the hall. A quorum being absent, a relieved Terry Sanford adjourned the meeting forever. But not the battle.

The Charter Commission had failed. It was to have been a forum of decision whose disputants—their views freely expressed and put to the vote—would acquiesce in the Party's ratification of the outcome. Instead, the familiar collisions between "regulars" and "reformers," "minorities" and "political establishments," "liberals" and "centrists" would go to the December conference for resolution. Similar spectacles in 1968 and 1972 were at least partly redeemed by the importance of the stakes—Presidential nominations, Vietnam policy, and what for a short time appeared to be an emerging populism. The disputes at Kansas City emerge almost wholly from a contest for political position or from a desire to impose ideological convictions, which are more abstract, less relevant to practical results, than politicians think or than the public is likely to believe. A baffled and increasingly cynical public will view disruptions and public acrimony not as a concerned debate over public policy but as a struggle for power over the Party structure. Yet the reality is that no matter who wins at Kansas City, it will not effect the 1976 nomination, while to try to identify the beneficiaries in 1980 of procedures adopted in 1974 is an exercise so prob-

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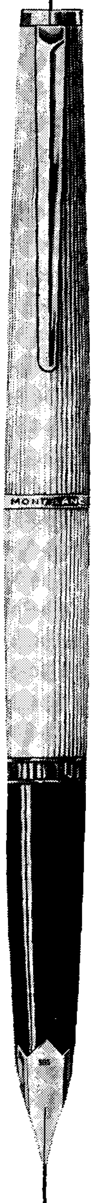
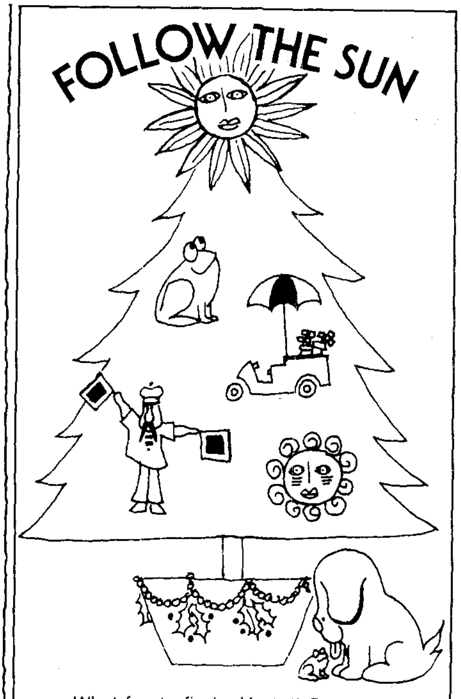


lematic as to be meaningless. After the August breakup, it became apparent to many Democrats that the only losers from a turbulent Kansas City conference would be the Democratic Party and its candidates.

Until the mid-term elections were over, most Democratic leaders were unable to give much attention to the problem. Many were reluctant to intervene, fearing that intervention would appear to be a return to bossism. The election results, along with the swiftly declining charisma of President Ford, transformed the mood of Party activists. It intensified the desire among all Party groups to do nothing that might jeopardize the chances of a 1976 victory. The absence of a leading Presidential contender allowed every group to hope that a candidate who shared their views might be nominated, and if that happened they would need support from all Democrats. And the multiplying assembly of Presidential hopefuls realized that any nominee would be handicapped by a renewal of Party conflict. Since the state bosses are no longer with us, the task naturally fell to the governors, themselves elected officials, many of whom had just received popular mandates. At the South Carolina meeting, they drafted a position on the most controversial of all the issues—representation of minority groups at the conference. Essentially, they adopted the current formula—the rule promulgated by the Mikulski Commission to govern the 1976 nomination. Mandatory quotas are abolished, but every branch of the Democratic Party is required to undertake "affirmative-action" programs to encourage full participation by all Democrats, with particular concern for minority groups, native Americans, women, and youth in the delegate-selection process and in all Party affairs. The standard of representation will be the proportion of these designated groups in the Democratic electorate, not in the country as a whole. Failure to achieve this standard of representation is not disqualifying. But failure does constitute evidence, though not a presumption, that affirmative action may have been inadequate. Fierce arguments lurk behind almost every phrase of this proposal. No group gets what it wanted; nor is it clear that the requirement for affirmative action will be effectively enforced. Most blacks and many Southern white officeholders will admit, at least in private, that quotas are the only way blacks can achieve adequate representation. Yet even if there had been no governors' conference, some such compromise was unavoidable; the im-



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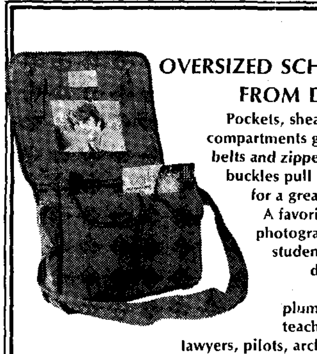

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portance of the governors' action was to make it possible for the contestants to accept the inevitable with grace and to free them from the compulsion to make a futile fight as a demonstration of their devotion to principle.

All the other articles of the proposed charter are to be left as they are. Many of them were bitterly opposed by the reformers. Others are anathema to conservative regulars. But the new spirit of Kansas City seems to be the avoidance of controversy by making no changes. A few floor fights are likely, but they will probably be conducted within the mild traditions of parliamentary debate—at least, while the governors' compromise goes unchallenged. Should such a challenge develop, the floodgates will open.

This sudden transformation in the prospects for Kansas City is not due to a sudden onset of Party unity. It reflects changes in political conditions. The liberals have already achieved many of their goals, and have become more hopeful of a Presidential victory within the Democratic Party. They are also aware that the regulars will have a majority of delegates at the Party conference. The mood has also changed on the right, particularly among those leaders of organized labor who had been the most effective and passionate opponents of reform. As one labor delegate told me, "they see themselves in a new, tough economic fight—a kind of class struggle for the next couple of years. They don't want to tear up the labor movement over these kinds of problems, and they are starting to think they better make all the allies they can." This transitory mood of agreement may produce an uneventful conference, but it does not constitute a reunification of the Democratic Party. Agreement is possible only because disputes over procedure and structure are not the basic source of division within the Democratic Party. They are symbols.

Plainly, the ferocity of the dispute that broke up the Charter Commission was immensely disproportionate to the political significance of the particular issues under debate. The reform battle is essentially over. A varied assortment of primaries, caucuses, and conventions, many of them established by state law, decisively obstruct a return to the old-fashioned political leader with hand-picked and obedient delegations. In 1960, it was taken for granted that men like Mayor Daley, of Illinois, and David Lawrence, of Pennsylvania, could deliver their states' delegations to the candidate of their choice. The new laws and procedures have practically

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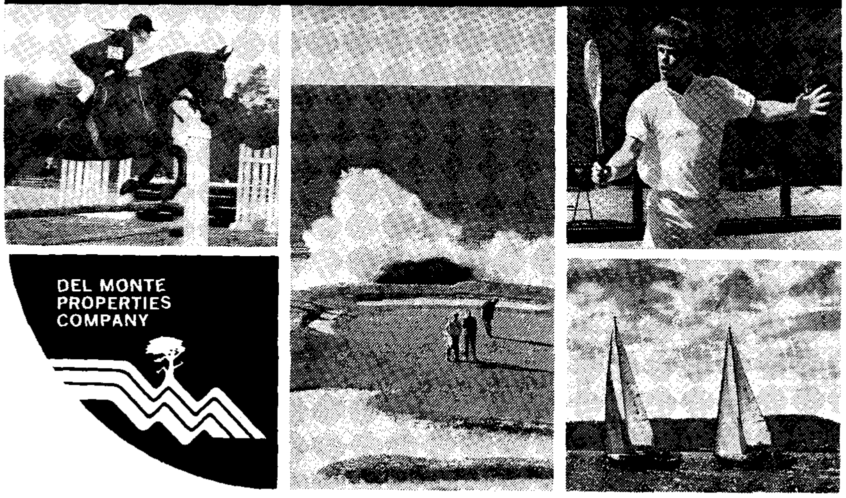

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destroyed the foundation for that kind of power. The Democratic Convention's smoke-filled room of the future will be occupied not by governors and bosses but by Presidential candidates and their representatives.

It is equally certain that the Democratic Party will not return to the widely censured quota system, which required delegations to include women and members of minorities in numbers roughly proportionate to the population, or to the Democratic electorate. In its place will be a requirement for some form of "affirmative action." The quota system, although it has been identified with the McGovern movement, is distinct from the issue of popular participation in the nominating process; primary results are binding on white and black delegates alike, and the political boss can find compliant followers of any color and either sex. The end of quotas does mean that fewer members of minorities will participate in the 1976 Convention; nevertheless, the supporters of a quota system are few and impotent.

With popular participation guaranteed and quotas ended, the remaining issues are well within the sphere of compromise. The requirement that delegates be selected in the year of the Convention, the replacement of the unit rule by proportional representation, and the establishment of formal, though unenforceable, lines of authority between the Democratic National Committee and state parties—to give a few examples—are not meaningless proposals. They will, however, have little practical impact on the conduct of Party affairs by hundreds of relatively autonomous state and local organizations. Even when it can be anticipated that the form the resolution of the issues will take will ultimately influence the choice of a candidate and platform, one cannot predict the beneficiaries. Proportional representation, for example, has long been a goal of liberal reform. It is included in the Mikulski Commission rules for 1976. Yet its adoption may permit a candidate to lose in the primaries and still win enough delegates to prevent the nomination of the popular favorite. In fact, one can reasonably speculate that George Wallace will be the candidate most helped by this "reform," since there is little doubt of his ability, at least at this time, to win a substantial percentage of the vote in the major primaries. In the past, primary elections have served as a rough process of elimination. Now defeated candidates will be tempted to take their delegates to the Convention, in the hope of influencing, or even dictating, the nomination. If this happens, the supposed reform will have succeeded in replacing one set of power brokers with another.

Surely Democrats would not wish to endanger their party over such uncertain issues of procedure and semantics. Neither should we conclude that Democrats have lost their reason. The explanation is that these questions of Party structure are only symbols of a far deeper and more resistant division—worth examining because they point toward the powerful, perhaps irresistible, forces of fragmentation which are converging on Presidential 1976.

IN 1968, the Democratic Party split not only on the issue of Vietnam but on attitudes toward a wide range of social and economic issues. The defeated of 1968 became the victors of 1972, but the wounded regulars proved even more willing to desert their party's candidate than had the disillusioned reformers of four years before. The traditional sequence of party conflict, in which losers join with victors against the common adversary, is possible only when there are no irreconcilable differences of principle, interest, or ideology. But such differences have existed in the Democratic Party for six years, and it is difficult to see how they can be resolved, papered over with verbal ambiguities, or put aside. The seriousness of this rupture has been concealed, because the participants, being politically active and ambitious, tend to cast the conflict in procedural terms—as if the turmoil of Chicago in 1968 had been precipitated by defects in the process of delegate selection rather than by the war. The search for structural resolution of Party disputes is reinforced by a general belief in the civics-class commonplace that major American parties are not ideological, and that the Democratic Party, in particular, has always accommodated a diversity of opinions and beliefs. But this truism obscures the fact that since the nineteen-thirties the variety of opinion within the Democratic Party has been contained and limited by attitudes toward national problems which amounted to an ideological view—shared by most Democrats and reflected with remarkable consistency in the Party platforms and the policies of Democratic Presidents and Presidential candidates. These attitudes cannot be described with precision, nor were they universally shared or consistently pursued. But they dominated Party debate, constituting the assumptions that made it possible to think of the Democratic Party as something more than a legal conspiracy for the acquisition of power. In foreign policy, the assumptions of the Democratic Party were grounded in a liberal internationalism that dated back to Woodrow Wilson, and were manifested in policies such as support for the United Nations, and Roosevelt's anti-colonialism. With the onset of Soviet-American conflict, this attitude was reconciled with protection of the national interest through the doctrine that (a) other countries wanted for themselves what we wanted for ourselves—economic growth, national sovereignty, and, perhaps, political freedom—and that (b), consequently, assisting the progress of others and protecting them against Communist power or subversion would simultaneously serve their interests and our own. We would eliminate world poverty and close the missile gap, both to the same ends. The Democratic Party, with much Republican coöperation, was the party of the United Nations, of foreign aid, of growing military power, and of militant opposition to Communist expansion. Traditional idealism was thus compounded with the most "pragmatic" or "tough-minded" view of the national interest, until changing world conditions and public awareness, accelerated by the Vietnam war, rendered that compound unstable. Democrats have become divided into those who cling to the earlier doctrine in a modern version, which has been purged of "idealistic" internationalism, and those for whom the Cold War—with its implied link between national security, Soviet expansionism, and political circumstances in other countries—has ended.

Earlier agreement was strengthened by the fact that many foreign-policy objectives (for example, protecting the national security) were in the interests of all domestic groups. This bond was weakened when foreign activities, such as the war in Vietnam, had damaging internal consequences, and when instruments of foreign policy, especially the military-industrial complex, became vested domestic interests. There is no longer a Democratic foreign policy, and no longer an agreement on principle. For example, the most diehard opponents and the most enthusiastic advocates of "détente"—and of reduction in the defense establishment—are among those who will compose the opposing factions at Kansas City. The division over Vietnam continues in new forms. What these contestants embody is more than a difference of policy; it is a divergence of world view.

The domestic attitudes that char-

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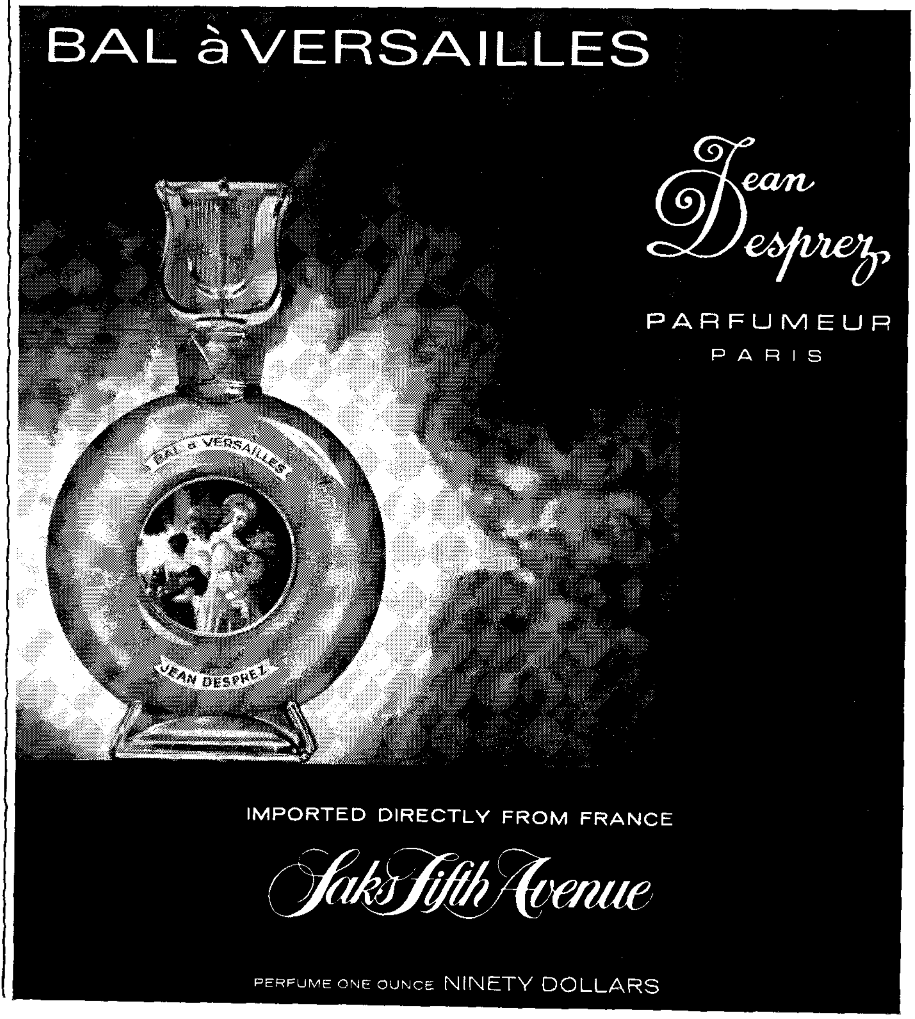

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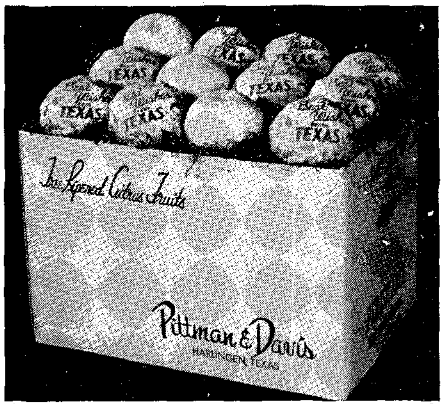
acterized the Democratic Party evolved during the New Deal. Under Roosevelt, government assumed responsibility for increasing and redistributing the national wealth. The Democratic Party became the repository of—that is, it "stood for"—the interests of the workers, the poor, and the excluded. Democratic Administrations or Congresses initiated almost all this country's significant social legislation, from Social Security to the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Democrats—at least at the federal level—were far more willing than Republicans to use the power of government to restrain big business, redress large inequalities of wealth or privilege, or manage the economy. The Democratic Party was the party of big and active government. For a long time, there was no significant opposition to these principles within the Democratic Party; they animated both Southern populism and Northern liberalism. As late as 1960, John Kennedy sought to dispel any doubts about his allegiance to principles derived from the New Deal by stressing in almost every statement that he ran not just as an individual but as the latest representative of the Democratic Party tradition. It was a choice, Kennedy would say, not simply between two men but between the party of Harding, Hoover, and Coolidge and the party of Wilson, Roosevelt, and Truman. In 1964, a highly placed Presidential adviser of Republican origins struck several reaffirmations of this Democratic creed from a draft of Lyndon Johnson's acceptance speech, fearing that they might offend some elements of the emerging anti-Goldwater coalition. The cuts were swiftly restored by an indignant President. And these themes remained part of the Johnsonian consensus until it was shattered by the war.

The first serious rupture in the Democratic Party came in 1948, when these binding convictions collided with racial conflict in a South on the edge of industrialization. Southern delegates left the national Convention and formed a Southern party (then called the Dixiecrats), which has endured in various forms—and has intermittently run its own Presidential candidate—for over a quarter century. Southern economic growth makes it likely that George Wallace will be the last leader of this party. But the issue of race has followed the black man North, complicating and heightening those new divisions which have shattered the shared purpose of the Democratic Party. The Democratic consensus is gone chiefly



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because the community of economic interest which supported it no longer exists. The power of large unions to provide jobs and increase wages is more and more dependent upon continued domination of the economy by the industrial giants in which union membership is concentrated. Wage and price controls, for example, are opposed by big business and big labor alike, who have far more power than other groups to stay ahead of inflation. The interest of the unions, if not always of their members, is often closer to that of the employers than to the needs of the more than seventy per cent of the work force which is unorganized.

The demands of the poor, and especially the black poor, are perceived by lower-income workers as a threat to their security and their living standards; that is, as an imposition upon their income. Many members of the middle class, especially the more affluent, have become concerned about the consequences of modern economic activity. Their concerns are expressed in terms such as "consumer protection," "environmentalism," and "improving the quality of life," but these terms imply an economic choice—how and what we shall produce—and are therefore an expression of economic interest. All these divisions have been greatly aggravated by the relative economic stagnation that has lasted for almost a decade and has made it appear that the objectives of any economic group or "class" can be achieved only at the expense of others. To oversimplify greatly, each of three groups—the "have-nots," the "have-littles," and the "have-mores"—has important interests that are not shared by the two others.

In this and in other ways, a changing social structure has destroyed the common ground of Democratic politics, creating new divisions and new problems—from "crime in the streets" to "inflationary recession"—which will not yield to the old verities. The ideological difference between George Wallace and George McGovern, the two men who received the most votes in the 1972 Democratic primaries, is far greater than the difference between Huey Long and Franklin Roosevelt. The advocates of still another view, characterized as the "moderate center," dominate the Party apparatus. They represent the interests of big labor and the industrial structure, while seeking popular support on the basis of what is called "the social issue"—essentially, an identification with the interests and fears of lower-income whites. This third faction, the Demo-

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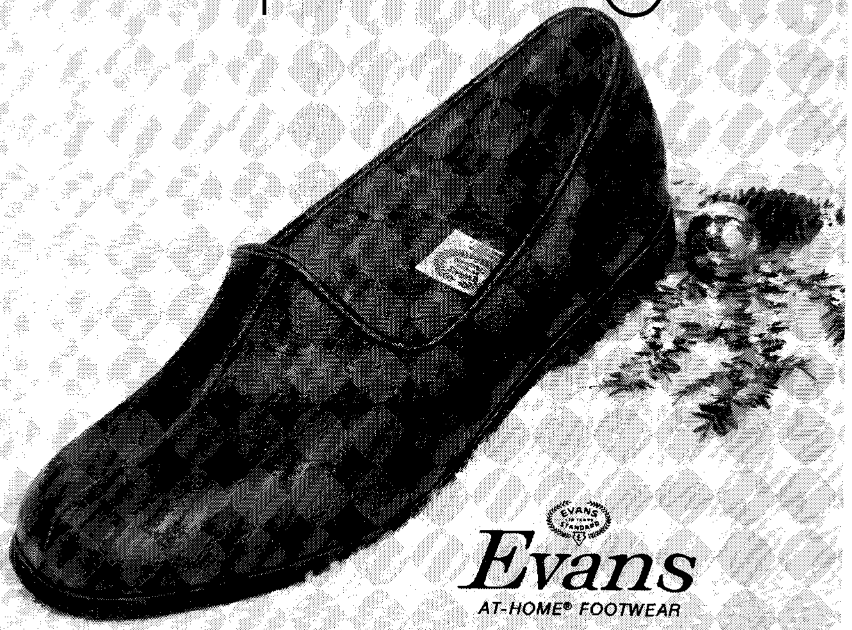

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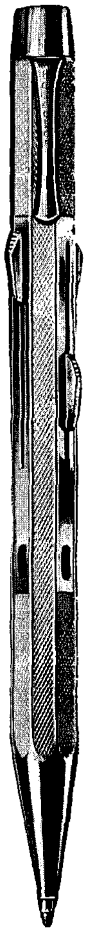

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cratic Party of Hubert Humphrey and Henry Jackson, claims to represent the feelings of a national majority. Yet since 1960 no centrist candidate has dominated the Democratic Presidential primary. The victors have been John Kennedy, Eugene McCarthy, Robert Kennedy, George McGovern, and George Wallace.

The purpose of the Democratic Party—its approach to the difficulties of the time and to the conditions that diminish individual well-being—is not scheduled to be determined by the Party conference at Kansas City. Careful plans have been devised to avoid such issues while maintaining an appearance of concern with public policy. Before the conference convenes, there will be eight seminars on national issues, open to the more than two thousand delegates, and guided by a panel consisting largely of elected officials. One member of each panel will speak to the conference—reporting the views that were expressed during the seminar and, presumably, attacking the conduct of the Republicans. Neither the seminars nor the conference will debate resolutions or decide policy. The Democrats have chosen to hold a national conference to consider the relationship of Democrats to the Party but not the relationship of the Party to the nation. That choice not only evades a traditional responsibility; it denies the legitimate function of a political party in a democratic society. But the choice was probably unavoidable. For no governors' conference, no appeals to party loyalty or promises of electoral victory, could enforce unity or prevent the most turbulent disruptions once the large and divisive questions of public policy had been opened to debate. The suppression of such a debate—the essential need of suppression—is both a result and a demonstration of the divided condition of the Democratic Party.

One can foresee circumstances in which these differences might be temporarily put aside. A serious recession might unify all groups on the necessity for economic recovery and the desire to share in the rewards of an almost certain victory. In the long run, however, even the most strenuous efforts to achieve political compromise cannot accommodate important and deeply founded differences of principle and interest. Conflict and acrimony are likely to continue until one group achieves a secure domination over the Democratic Party or leaves to form a national party of its own.

—Richard N. Goodwin

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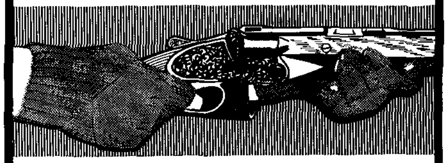

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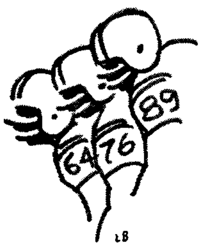
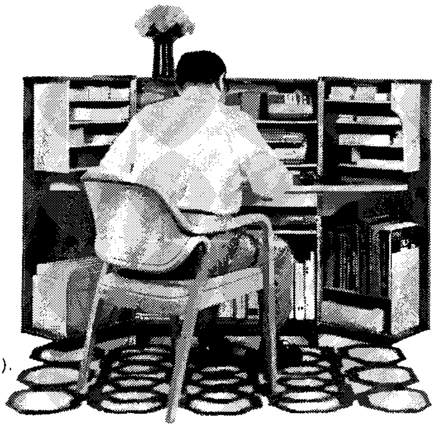
FOOTBALL

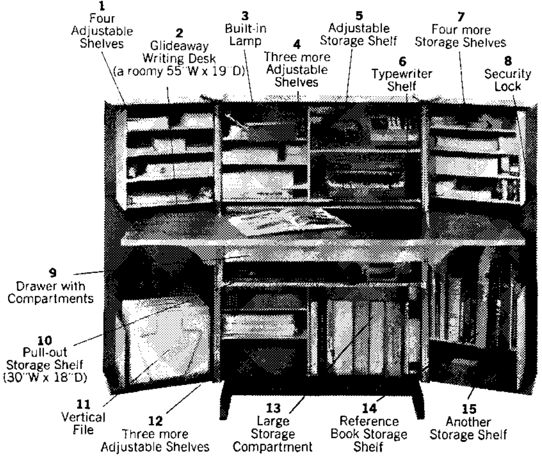
Words to the Wise



BEFORE this commentary can see print, the Ivy League season will have become history, and so attention must be turned to events of more national—or, at least, National Football League—import. Whether, by the way, the World Football League itself, and not just its season, is to become history is another matter. Unearthing the proper number of customers (not to mention the proper number of efficacious performers) has been the World's problem from the beginning. Even in these troubled times, when money for such luxuries as football tickets is not as plentiful as it was just two years ago, there is a great deal of money to be wagered, by those who know where it can be wagered, on football. So that everyone, and not merely those in the know, can have a piece of the action, the World Football League may as well merge with OTB and take its split of the play in lieu of its many invisible customers. The concerns of the National Football League are hardly as ponderous, though there does exist in its case as well that matter of customer relations.

This correspondent's own problems are minuscule indeed. He suffers acute cramps as he watches Gabriel, one of his favorite quarterbacks, play tag with a ball that has come unlatched on his own (and the Eagles') one-yard line instead of falling on it. He wrestles with heartfelt anger when he sees Jurgensen, the greatest quarterback the Redskins (or maybe anyone in professional football) have ever owned, come limping off the field. He undergoes profound empathy when he watches Namath, pitcher for the footless Jets, decide, faulty legs or no, to take the ball in for a touchdown himself instead of handing it to an unreliable comrade. Namath did that the day the Jets beat the Giants, and the joke going the circuit now is that the Jets and the Giants should play each other every Sunday from now on, to insure that New York will have a winning team week after week. This correspondent falls into deep depression when, as he seems to have been doing forever, he watches Tarkenton, who more than anyone else has made the Vikings what they are today, throw—in perfect con-

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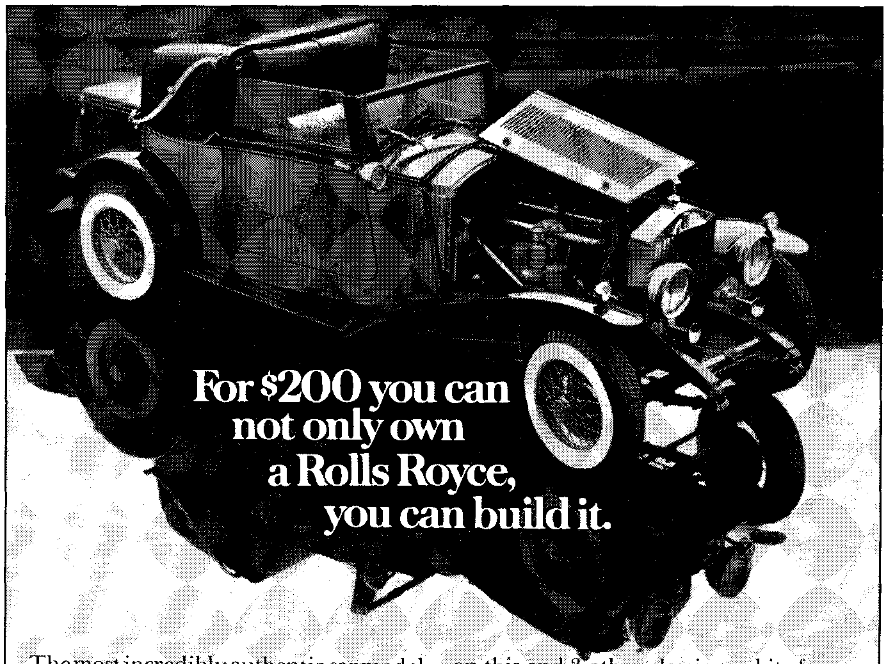
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cert pitch—ball after ball to reputedly trusty receivers who cannot or will not cope. The deepest despond evolved during the evening Tarkenton was involved in the make-or-break match with the Cardinals. The Cardinals, a bunch of truly tough cookies, were keeping pace with the Vikings all the way, and Tarkenton was proffering a vast flotilla of nifty passes to old friends who were sternly rejecting him. In the end, presumably desperate, he took matters into his own hands and rolled right with the ball, then cut with the greatest of ease for the Cardinal goal, a winning touchdown, and a definite shot at the National League playoffs. One should not, as one well knows, identify so closely with performers in a season as long as the National's. One should remember that these chaps are playing for money, even the ones who aren't worth it—and of them there are plenty. But there it is: this correspondent's identification persists.

UNIVERSITY presidents are chosen, as often as not, for their skill at recruiting funds from the alumni. Football coaches are chosen, as often as not, for their skill at recruiting the players for next year and the years after that. The persuasive powers of the coaches who do not have a pocketful of athletic scholarships or far less legal binders to offer up have to be enormous. The full-time student of the sport can occasionally point out precisely how a wholesale change in coaching personnel will in a year or two be followed by a wholesale change not merely in a team's tactics but in its own sort of personnel. The decline of one Eastern hardy perennial can be charged against the inability of its staff to be Pied Pipers; the ascent of a brace of wilted-on-the-vine also-runners can be charged to their new sets of Pied Pipers. Down South, where the livin' is easy, the rosters of some varsities give cheerful credit not simply to the first alma mater of each player but to the man who coached him there; the lines of communication are thus made plain. Which reminds a venerable grouch of the time when Army and Navy, vastly differing in size and experience from the Army and Navy of now, put forth varsity rosters that listed only each player's native habitat; too many of the performers had already gained that experience in secondary schools and junior colleges and were therefore two or three years ahead in ability of most of the players they met. What you don't know won't hurt you—probably.

—*J. W. L.*

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.)

Guilty Pleasures, by Donald Barthelme (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95*).

Among the pleasures, guilty or innocent, on hand are parodies, several of which first appeared in this magazine under pseudonyms; a sprinkling of graphics by the author's hand; and a number of other casual literary feats.

The Curve of Binding Energy, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $7.95*).

A Profile of Theodore B. Taylor, nuclear physicist, designer of atomic bombs, and, at present, public crier against the slovenly supervision of fissionable material, which is now hardly more difficult to lay hands on than Fourth of July firecrackers.

All Aboard with E. M. Frimbo, by Rogers E. M. Whitaker and Anthony Hiss (*Viking/Grossman, $8.95*).

Our Mr. Frimbo, connoisseur of railroads and of the good life (or such remnants of it as are still manifest in a number of buffet and dining cars), here steps forth from the Talk of the Town into a volume all his own.

Christmas Eve, by Maeve Brennan (*Scribners, $7.95*).

Tales of three houses, two of them in Dublin and one on the east bank of the Hudson in a little community called Herbert's Retreat, and of the families that live in the houses—the Dubliners free but deeply rooted, the exurbanites transient and, whether they realize it or not, controlled by their sharp-witted Irish servants. Miss Brennan has also included a report on a snowstorm on West Forty-ninth Street.

American Fried, by Calvin Trillin (*Doubleday, $6.95*).

Mr. Trillin, a self-described "happy eater," here records the gratifying discoveries he has made in various restaurants and shops well off the expense-account track.

A Musical Season, by Andrew Porter (*Viking, $10*).

A collection of reviews. The season is 1972-73, when Mr. Porter left England to become music critic for this magazine.

The Great Whales, by Faith McNulty (*Doubleday, $4.95*).

A report on the largest and the most mysterious of all mammals, and also, by indirection, a protest against their dangerous depletion by slaughter for commercial purposes.

Expendable Americans, by Paul Brodeur (*Viking, $8.95*).

Mr. Brodeur continues to investigate the grisly and lethal effects of preventable industrial disease, as well as industry's callous attitude toward the victims.

Thank You, Fog, by W. H. Auden (*Random House, $6*).

A slim anthology of the last poems Mr. Auden wrote before his death, in 1973.

The Floor of the Sea, by William Wertenbaker (*Little, Brown, $10*).

A Profile of the late Maurice Ewing, marine geologist, geophysicist, and seismologist, and prime mover in the discovery, exploration, and understanding of nearly three-quarters of the earth's landscape—the landscape that lies beneath the oceans.

Heroin Addiction in Britain, by Horace Freeland Judson (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $6.95*).

A chronicle of the efforts, most of them successful, of British doctors and government officials to control the spread of this enslaving drug and, at the same time, to take advantage of its substantial medical usefulness.

A Concrete Look at Nature, by Eugene Kinkead (*Quadrangle, $7.95*).

A collection of reports on flora, fauna, and various aspects of nature. In each instance, Central Park is the point of departure for the reporter.

Alec Wilder and His Friends, by Whitney Balliett (*Houghton Mifflin, $7.95*).

Nine Profiles. Mr. Wilder is a composer and writer, and the friends he admires are Bobby Hackett, Mabel Mercer, Tony Bennett, Ruby Braff, Bob and Ray, Marie Marcus, Blossom Dearie, and Marian McPartland—perfectionists all.

The Working-Class Majority, by Andrew Levison (*Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $8.95*).

A reëvaluation of the status of the blue-collar worker, revealing a number of facts (e.g., that the working class composes a majority—sixty per cent—of the American populace) and dispelling a number of myths (e.g., that this majority forms a reactionary bloc). Mr. Levison concludes that America's political future, and hope, is firmly rooted in the workers' vote.

The Mystic Adventures of Roxie Stoner, by Berry Morgan (*Houghton Mifflin, $5.95*).

Linked short stories about an old black woman in the South, each of them a study in innocence.

Long Distance, by Penelope Mortimer (*Doubleday, $6.95*).

Reality that becomes surreal, memories of the past, dreams in the present, and perhaps madness itself are elements of this novel about a woman who finds herself in a place that at times resembles an asylum and that at times one knows to be the world.

Fields of Force, by George Steiner (*Viking, $8.95*).

A report on the battle of the titans—Bobby Fischer and Boris Spassky—for the chess championship of the world, which took place at Reykjavik in the summer of 1972. Along with his account of the match and diagrams of the moves, Mr. Steiner has included his observations of the disparate players and some speculations on the game of chess itself.

The Camberwell Beauty, by V. S. Pritchett (*Random House, $5.95*).

Short stories, in which, as usual, the author seems as much impersonator as creator of his characters. The setting for most of the stories is present-day England; for one it is Paris in the past.

Supership, by Noël Mostert (*Knopf, $8.95*).

A report on the enormous supertankers that plow the seas, spilling their cargoes, flushing their tanks and bilges, sometimes breaking up entirely, and, in any case, threatening to corrupt our every ocean.

The American Condition, by Richard N. Goodwin (*Doubleday, $10*).

Mr. Goodwin's reflections upon the state of the Union.

The Slightest Distance, by Henry Bromell (*Houghton Mifflin, $6.95*).

Stories about the family of an American diplomat—his wife and their three very different sons—here and overseas. Happy families are not all alike.

The Power Broker, by Robert A. Caro (*Knopf, $17.95*).

An appraisal of Robert Moses, who in the forty-four years after his appointment as Parks Commissioner by Al Smith transformed this city, often for the worse, and was himself transformed in the doing.

The American People, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Weybright & Talley, $8.95*).

Mr. Kahn here examines the findings of the 1970 Census and uncovers behind the statistics a number of facts and tendencies hitherto unsuspected.

Anti-Social Register, by William Hamilton (*Chronicle, $6.95*).

An album of a hundred and seventy-nine cartoons, displaying Mr. Hamilton's well-heeled and well-bred characters at many large and small occasions.

The Other Hampton, by Judy and Calvin Tomkins (*Grossman, $15*).

A report in photographs (J. Tomkins) and words (C. Tomkins) on a black community in Bridgehampton, Long Island, and on the year-round life its residents lead, apart from their neighboring weekenders and the summer colonists of West-h, South-h, and East-h.

A Scandalous Woman, by Edna O'Brien (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $6.95*).

A volume of short stories, many of them about women in love. Most are set in London and in Miss O'Brien's native Ireland.

Patriotism Without Flags, by Daniel Lang (*Norton, $6.95*).

From Army deserter to ex-Marine, the concentration here is on people who, in the shadow of the Vietnam war, have grappled with society, or simply with themselves, to reshape the meaning of patriotism.

Ways of Loving, by Brendan Gill (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95*).

Along with his investigations of the subject at hand, Mr. Gill considers ways of facing and telling the truth and of evading it, and other gerundial matters. The volume contains eighteen stories and two brief novels, written over the past thirty-five years or so.

BOOKS

Children's Books for Christmas

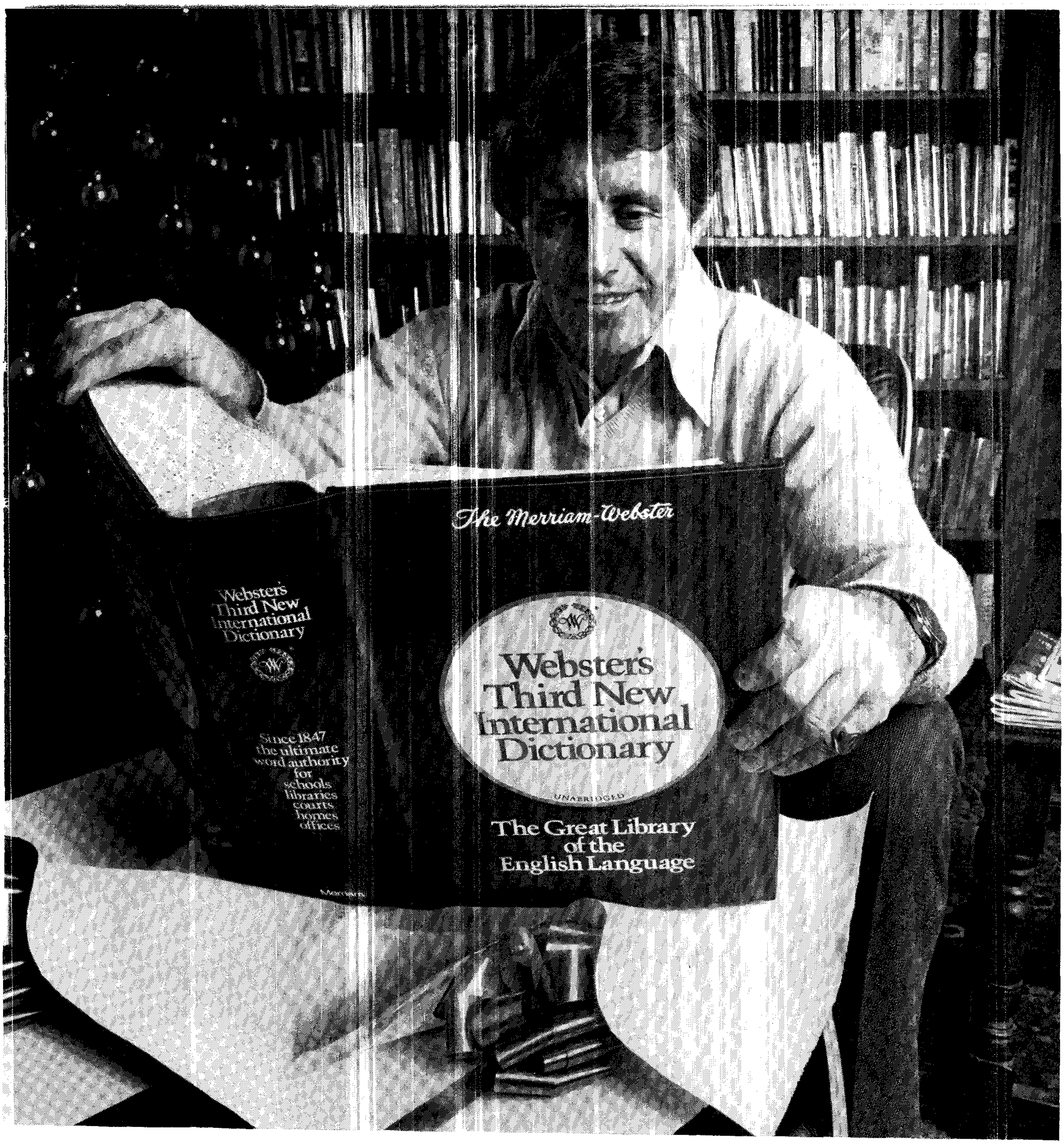
LET us begin the annual report on books for the young with the bad news. By no means all of it will be covered, because if that were to be done we would be in session until Independence Day of the bicentennial year. To Franklin Roosevelt's proclamation of freedom of speech and expression, something calling itself the Ms. Foundation has added the rider freedom of incorrect speech by publishing a book entitled "Free to Be . . . You and Me," which is purveyed by McGraw-Hill. A record of the same name was cut two years ago and was greeted with such wide and wild enthusiasm that a book was immediately put into the works and was published early this year, on the same day a television show, also based on the record, was broadcast. The title comes from a lyric extolling a land "Where the river runs free—/Through the green country—/To a shining sea./ And you and me/ Are free to be/ You and me." The lines rhyme and lilt fetchingly, and if I did not find the book so offensive I would not object to their failure to wash grammatically. I don't in the least mind the old solecism that I took in with my mother's milk: "See a pin and let it lay, You'll have bad luck all the day." But the belligerent coquetry, the inflexible piety of the Ms. manifesto to the homogeneity of the entire human race causes my blood to boil, and I forgive not a single trespass against law, order, or etiquette in it.

"Free to Be . . . You and Me" is a collection of songs and poems, homilies, playlets, an exchange of letters having to do with the Little League's equal-rights controversy, some odious revisions of nursery rhymes, and some up-to-date no-nonsense treatments of divorce and of the low-down orneriness of housework. It is not true that everyone on earth finds the last "just no fun," as this book sets forth. There is at least one exception to this rule. I love cleaning floors and washing windowsills and burnishing copper pots. I would far rather scour out a garbage pail than change a typewriter ribbon.

In her foreword, Marlo Thomas writes that the inspiration for the book came to her one night when her niece Dionne asked for a bedtime story and Auntie M. was "saddened to find that all of her [the niece's] books were just *that,* books that put her and her mind to sleep." Ms. Thomas then made a survey of bookstores and found "shelf after shelf of books that told boys and girls who they should be, who they ought to be, but seldom who they *could* be." It seems not to have occurred to her to go to a public library, where she would have found shelves and shelves of books from floor to ceiling which would have made her young kinswoman sit up and take notice and not get a wink of sleep for excitement and the pain in her stomach and rib cage brought on by laughter. When I was a child, it did not cross my mind that I *should* be Alice and *ought* to go through the looking glass, but in my imagination and in my thralldom I thought probably I *could.* Ms. Thomas, public-spirited to a fault, persuaded a group of her "wonderfully talented and generous" friends to help her put together a book illustrative of her personal creed: "I've always believed that anybody could be anything, especially me." The ambiguity of that sentence sticks in my mind and I can't pry it loose: she can't mean that I (me) can be she (her), so I suppose that her, herself, and she has successfully become the same. Since she does not specify whether she has another career besides being a Me, such as growing melons under glass or testing 747s, I can't set my sights on emulating her secondary role in life.

Not only did these "wonderfully talented and generous" friends give their time but, according to a prefatory note by Gloria Steinem, they "care about its message so much that they decided not to take their usual royalties from any profits that might result," and "instead, that potential money has been contributed to the Ms. Foundation for Women, Inc., which will support a variety of educational projects aimed at improving the skills, conditions and status of women and chil-

"I'll be glad when the holidays are over."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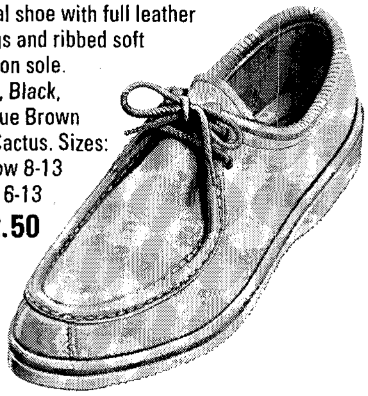

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dren . . . and much more: all the concrete ways in which this book's message of freedom can be realized and all the practical changes that are necessary to get rid of old-fashioned systems based on sex and race." Their selflessness in giving up their royalties is bound to warm the cockles of every tad's heart. In what way, pray tell, is "Humpty Dumpty" based on a "system" of sex? Of race? There is a dialogue, illustrated with photographs, between two newborn infants occupying neighboring bassinets in the nursery of a lying-in hospital; one part is spoken in a High Voice, the other in a Deep Voice. They are debating whether they are boys or girls, or one of each. Deep Voice wants to grow up to be a cocktail waitress and is afraid of mice, and therefore must be a girl; High Voice wants to be a fireman and is not afraid of mice, and hence must be a boy. After far too long a time, a nurse comes to change these garrulous fledglings' underthings, and, exposed, High Voice crows, "You see that? I *am* a girl—and you're a boy!" There is a prurience in this exchange which should not come out of the mouths of babes.

"The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe" used to be told in one succinct, sensible quatrain. In this volume, Joyce Johnson has dragged it out to six stanzas in unacceptable prosody. The shoe used to be a sturdy laced-up boot with doors and windows and with a chimney emerging from a thatched or tiled roof; the shoe illustrated here is a Miami Beach wedgie, and the old woman occupies the whole of it, strapped into it in a semi-reclining position that looks mighty uncomfortable. The verse begins:

> There was an old woman
> who lived in a shoe,
> And all her grandchildren
> played there too.

Grandchildren? Are these liberated Mss. (Msses.?) trying to establish legal paternity and benefit of clergy for all those sassy children of the olden time who hollered and pinched one another and pulled the cat's tail? This modern volunteer social worker keeps a jar full of money for bubble gum, plays Monopoly, gives lessons in painting and bread baking, and mends torn bluejeans. How she does all this trussed up like a turkey, the Lord only knows.

The authors of this nonsectarian, interracial, genderless, utopian, boneless, humorless bunkum are as rigidly doctrinaire as the West Virginia fundamentalists on the warpath against the use of godless textbooks in the public

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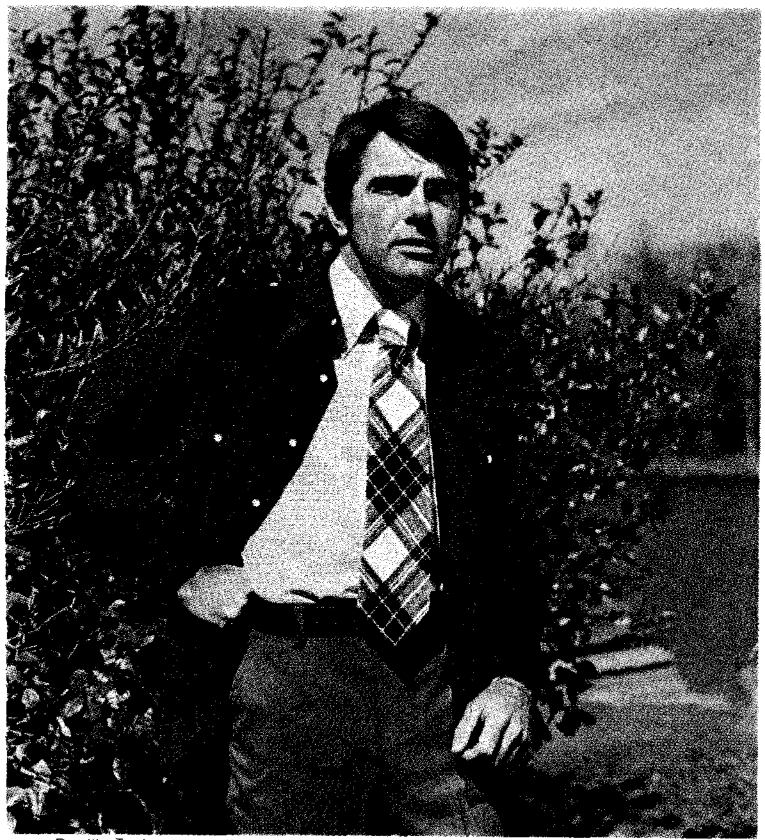
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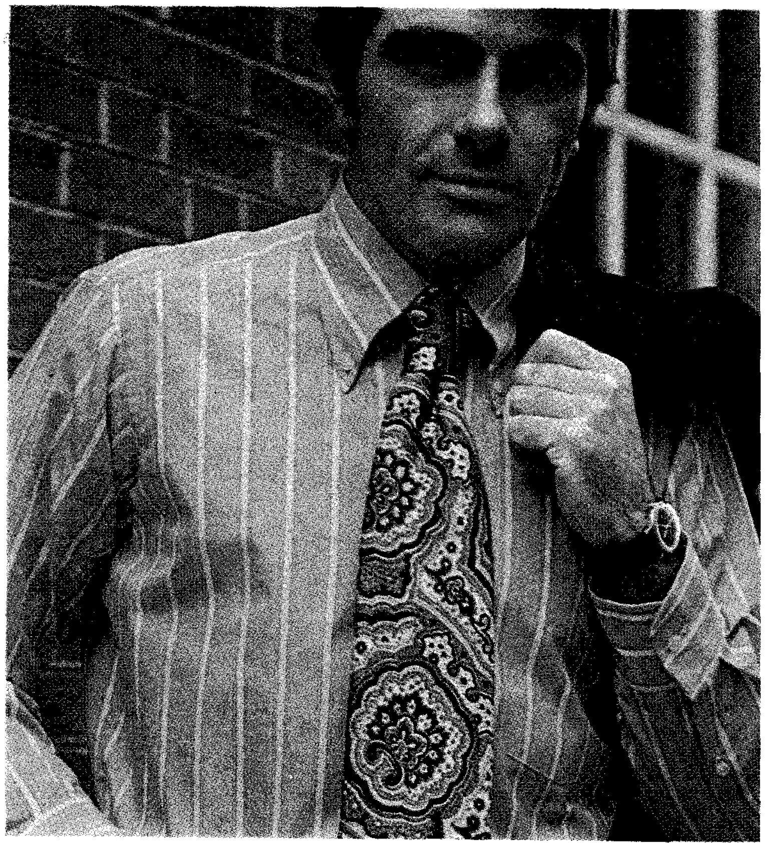
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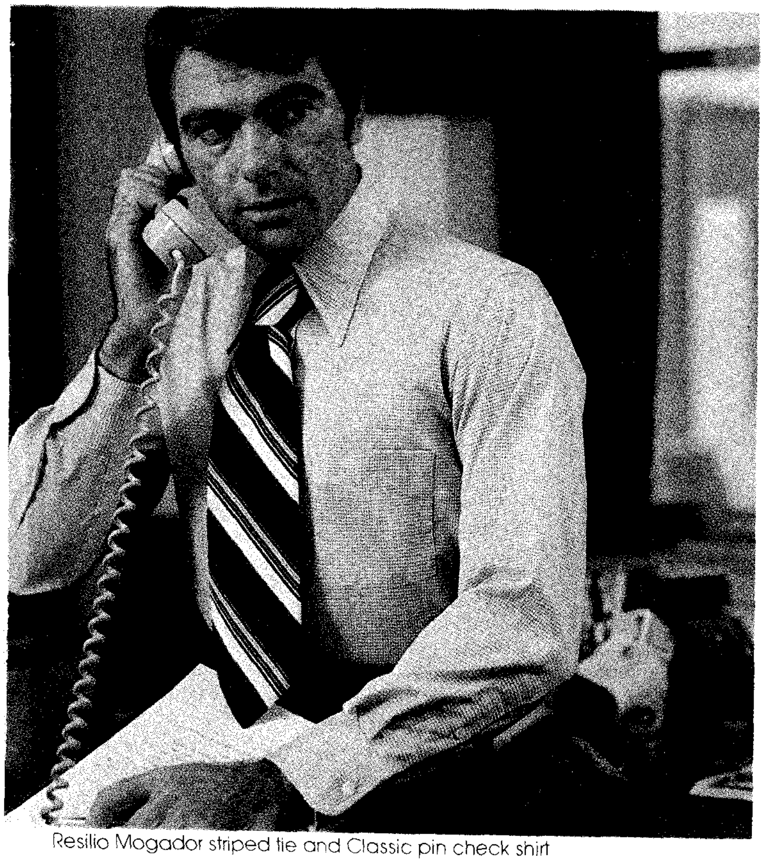
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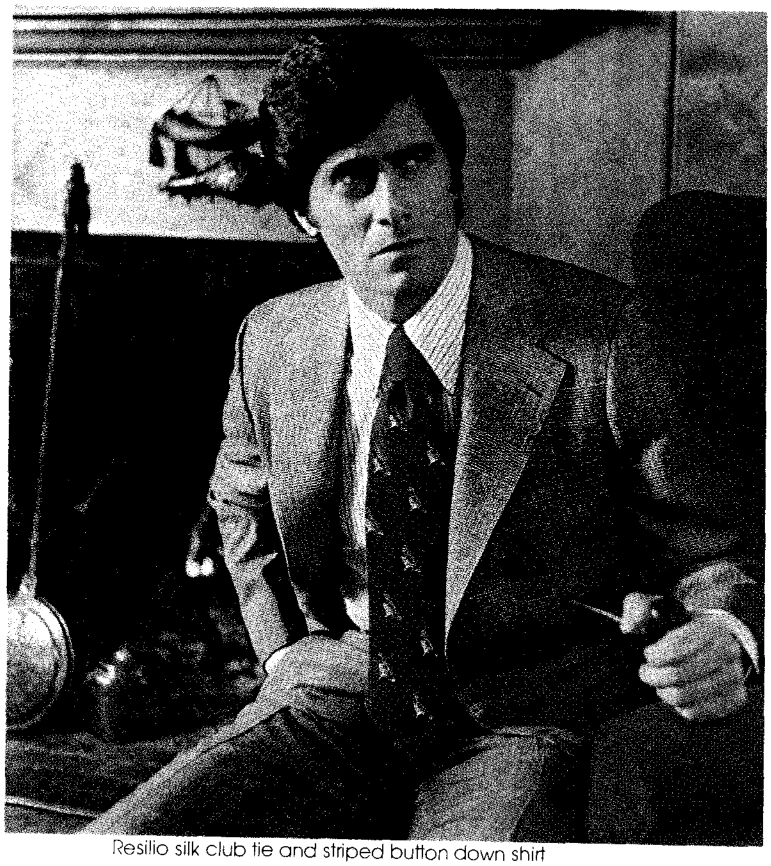
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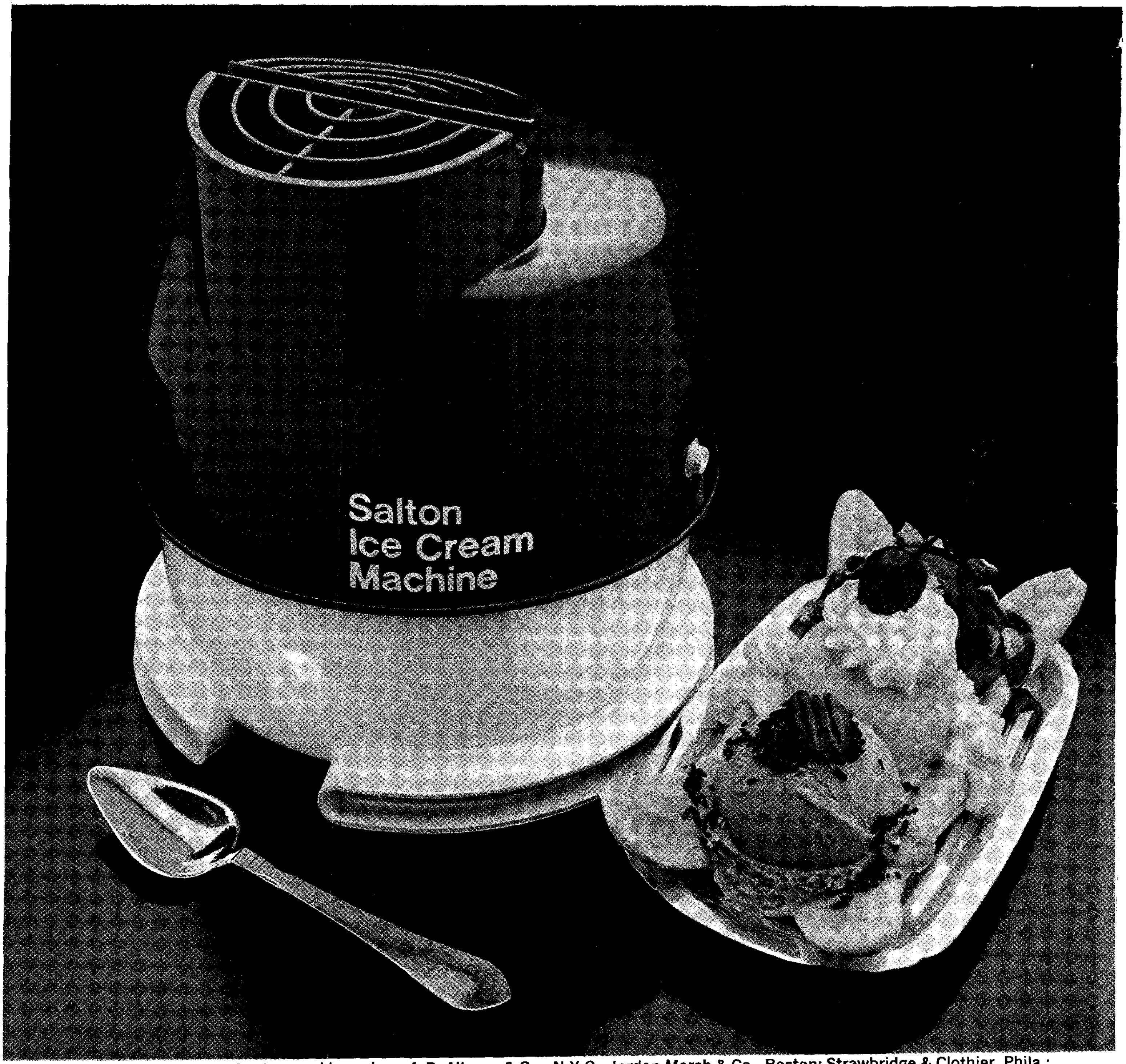

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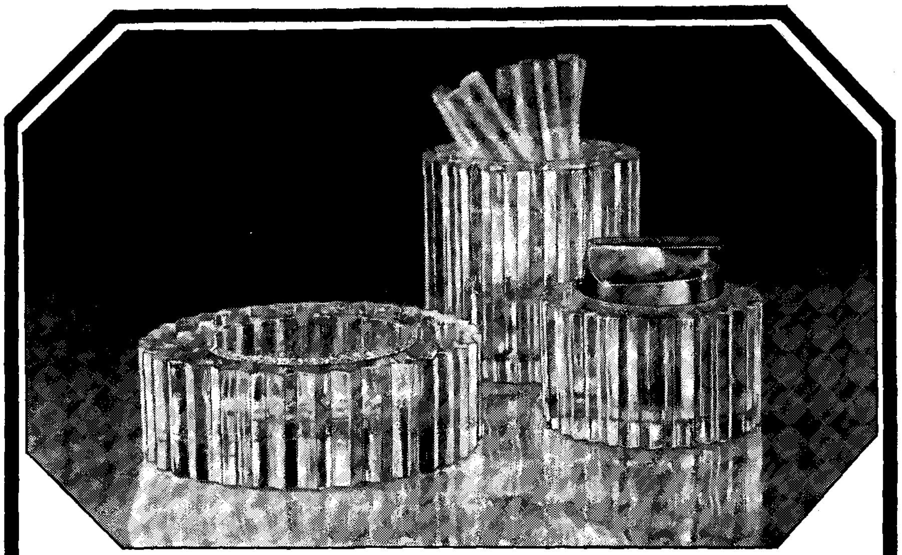
schools. The artwork of the propaganda ranges from barely tolerable to awful. The book costs $7.95 and has been doing a land-office business since publication. A spot check has revealed to me, to my boundless dejection, that it has been bought by numerous otherwise intelligent and attractive parents.

I have dwelt at length on this commodity because I believe it to be symptomatic of one of our most serious cultural diseases: there is no longer a generation gap, hence there is no childhood, hence no magic, no eccentricity, no personality, no idiosyncratic style. It is not possible to grow to man's estate without magic; it is not possible to live out one's allotted span of years without the solaces of magic. The mind lacking humor, impassioned affinities and impassioned dislikes, and hankerings that gnaw is a stupid mind. Ignorance is pardonable, acquired stupidity is not. Poor children! They are being brainwashed in the nursery, in kindergarten. Their enemies are their parents, their teachers and librarians, and the authors and publishers of condescending and misleading trash.

"What Is God's Area Code? Cartoons for New Children," by Jack Moore, a paperback selling for $2.25, is published by Sheed & Ward. Frank Sheed and his wife, Maisie Ward, the founders of this estimable publishing house, sold it some time ago, and are no longer responsible for its merchandise. The book is excerpted from a syndicated comic strip, "Kelly & Duke." Kelly is an unkempt little shaver who seems to be wearing elevator shoes; his large dog, Duke, is as unappealing a mutt as I have ever seen. In this episode, Duke, failing to get God on the telephone, starts to write Him an extortionist's note, using the polite address "Dear Mr. Big" and going on to demand ten dollars in small bills "if you ever want to see your chickens again, or your tigers or whales or polar bears." Kelly, a born Sunday-school teacher, says that God sees and hears everything and doesn't have to use earthly means of communication; Duke then raises a ruckus and declares, "God's got my brain bugged!"—a misdemeanor calling for action on the part of the American Civil Liberties Union, since the bugging was done "without a court order." In the end, he sees the light and says, "I'm going to get in on this religion thing while it's HOT!" There is an afterword by Andrew M. Greeley, who is billed as a "priest, social scientist, syndicated columnist, and author of 40 books." A very few sentences from this afterword will *quite*



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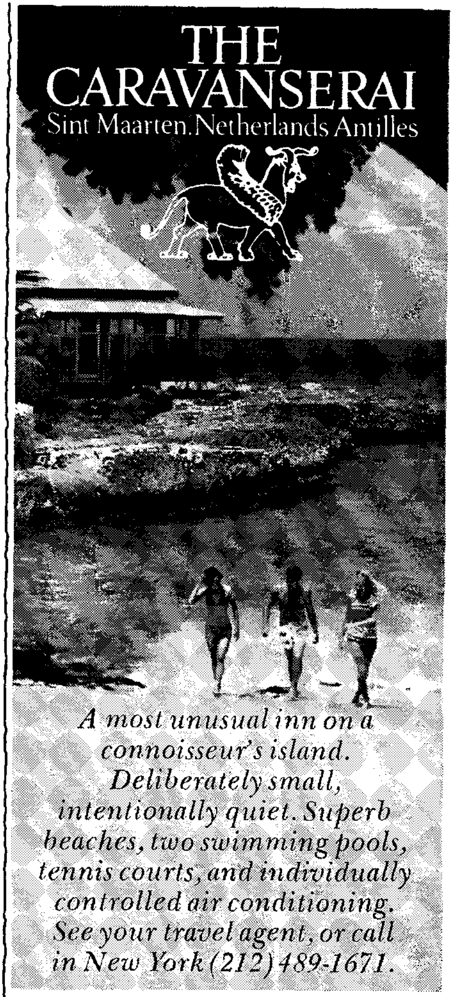
suffice. "Nor did we ask to be thrust into existence in this particular universe, or in this particular thrust of the cosmic yo-yo." God is "responsible for a hell of a lot, and the least he can do is provide us with answers as to what he had in mind," it goes on. "And if he has any tape recordings of the conversation that occurred at the heavenly drinking bout which must have preceded the thrusting into existence of ourselves and our world, would he please turn over those tapes lest we have to go to Judge Sirica and get a subpoena." There is some chummy gab about angst and existentialism, and there are jocular references to Peter Pan, Henry Kissinger, the Pope, and Huckleberry Finn. If I were Father Greeley's bishop, I would have him defrocked forthwith and send a strong recommendation to the Vatican that he be excommunicated. I cannot think when I have heard a phrase more improbable than "cosmic yo-yo," nor can I conceive of a more vulgar jollification than a "heavenly drinking bout." All my life, I have been under the impression that God was alone when He laid his plans; a "bout" suggests a gathering. The image of sozzled Rotarians comes to mind.

I do not recommend "Omar Khayyam Revisited," by Hakim Yama Khayyam, with drawings by David Stone Martin (Lyle Stuart), which is meant, I think, for the group now called "young adults." The author has rewritten some of the quatrains of "The Rubáiyát" to fit what his publisher calls "the panorama of our time." I have not looked into the matter, but I daresay that hedonism these days is known as "the philosophy of the Here and Now." Mr. Khayyam (a pseudonym), using Edward Fitzgerald's translation, celebrates hashish rather than wine, because, we are told, in eleventh-century Persia wine was prohibited but the smoking of pot was legal. So we get "A lid of grass, a book of verse and thou," and "Smoke! For you know not why you go, nor where." We also read, "The problem is not style or length of hair,/ Nor hassle with the question of eternity," and "Pity Sultan Nixon on his throne." The twenty-one drawings include several of plump, nude peris, flimsily reminiscent of de Kooning. A good many of the pictures resemble Rorschach inkblots. The print and the paper of this preposterous book are very handsome. There is no conceivable excuse for its publication.

These three catastrophes—the first being major, because of its pandemic success, and the second and third being



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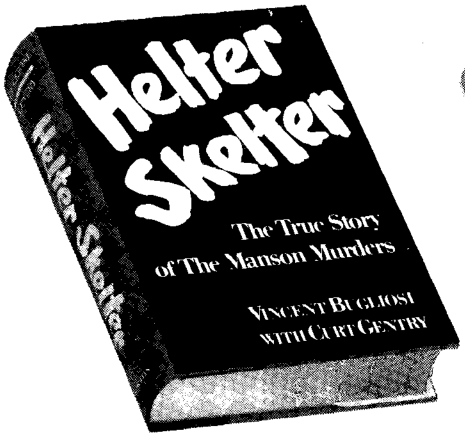
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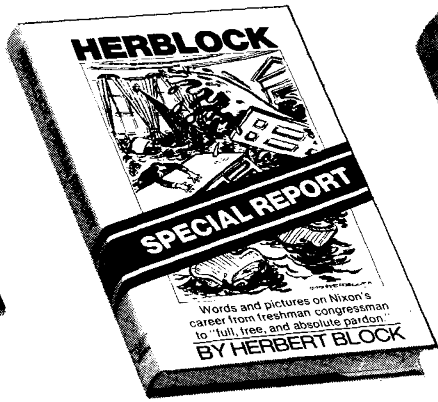
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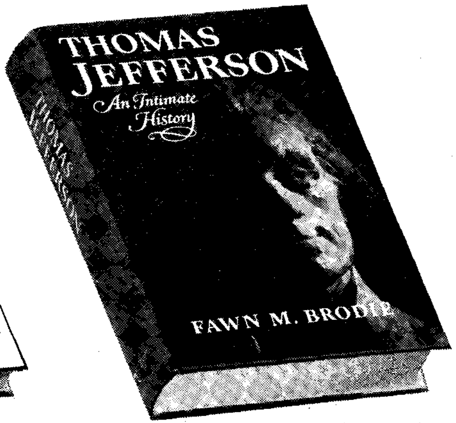
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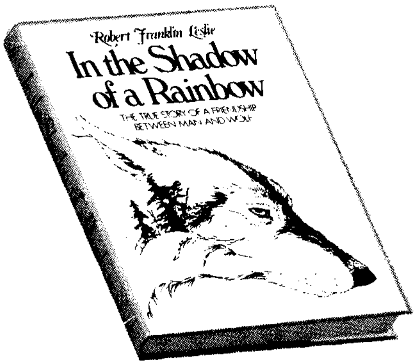
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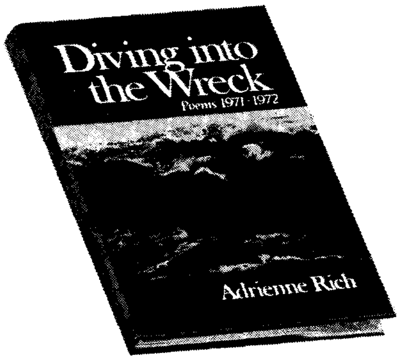
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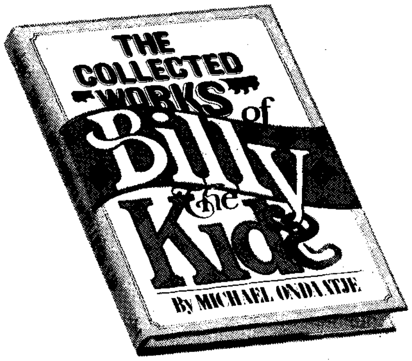
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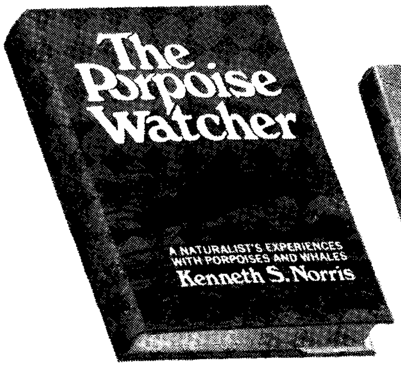
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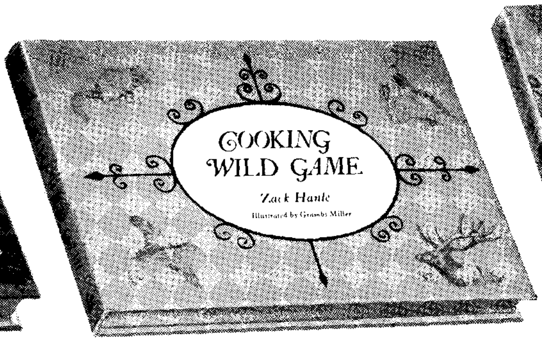
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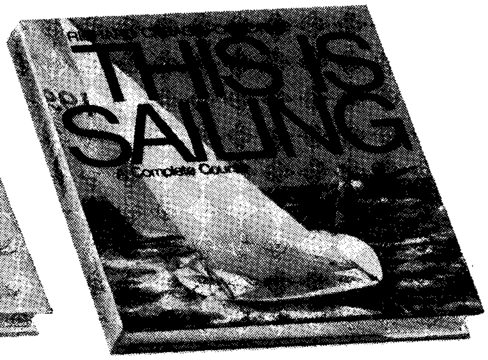
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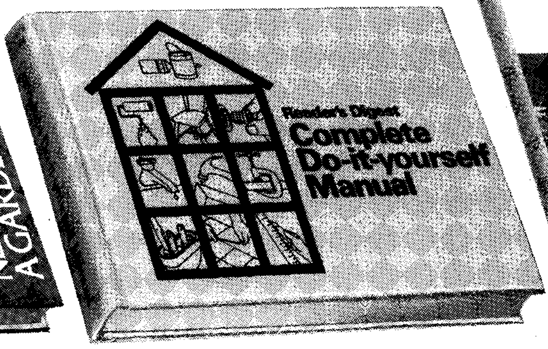
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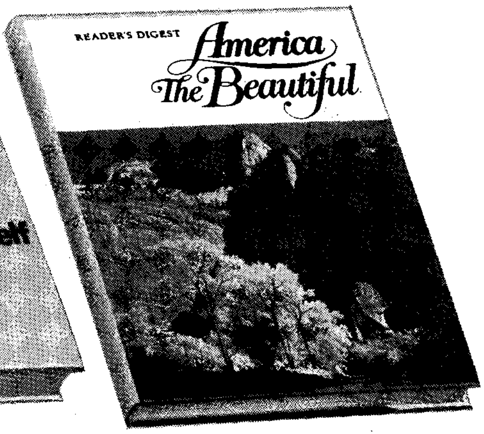
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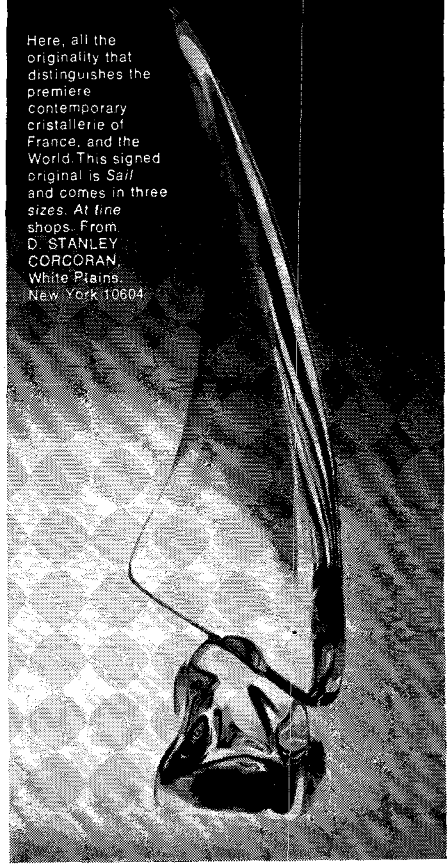

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lesser, because they have not been aggravated by records or TV shows—should give the prospective Christmas-present buyer some idea of what is going on in the juvenile market. Pandering to low tastes is what's going on.

HAVING been advised by the testimony of librarians, with the backing of statisticians, sociologists, and psychologists, that adolescents ("young adults") have an appetite bordering on gluttony for realism, I have studiously read, drowsing often, a mass of novels whose heroines are junior feminists; they organize consciousness-raising cells among their friends, and they manage, with all the odds against them, to convert square parents into swingers, to bring male-chauvinist brothers and school principals to their knees and make them say uncle. I have read novels of broken homes (the resident parent is an alcoholic prostitute mother or a drug-addicted father) from which the innocents flee only to find themselves detoured by bad company whose dangerous habits they acquire—these, in turn, fetching them up in houses for delinquents, on the tables of abortionists with dirty fingernails, in wards for the mentally disturbed, or in drying-out or cold-turkey snake pits. The police are brutal, the social workers either are martinets or are smarmily understanding and use words like "uptight" and "hang-up." Foster parents are indifferent, drunk, and concupiscent. Some of the runaways come from unbroken and well-heeled families, but racism, materialism, and Mrs. Grundy's starchy rules of social behavior (i.e., courtesy) drive the chicks from the nest before they have learned to fly. Sometimes they find God in wilderness communes; sometimes their karma takes them to a guru in Katmandu or one in the Mojave Desert. When a boy meets a girl and asks "What are you?" she does not reply "Size twelve" or "The caretaker's daughter." She says "A Pisces." Romantic love (or, at any rate, "a meaningful relationship") ensues if zodiacal signs are auspicious, but woe to the pair if their stars are crossed. The characters are as stereotypical as those in morality plays; the language is turgid or rude and, in either case, banal, and so timely that it has no chance of being timeless.

The grotesque extremes laid bare in the dope-crime-abortion books raise the question of whether this *is* realism. If the readers are in sympathy or in empathy with the victims, if they feel titillating villainy or self-destructiveness lurking within themselves and about to

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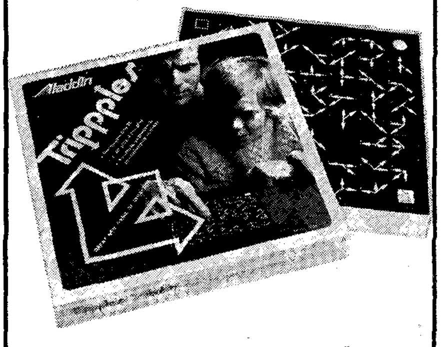

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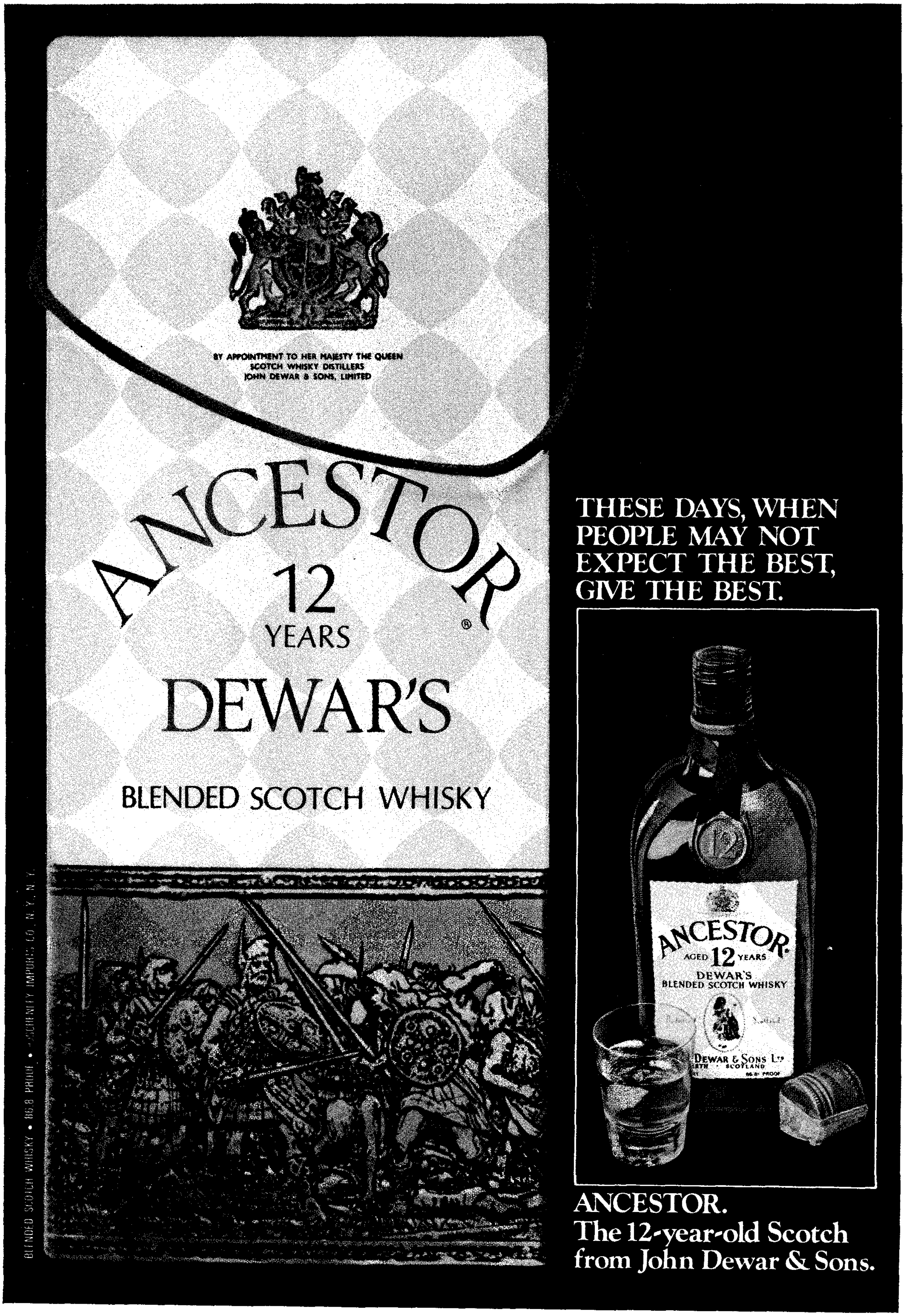
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You'll learn how *not* to get sick. Ways to detect and treat some problems. You'll learn that you have more control over your family's health than you ever realized.

Now just because this series is designed to tickle your funny bone, don't get the idea that all you're going to get out of it are a few superficial health tips. For the past two years, CTW's health project staff has consulted with over 300 leading doctors and health care experts in preparing the series.

The results of their efforts have been summarized by Dr. J. Robert Buchanan, Chairman of the program's National Advisory Council and Dean of the Cornell University Medical College. He characterized the series as "...probably the boldest single attempt at mass health education ever attempted by the media. Educational efforts of the kind planned by CTW are critically needed. Too many people have too little knowledge of the fundamentals of good health; and most people don't realize that their own actions play a major role in the kind of health they enjoy."

To put this kind of worthwhile series together, to do the research, and plan for follow-up activities that will help insure its success, has taken—and will take—a lot of money. Roughly $7 million. These funds are being furnished by corporations, foundations and the public broadcasting community.

Exxon is proud to be one of the major underwriters of "Feeling Good." And we hope your family will watch it and enjoy it—in good health.

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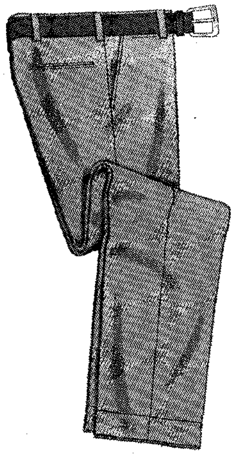

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burst forth, they should be instructed to read James Thomson's poem about vanity:

. . . O Lord, my heart is black
with guile,
Of sinners I am chief.
Then stooped my guardian angel
And whispered from behind,
"Vanity, my little man,
You're nothing of the kind."

In "Run, Shelley, Run!," by Gertrude Samuels (Crowell), a novel highly touted on the jacket by Ramsey Clark and by Aryeh Neier, head of the American Civil Liberties Union, Shelley Clark first appears in the records of the Family Court when she is ten and is living in squalor on the upper West Side of Manhattan with her hard-drinking mother; she has never known her father. The Welfare busybodies put Shelley in a foster home; she runs away back to her mother; her mother goes on the wagon, but loneliness is the consequence of that improvement, and she begins to bring home men. At twelve, Shelley starts smoking marijuana. She is sent to a juvenile center, where she is bullied by lesbians, especially one called Mac. Shelley is transferred to another foster home and runs back to her mother, who has now married her live-in star boarder, a boozy oaf; he makes passes at the child. She flees to a commune in the East Village made up of hard-drug users. She is arrested, is sent again to a reformatory, escapes twice, is apprehended and returned, the second time in handcuffs and leg irons. She escapes, gets a job as a barmaid in the New Image Bistro—Topless Go-Go Girls. She is sent to the maximum-security ward of a house of detention and put in solitary confinement. But lo! Her case comes to the attention of a humane judge, "a small, pert, middle-aged mother . . . a strong-minded civil libertarian . . . proud of her daughter's consciousness-raising group in college, which she sometimes attended." My heart grieves for the Shelleys of this hell on earth in which we live, but "Run, Shelley, Run!" smells so strongly of the clinic that it cannot be read as a fiction. I question whether any adolescent could be instructed in any worthwhile way by the unrelieved misery of such a fully documented case history, and if it brought pleasure, the pleasure would be morbid.

"FAIR DAY, AND ANOTHER STEP BEGUN," by Katie Letcher Lyle (Lippincott), is an almost but not quite believable demonstration of the principle that *amor omnia vincit*, and, in most respects, is superior to the run

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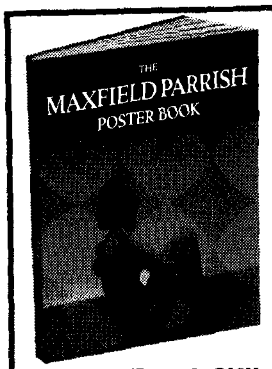
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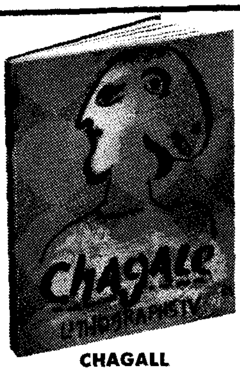
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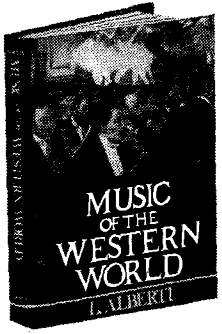
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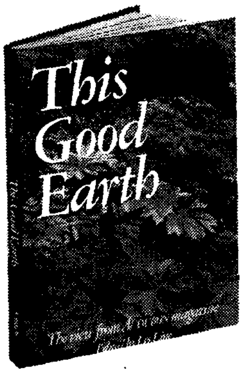
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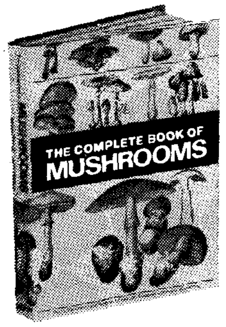
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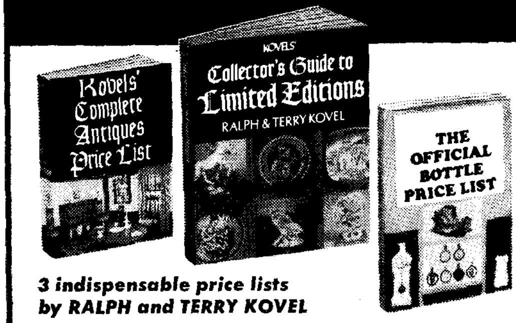
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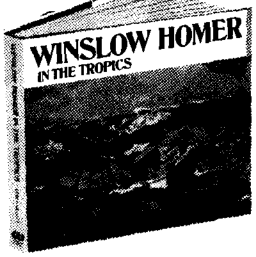
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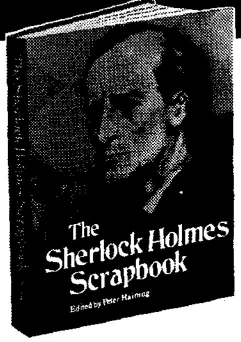
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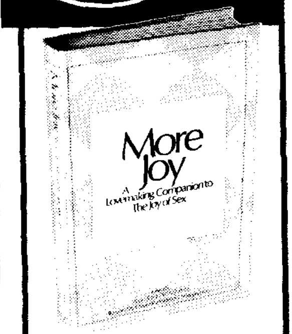
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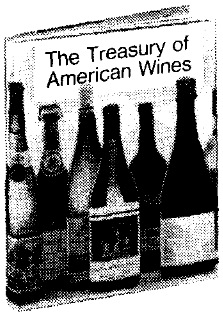
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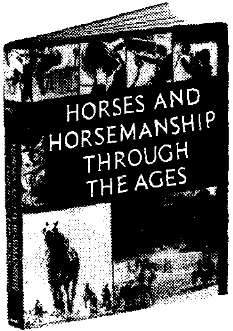
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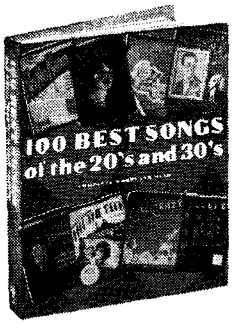
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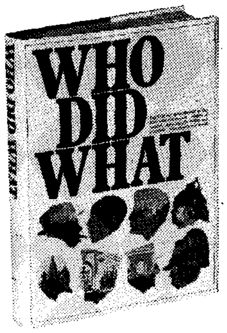
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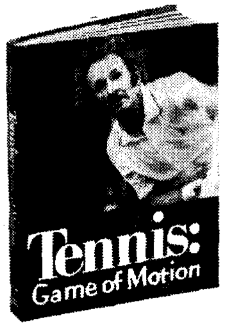
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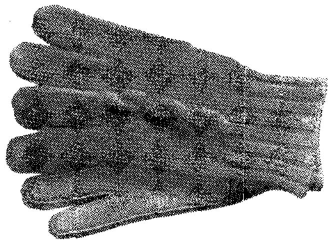

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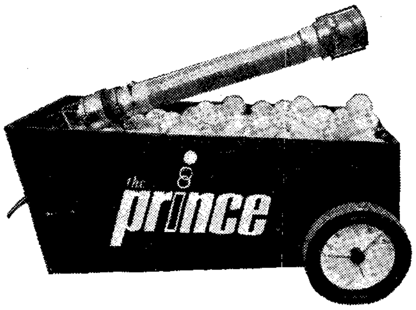

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of the mill. Ellen Burd, a girl born and reared in Southern mountains, has until she is sixteen found rapture only in wild animals and plants and in the Latin names for them—an uncommon enthusiasm today and most commendable. But now she sees, and at first sight falls in love with, a copper-haired, bronze-skinned, and blue-eyed Apollo down from Yale, named John Waters, heir to a local roofing concern. Gentle and unworldly as she is, she seduces him and in their single meeting is impregnated; he doesn't know her name, and he seems to do his fathering in a seizure of somnambulism. He aimlessly drifts out of town, still barely conscious of her. Disguised as a boy, Ellen pursues him by horse through forests, by foot through swamp and meadow, by poultry van, and by swimming a river, and she finds him in an old farmhouse where nomadic youths come and go but where John is in permanent residence with somebody else—a sulky, indolent, and self-serving young woman. Ellen's accouchement takes place in a barn, and she is assisted by John Waters, who is slowly waking up to his responsibility; with the birth of his son, John gives birth in his heart to love for the mother, by whom we know he will do the right thing. Lyrical of heart and thought as she is, fine child of field and stream, this is a very determined miss, reminiscent of the "forth-putting maidens" of medieval marketplace romances.

At the opposite pole from Shelley Clark is Barbara Fisher of "The Real Me," by Betty Miles (Knopf), who lives in a small town in New York with her agreeable father (he often makes very original and delicious omelettes), the principal of an elementary school; her agreeable mother, who works for the local daily newspaper; and her adorable brother, Richard. Often, on Saturdays, they all pitch in together to clean the basement, where treasures of old books and photograph albums are intermingled with the junk indigenous to basements. The narrator is Barbara, and in the beginning I quite liked her, and I liked her kin; I was wholly in sympathy with her dismay when, because of conflicting classes, she is obliged to enroll in "Slimnastics" for Physical Education. Richard stays after school for basketball tryouts, and he turns over his paper route to her pro tem, but when he makes the team and she continues the delivery, the newspaper declares that girls, no matter how able and assiduous, cannot do such risky work. Barbara goes into action. First, she demands (and wins her point) that the gym teachers let girls

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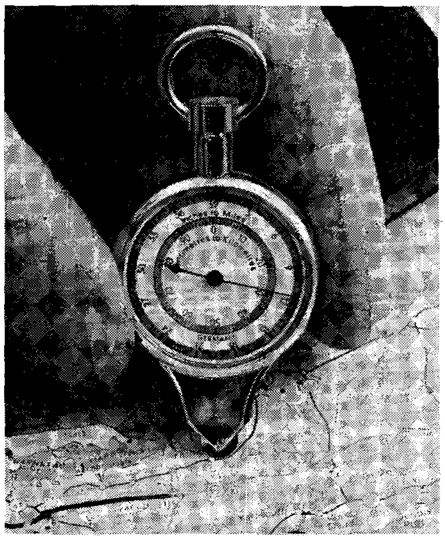

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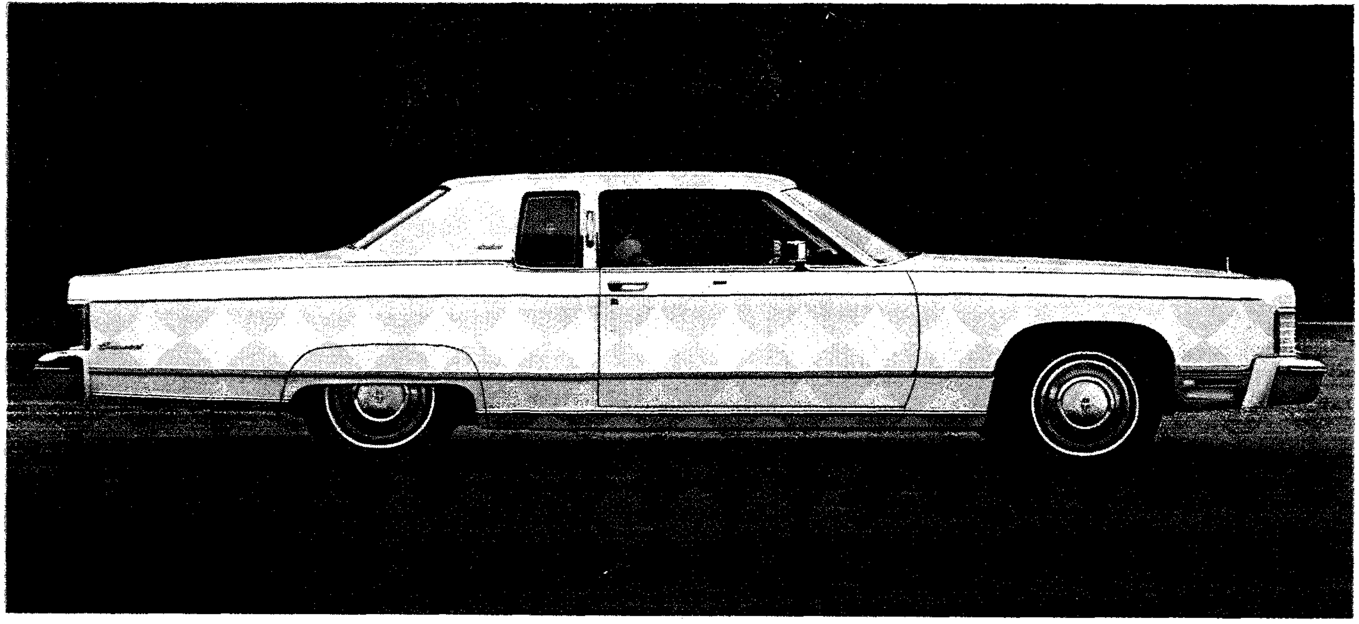

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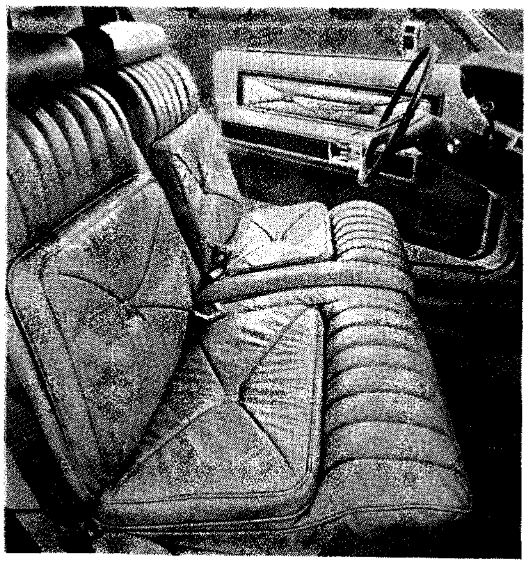

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take tennis and volleyball. (Times have changed. When I was in college, I *had* to take not only volleyball but baseball, both of which I flunked repeatedly. Finally, persuasively malingering, I was judged too frail for anything but archery and walking. If it had not been for that chicanery, I would not have graduated.) Then, with perseverance, Barbara manages to get the governor of New York State to make it legal for girls to peddle papers. She gets her name and picture in the Plainview *Journal*, and the story of her triumph bears her mother's byline—an example of nepotism so flagrant that I can only feel that Nelson Rockefeller was still in charge at Albany. By the end of this wholesome book on female American get-up-and-go and stick-to-itiveness, I was so sick and tired of all the Fishers that I didn't give a hang that the story has an unhappy ending: Ms. Barbara all her life has wanted a dog, but she doesn't get one.

Heretofore, although I have recognized the ability of M. E. Kerr, I have not liked her novels. But her new one, "The Son of Someone Famous" (Harper & Row), entertained me greatly. There are two narrators of this well-plotted tale. One, a fifteen-year-old tomboy named Brenda Belle Blossom, lives with her widowed mother and her Aunt Faith in a small town in Vermont. She has a deep voice and the beginning of a mustache and, convinced that she is turning into a boy, is "trying to figure out some way to vanish from the face of the earth forever." To the town comes a sixteen-year-old boy, using the pseudonym Adam Blessing, because he is tired of the burden of being the son of someone globally famous. He has come to live with his grandfather, beer-drinking and proud, a nonpracticing (except over the telephone) veterinarian whose homespun wisdom is more wise than homespun and is often very funny. Adam's father, except in the particular of his nationality, bears a strong resemblance to Dr. Kissinger: he appears on television, alighting from a helicopter on the White House lawn; he goes on missions to Moscow, Paris, Prague; he is seen in posh restaurants with sumptuous young women, their daring décolletage embellished with precious gemstones. Miss Kerr's pace is brisk, the characters are distinct and are faithful to their individual charms and quirks, the wisecracks are uncontrived and they range from good to first-rate, the agonies of loneliness and self-doubt, of jealousy and of resentment are recognizable and are not pummelled

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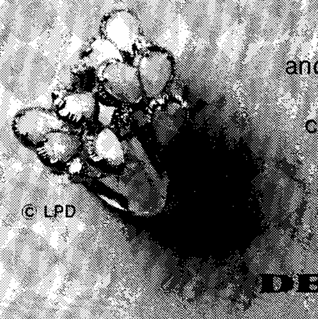

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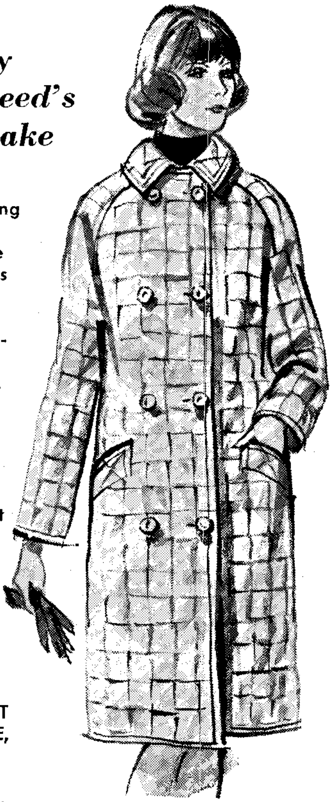

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with exposition, and the virtues of compassion, forgiveness, and loyalty are straightforward and have no frills and furbelows attached.

The point of view from which the funniest book for children I have read this year—"Figgs & Phantoms," by Ellen Raskin (Dutton)—is told is that of a moody teen-age scold, Mona Lisa Newton, who, with justification, dislikes every member of her family except her Uncle Florence Italy Figg, a dealer in rare books. Until their family bus broke down—because of three simultaneous flat tires—in the town of Pineapple, many years before the beginning of this story, the Fabulous Figgs had toured as performing artists. Now the parent Figgs, Toby and Twinkletoes, are dead ("shuffled off to Buffalo, as Sissie put it"), but their "amazing prodigies" linger on, pursuing more down-to-earth careers except on occasions of public celebration, when they join in the parade and show off their specialties. Truman Figg, once billed as "The Human Pretzel," is now a sign painter and window washer. His calligraphy is beautiful, his orthography shameful: he spells "print" "prink," and he spells his own name "Trunam." Romulus, formerly "The Walking Book of Knowledge," is a travel agent who at one time "conducted a tour to Amoscarl Isle," and "only after sailing in circles for ten days, threatened with mutiny, did he realize that the island did not exist: Amos Carlisle was the map-maker's signature." Remus, his twin, "The Talking Adding Machine," is a C.P.A. Kadota "& His Nine Performing Kanines" runs a boarding and breeding kennel with his wife, Auntie Gracie Jo Grubb Figg; on the loss of an old bullterrier they adopt a child, whom they name Fido II—a fine figure of a high-school athlete, who, however, is imperfect, because he has a chronic and off-putting catarrh. (It turns out that he is allergic to dogs.) Mona Lisa's mother, Sister Figg, has married Newt Newton, a native Pineappler who runs a used-car lot, where Uncle Florence Italy Figg lives in the broken-down bus and conducts his book business by mail. Sister gives tap-dancing lessons. She teaches the high-school baseball team to tap to the tune of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." The Chamber of Commerce taps to "There's No Business Like Show Business," the Horticultural Society taps to "Tip Toe Through the Tulips with Me," and thirty kindergarten children tap and screech "On the Good Ship Lollipop." From the

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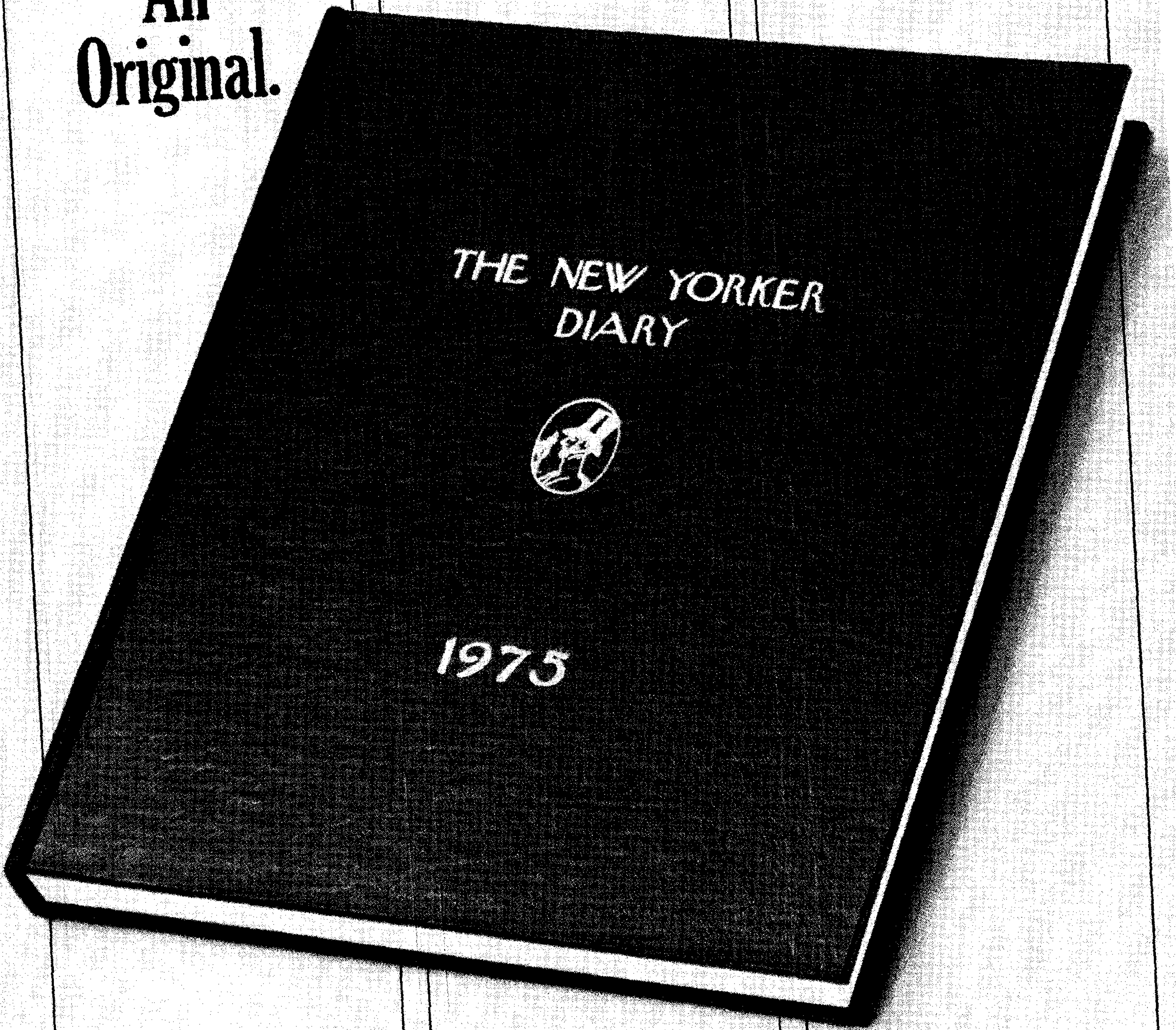

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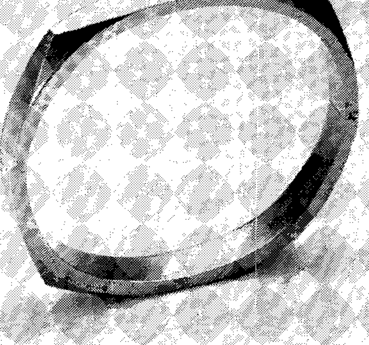

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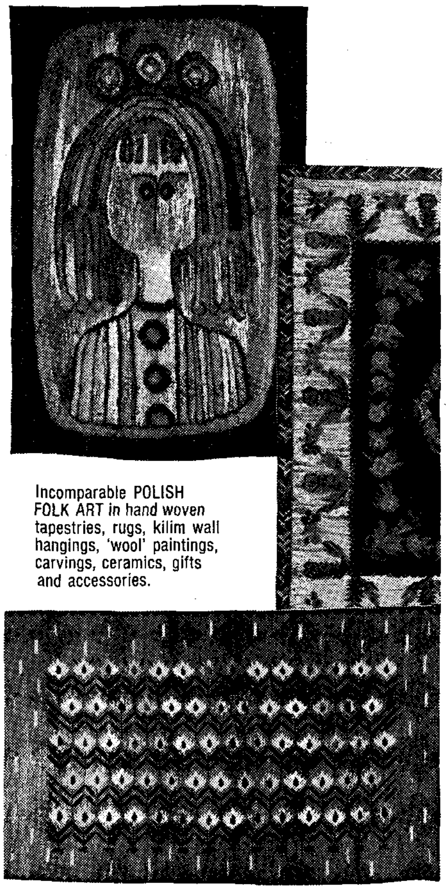
sidelines, the people of Pineapple judge and denounce the Figgs. "That Fido's not really a Figg, you know. . . . Can tell just by looking at him—so tall and handsome. . . . It's a wonder Fido grew up at all, what with walking on all fours until he was six. And eating Ken-L Ration." In time, however, after a series of most wondrous adventures and tragedies, the family is accepted by the citizenry. I shall read this excellent book again; quite possibly I shall reread it many times, smiling with my teeth showing and very often laughing out loud.

MY personal prize for fiction for elderly children goes this year to Joan Aiken for "Midnight Is a Place" (Viking). Set in the North of England, in a small town, in the eighteen-forties, the story is Dickensian in its depths and darkness and its disasters and coincidences, in its just deserts to the evil and its blessings to the good. The names are Dickensian: Pinhorn is a parlormaid; Esdras Gobthorpe is a tax official, described as "a scrim-shanked blatherskite" to his face by Sir Randolph Grimsby, the bibulous, irascible guardian of two children living in his umbrageous mansion, Midnight Court, on a hill above the city of Blastburn, where he owns a rug factory. Sir Randolph not only is generally drunk but is, and always has been, a gambler as well, and an unlucky one: thirty rooms of his enormous house have been closed off; there is little furniture in those still in use, and it is in disrepair; the few servants remaining have not been paid their wages in months; and the workers in the rug mill, their salaries cut, are mutinous. Lucas, the lad under this mean man's wardship, orphaned in India when his parents died of smallpox, and Anna-Marie, the lass sent from Calais on the death of her father and speaking only French, become companions through misery. It is never dark at Midnight Court, for "by day and night, factory chimneys vomited red-hot vapor and the air was filled with a sour metallic smell." The grass is sooty, the great chestnut trees have been blackened and half killed by the smoke. Part One, titled "Evening," ends with a fire that burns the house to the ground; the only casualty is Sir Randolph himself, mourned by no one. In Part Two, "Midnight," the children, homeless and penniless, find themselves in the heart of the noxious city, where the people are brutalized by poverty, disease, hunger, and cold. Anna-Marie collects cigar butts in



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gutters and, removing the remaining tobacco, wraps it freshly and sells her nasty produce as whole and new. Lucas gets a job as a "tosher"—a scavenger of discarded ironmongery, lost jewelry, cracked china, and stoneware—for a Mr. Hobday, who is, as Anna-Marie with deceptive elegance puts it, a "*marchand de bric-à-brac*." The boy is the junior mate of a skilled tosher, Gudgeon, and their hunting grounds are the sewers, where they prowl, trawling with poles for junk in the stinking, scummy waters; the infernal regions are inhabited by huge rats and man-eating wild hogs. The final section is "Daybreak," but to see the light the reader must suffer as I did, cliff-hanging, my feet half-frozen under an electric blanket, the air coming through my bedroom windows reeking with sulphurous smoke and the fetor of city drains. Modern children who believe that hell came to earth with the atomic bomb, hard-shelled pietists who cling to the belief that it began with the serpent in Eden may well change their minds and wonder if it was not introduced during the Industrial Revolution. Joan Aiken writes with the genius of a born storyteller, with mother wit expanded and embellished by civilized learning, and with the brilliance of an avenging angel.

Barbara Willard has edited a collection of stories, poems, letters, and excerpts from novels and diaries, called "Happy Families" (Macmillan), which is illustrated attractively by Krystyna Turska. In it appear Jane Austen, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Captain Marryat, Saki, E. Nesbit, Walter de la Mare, and A. P. Herbert. Lady Jane Grey tells about her childhood, and Lord Chesterfield writes to his son of the value of studying abroad. Those who were happy with their families will be nostalgic and delighted; those who were not will be envious but also delighted. The title should not mislead; many of these families have wrathful rows, and members simmer with resentment and explode in tantrums, but they maintain, nonetheless, a comforting solidarity.

L. M. Montgomery's most famous novel, "Anne of Green Gables," was set on Prince Edward Island. Anne was an orphan—oh, how fond of her we were, how often we wanted to be orphans and find a safe harbor! "The Road to Yesterday" (McGraw-Hill) is a recently discovered collection of fourteen stories by the same author. Anne is now grown and married and has children, and those who loved her

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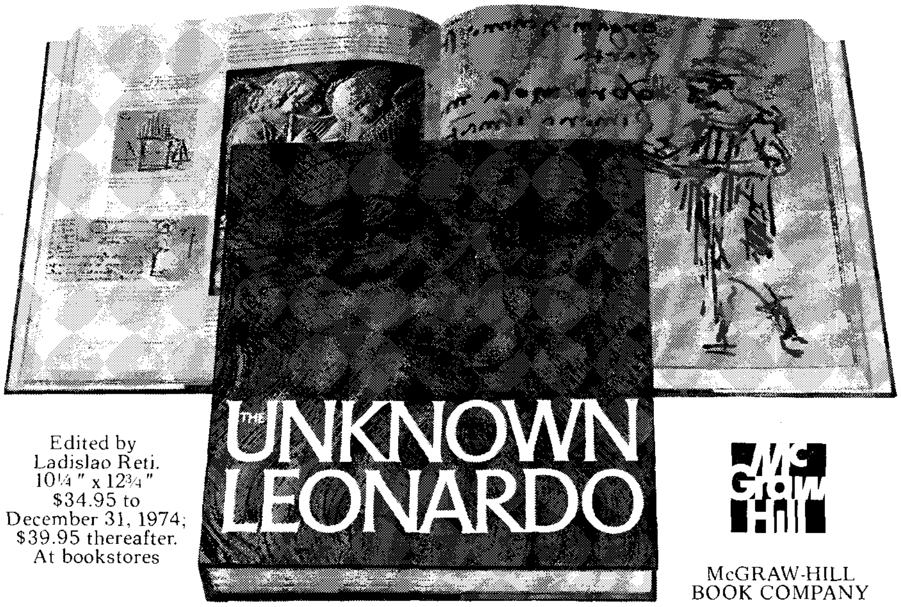

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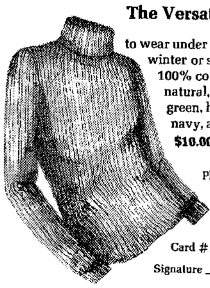

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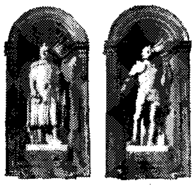

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and the people of the island will love them all again.

YOUNG readers who earlier took pleasure in the Little House books, by Laura Ingalls Wilder, based on her life as a frontier child in the late nineteenth century, will take pleasure, too, in "West from Home" (Harper & Row), consisting of letters she wrote her husband when she went to visit her married daughter, Rose Wilder Lane, in San Francisco. She went by train (it wasn't rapid, but it was a good deal faster than the covered wagons of her girlhood) from Missouri to California in 1915—the year in which the opening of the Panama Canal was celebrated in San Francisco with an ambitious world's fair. She had never been keen on cities, but she was enraptured by this glittering fairyland, splendid with nightly fireworks, and its ship-filled bay grandly adorned by the Golden Gate. At the Exposition, she was moved by a statue, "The Pioneer Mother": ". . . in a sunbonnet, of course pushed back to show her face, with her sleeves pushed up, guiding a boy and girl before her and sheltering and protecting them with her arms and pointing the way westward. . . . The shoe exposed is large and heavy and I'd swear it had been half-soled." She watched a Japanese wrestling match, the Carnation-milk cows being milked by machine; she went to a movie and saw Charlie Chaplin, "who is horrid." The harbor sounds beguiled her, but "the foghorn on Alcatraz is the most lonesome sound I ever heard and I don't see how the prisoners on the island stand it." Attentive as she was to the beauties and the surprises of her trip, a part of her was still back home on the farm, concerned about the crops and the setting hens. ("Feed the hens some linseed meal so they will grow their feathers before cold weather.") She marvelled at kangaroos and wallabies in the Australian Building, at clothes and paintings and tapestries in the French; she ate Scotch scones and drank East Indian tea. In her last letter, aching with homesickness, she wrote, "It is beautiful but I would not give one Ozark hill for all the rest of the state [California] that I have seen. Oh, by the way, Missouri has SHOWN THEM. . . . Carried off more prizes than any state except California and beat California on mines."

Dee Brown's "Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee" has been simplified by Amy Ehrlich (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), and with such skill and respect that the excisions scarcely show

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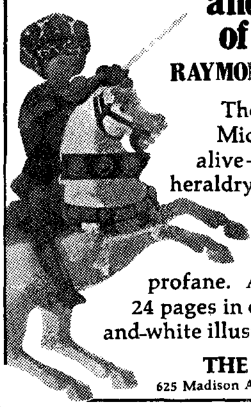

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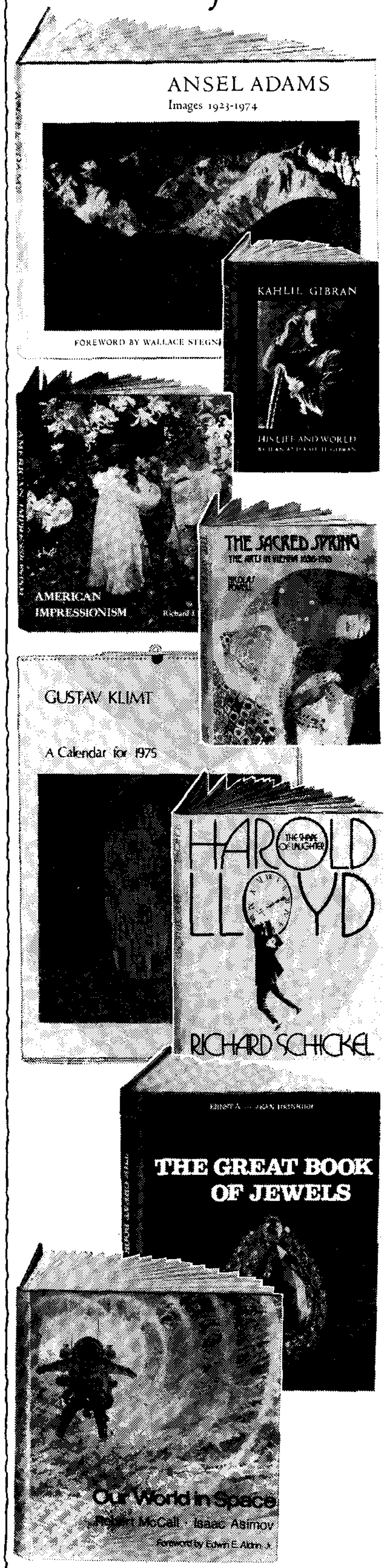
and will not be visible at all to those reading this valuable history for the first time. The book, in this form titled simply "Wounded Knee," is generously illustrated with maps and with portrait photographs of members of the tribes of the Southwest and of the Great Plains. I cannot imagine anyone of any age so cynical as not to be troubled by the tragedy of the aborigines, their lands ruthlessly appropriated by the white men, their food and the materials for their clothing and tools and lodging destroyed by the wanton slaughter of the buffalo, their traditions undermined, their pride corroded into hatred. In an introductory note, Dee Brown writes, "History never dies. It flows through time and becomes a part of us. Only by knowing what happened at Wounded Knee in 1890 can we understand what happened at Wounded Knee in 1973."

In 1896, Ida M. Tarbell, one of the most distinguished journalists of her time, published "The Early Life of Abraham Lincoln," and it has now been reissued by Barnes. She ended her biography when Lincoln was twenty-six, just before he was admitted to the bar. He had already been a member of the Illinois State Assembly and was confident of reëlection; he had been a land surveyor, using, according to myth, a long grapevine, because he was too poor to buy a measuring chain; he had been the postmaster of New Salem, and had frequently delivered the mail himself, carrying letters in the crown of his hat. This habit of stowing papers in so unusual a receptacle persisted, and "many years later, when he was a practising lawyer in Springfield, he apologized for failing to answer a letter promptly, by explaining: 'When I received your letter I put it in my old hat, and buying a new one the next day, the old one was set aside, and so the letter was lost sight of for a time.' " Later, Miss Tarbell wrote a complete "Life of Abraham Lincoln," in which she incorporated most of "The Early Life." It remains an excellent introduction to Lincoln as well as an authentic picture of rural and small-town life in the heartlands in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Olivia Coolidge, in "The Apprenticeship of Abraham Lincoln" (Scribners), carries her subject through his adulthood and ends with his departure from Springfield to Washington as President-elect. Perhaps her book should receive higher marks than Miss Tarbell's, because her facts are more trustworthy, thanks to the brushing away of cobwebby legends by later his-



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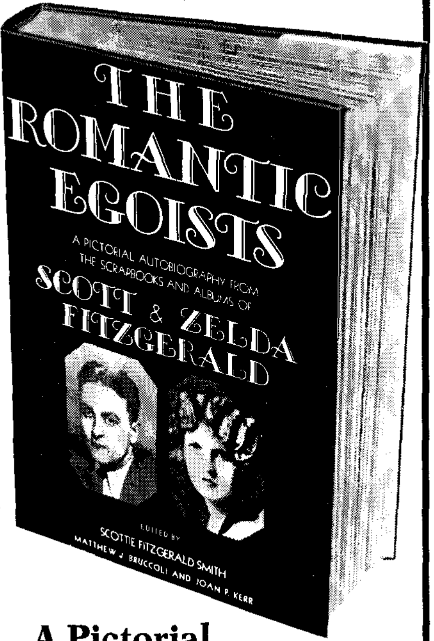
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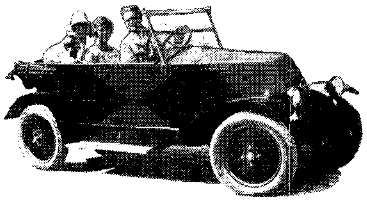

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torians. Miss Tarbell fell hook, line, and sinker for the story that the death of Ann Rutledge, Lincoln's first love, plunged him into suicidal melancholy and that he was unable ever to love again. Mrs. Coolidge concedes that he probably did mourn Ann but, subject all his life to fits of despondency, did not do so inordinately, and there is no question of his devotion to Mary Todd, that trying, spendthrift wife.

THERE are treats aplenty for those younger readers whose palates have begun to mature and who crave more substantial fare than alphabet books. In next to no time, they will become jaded, and progress (i.e., retrogress) to books like "Creative Divorce" and "Sexual Politics," so let us fill these children with as much nourishment as we can while their taste buds and digestion are still unimpaired. High on my list is Farrar, Straus & Giroux's "The Devil's Storybook," by Natalie Babbitt, who also illustrated the text. This Devil is not dire; he is a scheming practical joker and comes to earth often when he is restless, to play tricks on clergymen, goodwives, poets, and pretty girls, and he is outwitted every time. There are some very bad people in Hell and some unattractive animals—the Devil is keen on goats and he keeps them around. ("Their beards are nearly all in terrible condition, full of snarls, burrs, and dandelion juice.") A Mr. Bezzle, a swindler, dies of a surfeit of roast pig, and when he goes to the place he deserves to go to, a pig starts following him around, much to Bezzle's distaste; but finally he finds the creature rather good company, and "before a hundred years were out, he had even managed to teach it to play gin rummy, though it cheated shamefully."

"The Bollo Caper," by Art Buchwald (Doubleday), is a gripping book and must be read at one sitting if you don't want to perish of suspense. Lulu La Looche, the glamorous Hollywood star, needs a new fur coat to wear to the Oscar Awards dinner. An unscrupulous New York furrier puts in a call to an unscrupulous hunting company in Nairobi, and, for fifteen thousand dollars plus ten thousand dollars for live delivery plus shipping and handling charges, the most beautiful Somali leopard in all of Africa is sent by air to America, together with other animals—including twenty snakes, who will be made into shoes to go with Miss La Looche's coat. Bollo, the leopard, escapes at Kennedy Airport and goes to Washington, where he falls in

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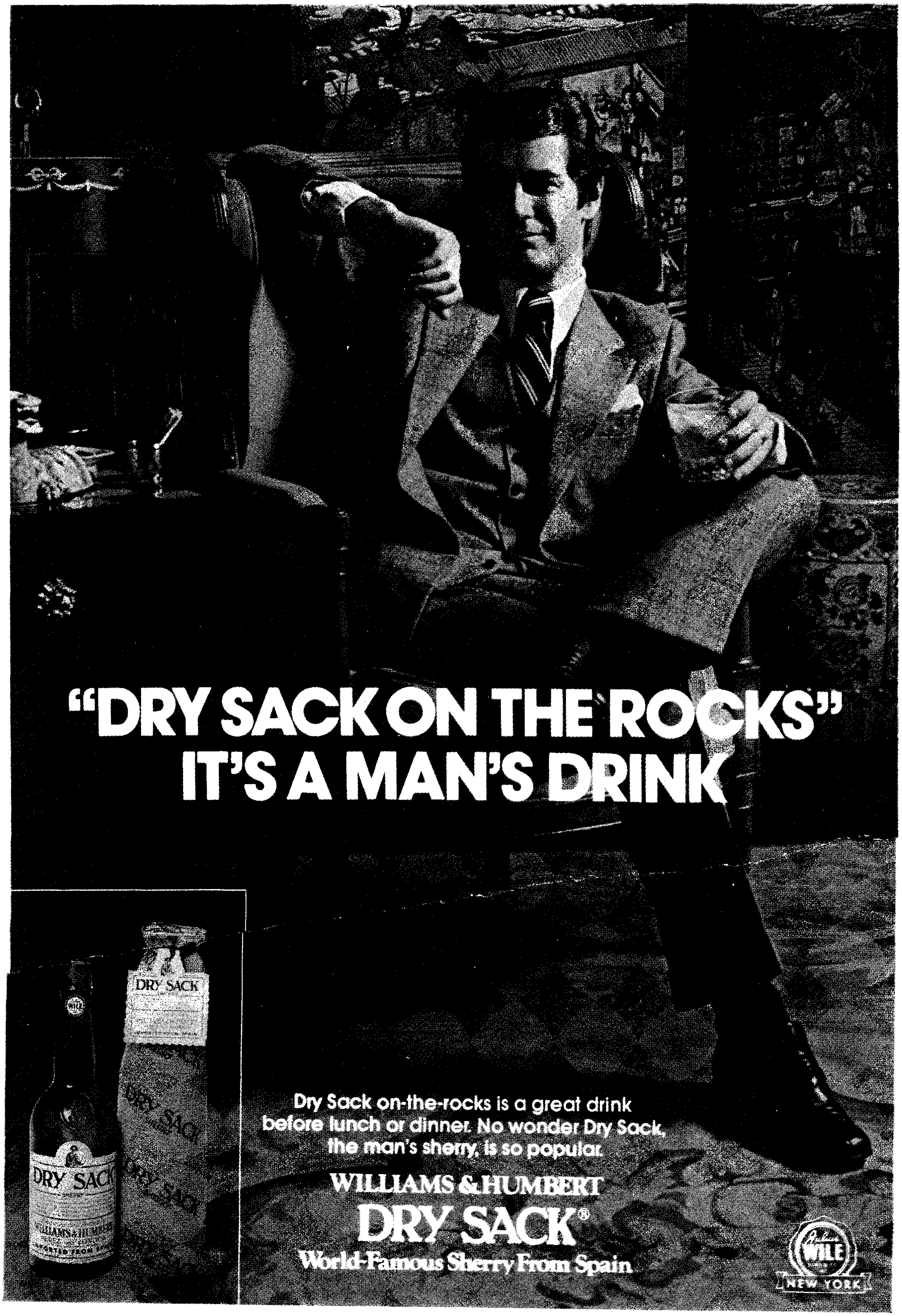
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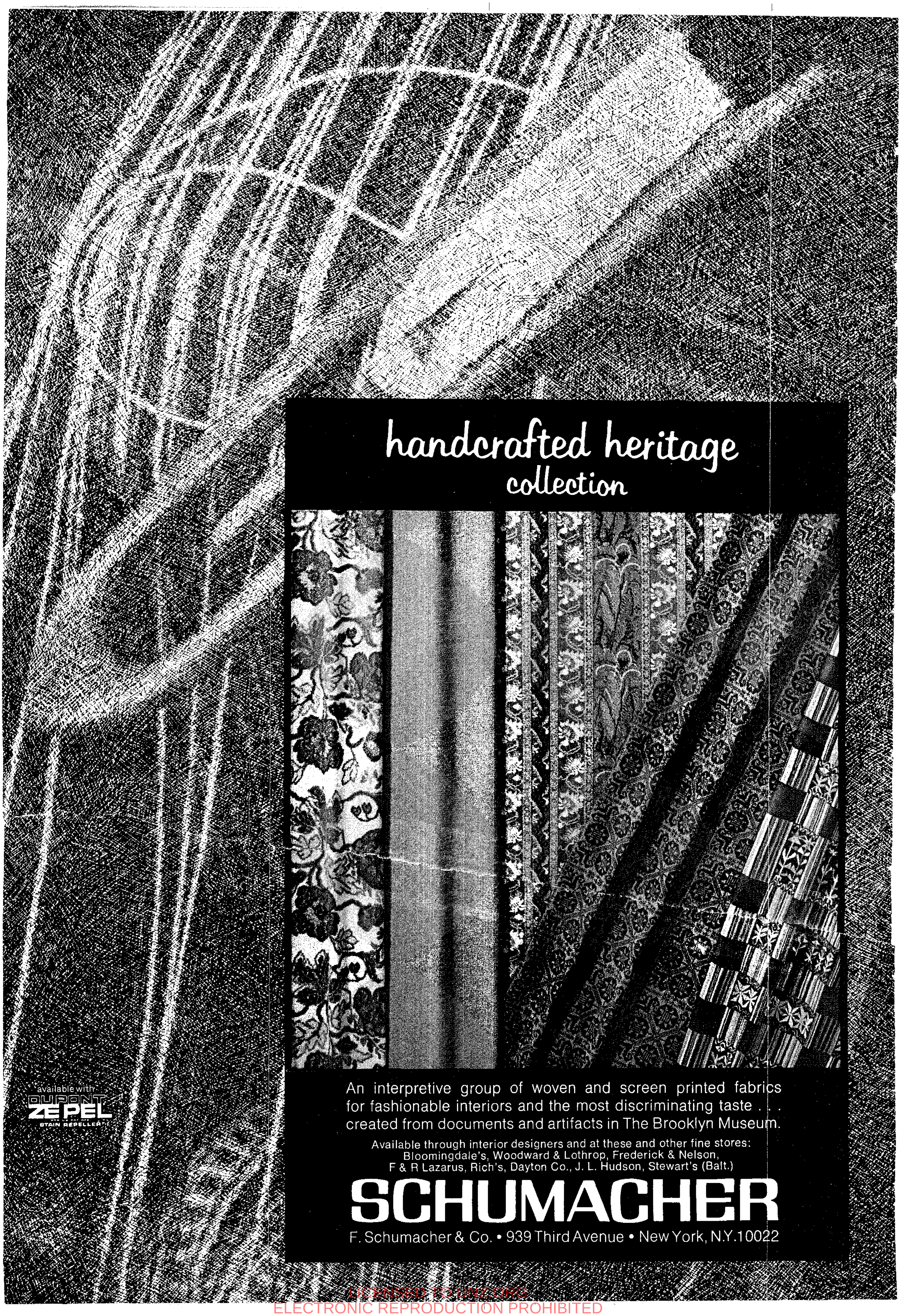

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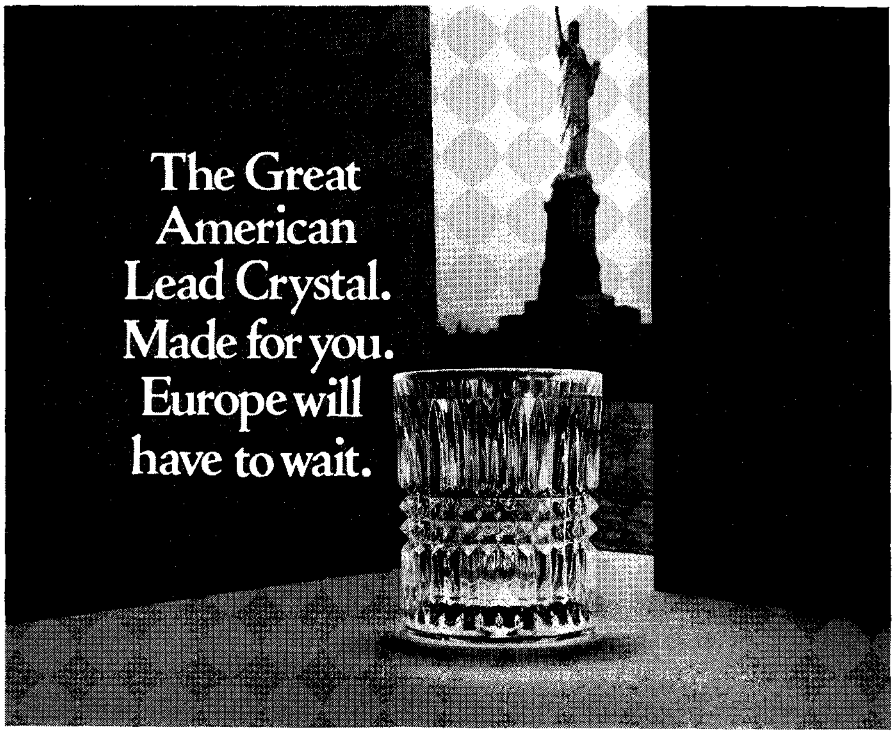
In the early part of this century, Laurence Housman, A. E.'s younger brother, wrote beautiful stories of fairies and magic and put them into beautiful prose. "The Rat-Catcher's Daughter" (Atheneum), a group of them selected by Ellin Greene and illustrated by Julia Noonan, is bewitching from the title story on to the last one, "Knoonie in the Sleeping Palace."

It is not possible to praise too highly "The Classic Fairy Tales" (Oxford), selected, introduced, and annotated by the peerless scholars of children's literature Iona and Peter Opie. The book is profusely illustrated with woodcuts and with pictures (a lot of them in color) and drawings taken from the works of Cruikshank, Doré, Kate Greenaway, Arthur Rackham, and many others. On the title page, the Opies quote from Robert Louis Stevenson: "It is grown people who make the nursery stories; all children do, is jealously to preserve the text." Each of the stories here is presented in the original work: "There has been no modernizing of the texts, the original spelling and punctuation has been retained even where faulty, and the only alterations (a minute number) have been the correcting of obvious printers' errors in the original publications." This fidelity may present some problems to children and to their parents, but if they are worth their salt they will lose themselves, stop stumbling, and find that never before have they been so engrossed in "The History of Tom Thumb," "Beauty and the Beast," "Bluebeard," and all the others.

Two short novels of survival (who can resist stories of survival?) that I read with considerable enjoyment are "Slake's Limbo," by Felice Holman



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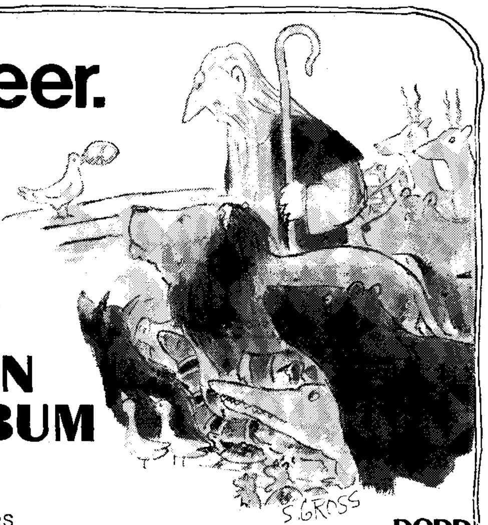

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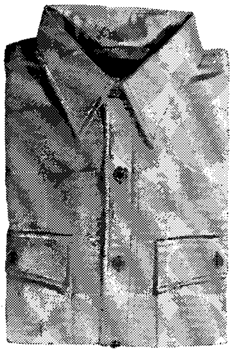

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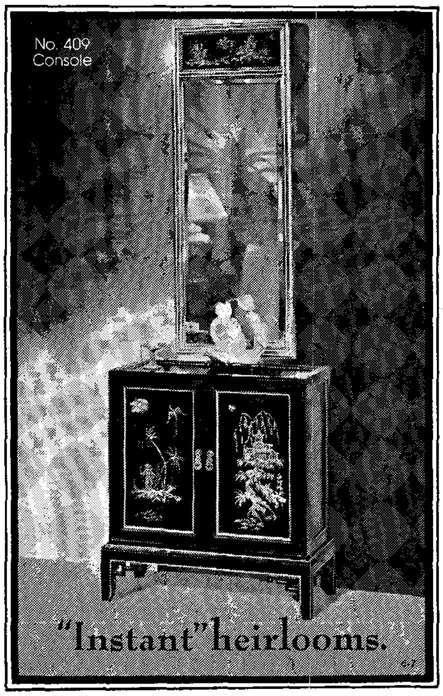

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(Scribners), in which a runty, wily, wiry, sympathetic boy “born an orphan at the age of thirteen” escapes the misery of his school life, where he is bullied by big boys, and goes to live for four months in the subway; the ways he finds to feed and house himself are not so much miraculous as they are ingenious and spellbinding. The other—“Stranded,” by Matt Christopher (Little, Brown), with illustrations by Gail Owens—tells of the grim experiences of Andy Crossett, a twelve-year-old blind boy cast up on a Caribbean island with (thank God!) his Seeing Eye dog, Max, when his parents' sloop is wrecked in a tropical storm. All ends up happily, but not until after a terrible series of touches and goes with iguanas, near-sunstroke, and bloodshed from entanglements with thornbushes.

“Grand Papa and Ellen Aroon,” by F. N. Monjo, illustrated by Richard Cuffari (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), is a charming account of time spent in her childhood with Thomas Jefferson by his favorite granddaughter, Ellen Wayles Randolph. Jefferson's oldest daughter, Martha (called Patsy), had eleven children, and it is understandable that she farmed out some of them when she could. Besides learning of Jefferson's love of gardening, and his habit of keeping lists (“lists of how much money he spends every day; lists of the temperature on the thermometer, every morning, all year long . . . lists of the birds he hears singing, and the date; lists of the books he reads . . . lists of the vegetables sold in the market”), and besides learning of his building of Monticello and the inventions with which he filled it, the young reader will painlessly learn a good deal about the Louisiana Purchase, the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and the Federalists.

Equally engrossing is “Nelly Custis' Diary,” by Miriam Anne Bourne, illustrated by Heidi Palmer and published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. The diary was written by Mrs. Bourne, but so meticulous has been her research that she can easily fool her reader into believing that it was really kept by George Washington's step-granddaughter when she and her brother Wash lived with him during his Presidency. Like Martha Jefferson Randolph, Nelly's mother was philoprogenitive: “Every year Dr. Stuart presents Mama with a new baby. It is wearing her out.” When Nelly and Wash first reach New York City, still the capital, as they traverse Upper New York Bay on the President's Barge, Nelly writes, “I could smell the salt

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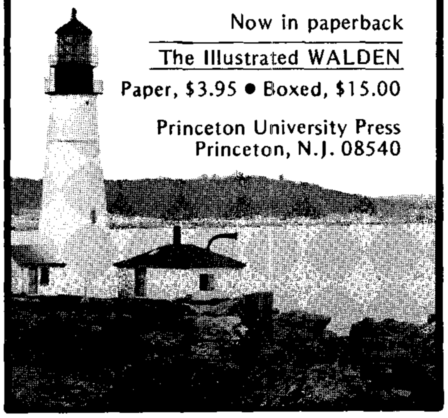

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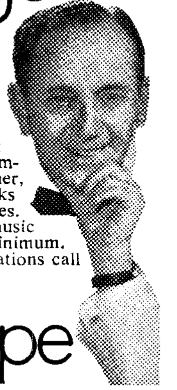

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water, and a school of porpoises crossed our bow." In New York, Mr. Washington's steward was a Mr. Fraunces, a West Indian of French extraction who owned Fraunces Tavern, which stands today in lower Manhattan. Nelly is subject to toothache: "I say (and so does Grandpapa) that teeth are the very devil. Grandpapa's hippopotamus teeth rest uneasy in his mouth and cause his lips to bulge as if they were swollen." I have always liked hearing about those teeth far more than I have about the cherry tree—of which in this book, I am happy to say, there is no mention.

"Cross Your Fingers, Spit in Your Hat: Superstitions and Other Beliefs" (Lippincott), collected by Alvin Schwartz and illustrated by Glen Rounds, offers useful information on predicting the future, avoiding bad luck, and attracting good. A prizefighter shouldn't carry a pickle during a fight, because if he does, he will be K.O.'d. You will be safe from harm if you eat a chopped-horsehair sandwich. Some surefire ways of curing a cold are "Fry some onions, mix them with turpentine, and spread them on your chest. Or boil an old hog hoof and drink the water. Or kiss a mule on the nose." Glen Rounds' illustrations are as scruffy and deadpan as the economical nonsense.

Of picture books for little children, William Steig's "Farmer Palmer's Wagon Ride" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) rates a gross of gold stars. The farmer is a pig, and his hired hand is a donkey named Ebenezer, although he looks to me like Sylvester (of Steig's "Sylvester and the Magic Pebble") grown up. He wears eyeglasses and he is apt to "opine." The two set off early one morning to sell vegetables at the market; by ten o'clock they've sold the lot, and with the money Farmer Palmer buys presents for his nice fat wife and his nice fat sons and daughter and his nice fat self, and, for Ebenezer, "who was subject to sunstroke, a straw hat to keep the sun from toasting his noggin." I couldn't help it; I wept when the bespectacled donkey was overwhelmed with gratitude. " 'Swish my tail!' he murmured bashfully as he hugged Farmer Palmer to his furry chest." On the way home, they are beset by misfortune: they are caught in a terrible thunderstorm; a tree falls on the wagon; Ebenezer sprains his hock when he catches it in a hole, and brays "with such pain that even the serene hills winced." But they make it home by suppertime, and everyone rejoices.

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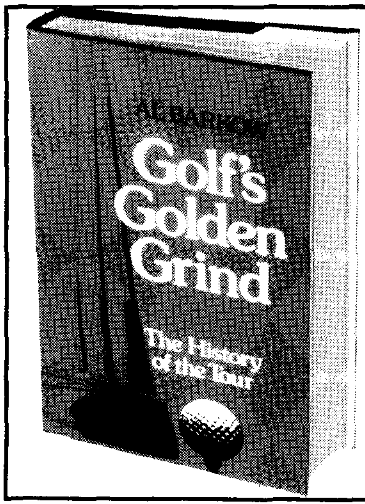

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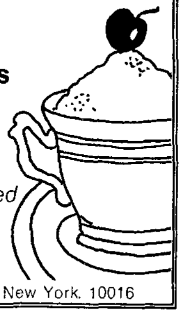

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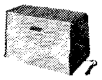

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and His Hired Sportsmen" is written by Russell Hoban and illustrated by Quentin Blake, and Atheneum is the lucky publisher. Tom lives with his maiden aunt, Miss Fidget Wonkham-Strong, who wears an iron hat and does not approve of fooling around, and fooling around is all that Tom likes to do. He is obliged to eat "mutton and . . . cabbage-and-potato-sog," or sometimes "greasy bloaters." The militant aunt, at the end of her tether, summons some disciplinarians who teach "fooling-around boys the lesson they so badly need, and it is not one that they soon forget." But Tom outsmarts them, moves to the next town, and advertises for a new aunt. We see him last with Bundlejoy Cosysweet, who is plump and smiling; *her* hat is floppy and planted luxuriantly with crinoline roses, and while she looks somewhat simpleminded, there is every reason to believe that she and Tom will get along nicely.

THE following books, intended for the graham-cracker crowd, receive my warm recommendation and their authors and illustrators my ardent congratulations:

"The Stupids Step Out," a goofy story by Harry Allard, with goofy pictures by James Marshall (Houghton Mifflin).

"Firerose," by Susan Jeschke (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), dealing with a foundling baby girl who has a dragon's tail and is taken in by a good-hearted fortune-teller and a magic cat.

"Benvenuto," by Seymour Reit, with drawings by Will Winslow (Addison-Wesley). This is about a dragon, too, brought home from a Fresh Air camp in the Catskills to live with a family on Bleecker Street until he grows too big and is turned loose to return to his own kind.

"How the Leopard Got His Spots," by Rudyard Kipling, with lovely pictures, in lovely colors, by Leonard Weisgard (Walker).

Edward Lear's "The Scroobious Pip" was found among his papers after his death; it was not entirely finished, but Ogden Nash added lines where they were needed. This edition, published a few years ago by Harper & Row, is still in every possible way a treat. Nancy Ekholm Burkert's illustrations would, I think, have been admired by Lear.

"The Man with the Take-Apart Head," by Nancy Winslow Parker (Dodd, Mead), tells of an absent-minded factory worker who often forgets to put on his nose or his ears or

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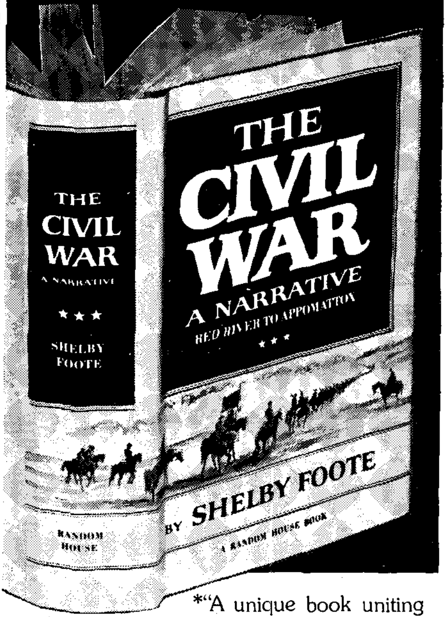

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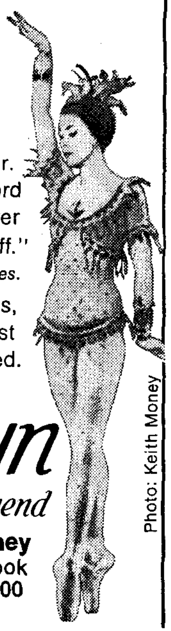

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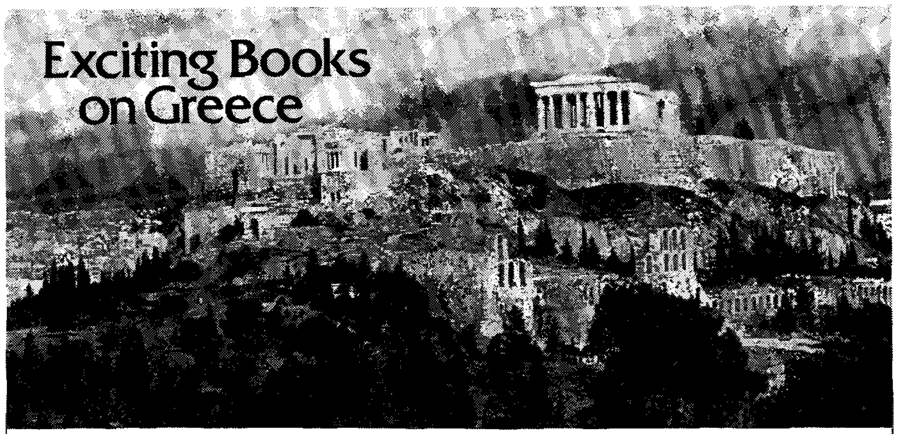
put in his brain in the morning and must borrow the articles from helpful friends.

"Benjamin's 365 Birthdays," written by Judi Barrett and illustrated by Ron Barrett (Atheneum), is a good birthday present.

I am fond of Miss Molly in "Too Many Rabbits," by Peggy Parish and illustrated by Leonard Kessler (Macmillan), and I am equally fond of the young primate in "Arthur's Honey Bear," by Lillian Hoban (Harper & Row).

"The Cat and Mouse Who Shared a House," by the Brothers Grimm, has been retold and illustrated by Ruth Hürlimann (Walck), and she and her translator, Anthea Bell, have done a wry and dry and loving job of it. The mouse is solemn and the soul of honor; the cat is unprincipled—she swipes all the butter hoarded against the winter, and tells whopping lies, but she is nevertheless an affable kind of tramp.

Do look at "Jeremiah Knucklebones," by Jan Wahl, and illustrated by Jane Breskin Zalben (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), which has to do with an adventurous young dog who sets out to see the world on his birthday bicycle. And at "Odd One Out," by Rodney Peppé (Viking), which is as appealing a light bedtime entertainment as you could wish for; in each of the pictures there is a hidden, comical incongruity—a frog on a breakfast table, a zoo keeper in a cage. And at "What Do You See," by Janina Domanska (Macmillan), which reports in beautiful pictures and charming text the angles of refraction of a variety of flora and fauna—a frog, a fern, a bat, a lark. And at "The Man Who Took the Indoors Out," in which a kind man gives his chairs and rugs and teapot and all the rest of his house furnishings a breath of fresh air—the inspiration of the author-illustrator Arnold Lobel (Harper & Row). In "Mushroom in the Rain," adapted, from the Russian, by Mirra Ginsburg, with pictures by Jose Aruego and Ariane Dewey (Macmillan), an ant takes refuge from the rain under a mushroom, which, as it grows, becomes a bumbershoot big enough to accommodate a wet butterfly, a mouse, a sparrow, and a rabbit, but not an unwelcome fox. Everybody hates the heroine of "Rebecca Hatpin," because she is so frightfully selfish, but her creator, Robert Kraus, and her portraitist, Robert Byrd, rescue her from her poisonous nature and transform her into a pop-



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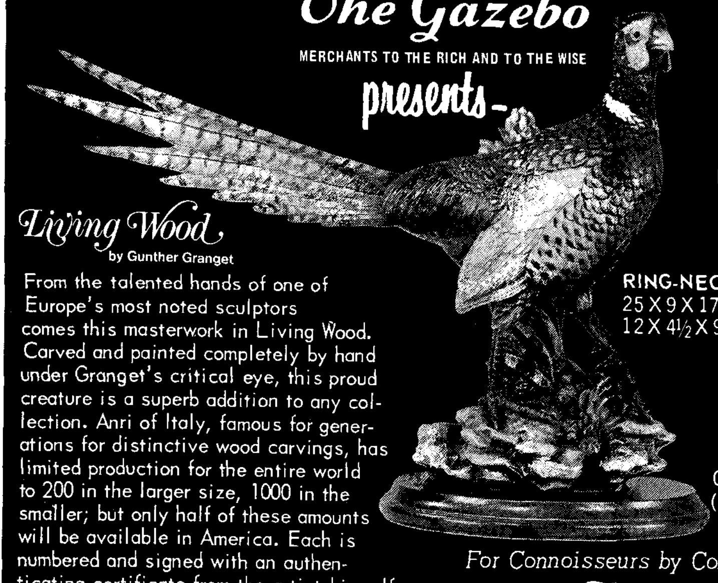

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ular child (Windmill Books/Dutton).

Here are still more for the very young:

In "10 Bears in My Bed," by Stan Mack (Pantheon), the human occupant must rout, one by one, ten ursine interlopers before he can tuck himself in for the night. "Two Good Friends" are Bear, who is a terrible housekeeper but a great cook, and Duck, whose house is spotless but who can't cook worth a damn. They swap their talents, and their story is by Judy Delton, with illustrations by Giulio Maestro (Crown). "Squawk to the Moon, Little Goose," by Edna Mitchell Preston, with Barbara Cooney's fetching pictures, is published by Viking and is somewhat scary but then entirely consoling. A gosling whose mother is out for the evening sneaks away from home and goes wandering about in the moonlight; she almost becomes the supper for a fox, but is providentially saved by the moon. She tricks her enemy into jumping into the lake for the giant cheese that anyone with an ounce of sense would know is nothing but the moon's reflection.

Some books of verse I have liked and still like are "Round About Six," a collection of poetry (including twentieth-century Anon.), compiled last year by Margaret G. Rawlins and decorated by Denis Wrigley (Warne); "Let's Marry Said the Cherry," nonsense rhymes by N. M. Bodecker (Atheneum); and "The Raucous Auk: A Menagerie of Poems," by Mary Ann Hoberman, with drawings by Joseph Low (Viking, 1973). *Cricket*, a magazine for children which has high and noble ambitions (it would like to resume the tradition of *St. Nicholas*), this year offers "Cricket's Choice," edited by Clifton Fadiman and Marianne Carus (Open Court), and the contents, ranging from Shakespeare to Natalie Babbitt and Martin Gardner, are happy choices indeed.

There is, each year, a garden so full of pretty flowers and luscious fruit and crisp vegetables for children that I cannot begin to harvest half or a quarter or an eighth of the bounty—not even with the help of brave rabbits and smart mice, wise owls, Paddington the Peruvian bear, and Petunia the goose (together with her barnyard friends, whom we know through the kind auspices of Roger Duvoisin). Therefore, I extend an apology to all worthy entertainers whose books I have not mentioned here, either because they have not come to me or because they have come to me too late. (The mails steadily worsen, and this year the United

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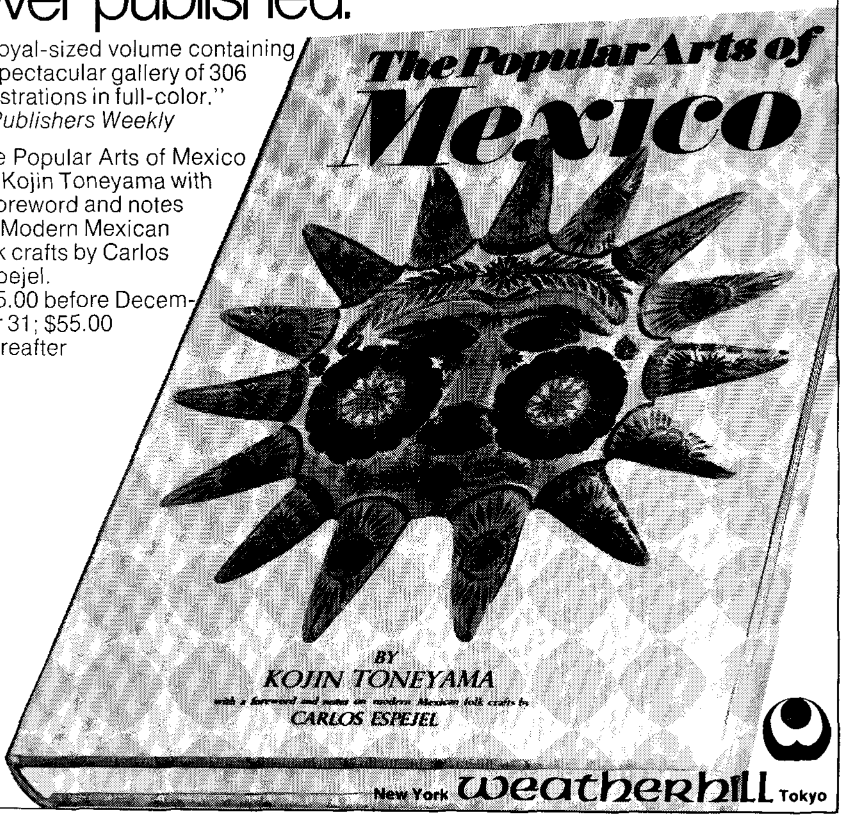
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Parcel strike has added to the vexation, bordering on derangement, of the New York publishers and of reviewers.)

I cannot conclude this sadly incomplete survey without a mention of a book for all ages, "A Carrot for a Nose," by M. J. Gladstone (Scribners), which is a study of "The Form of Folk Sculpture on America's City Streets and Country Roads." Mr. Gladstone deals with weathervanes, whirligigs, manhole covers, scarecrows, gravestones, decoys, tradesmen's signs, carrousel figures, and snowmen. The text is scholarly and anecdotal and informative and so readable that I didn't put it down until I had finished. The photographs are abundant—sometimes ludicrous and sometimes breathtaking.

In Santa Cruz, California, a magazine is published for and by children. It is called *Stone Soup*. In the issue of February, 1974, Jude LaRene, four years old and resident in Plymouth, Michigan, appeared with the following poem, which reads, in part:

> Some people thought baby Jesus
> was a bad man so they
> nailed him on a cross.
> That was in the old days.
> They don't do that now.
> Now they have a Wayne County
> Jail.

Blessings on the adult advisers of this enterprise. The Ms. Foundation could learn a thing or two from them about children—except that they probably couldn't.

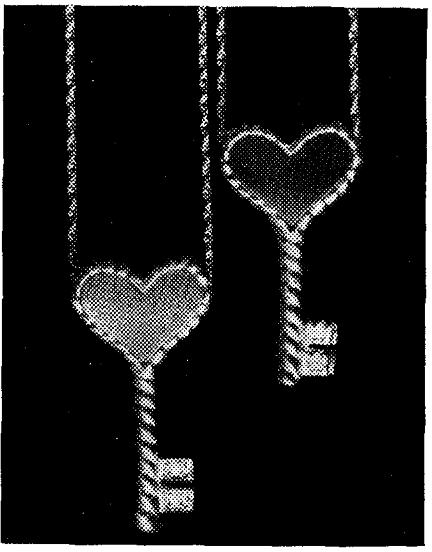
If on your Christmas list you have numerous Scrooges (before conversion, of course), you might order copies for each and all of "The End of the World," by Franklyn M. Branley, with illustrations, alternately darker than the pit and fiercer than Vesuvius on the rampage, by David Palladini (Crowell). Mr. Branley is unfortunately easy to understand, but he brings what he appears to believe are glad tidings: "We can be quite sure that doomsday will be billions of years in the future." I suppose we will have to face up to that melancholy fact. But don't you think that by that time Disneyland and its multiple satellite states will have fizzled out in the void? Cold comfort, I grant, but we must cling to the flimsiest of straws.

—JEAN STAFFORD

•

CORNED BEEF FAVORITE: In San Diego, the "in" place for years with the local trade has been McDini's for corned beef. Thinly sliced and heaped on rye, corned beef lovers won't be disappointed.—*San Diego Holiday*.

They'll be in a lot of pain, though.



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